Dickens

T. O. angl.

93 nf

<36628360100017 S

<36628360100017

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

EACH VOLUME SOLD SEPARATELY.

COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS
TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 305.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. 26.

26
1894

LEIPZIG: BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

PARIS: C. REINWALD, 15, RUE DES SAINTS PÈRES.

PARIS: THE GALIGNANI LIBRARY, 224, RUE DE RIVOLI,
AND AT NICE, 16, QUAI MESSENA.

This Collection
is published with copyright for Continental circulation, but all purchasers are earnestly requested not to introduce the volumes into England or into any British Colony.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

COLLECTION

OF

BRITISH AUTHORS.

VOL. CCCV.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. XXVI.

LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ
1859

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

"Familiar in their Mouths as *Household Words*."
Shakespeare.

COPYRIGHT EDITION.

VOL. XXVI.

LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ
1854.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS

BIBLIOTECA REGIA MONACENSIS

CONTENTS.

		Page
Hard Times. —	Chapter XXII.	1
	Chapter XXIII.	10
	Chapter XXIV.	20
	Chapter XXV.	30
	Chapter XXVI.	37
	Chapter XXVII.	40
	Chapter XXVIII.	47
	Chapter XXIX.	50
	Chapter XXX.	55
	Chapter XXXI.	62
	Chapter XXXII.	69
	Chapter XXXIII.	76
	Chapter XXXIV.	83
	Chapter XXXV.	91
	Chapter XXXVI.	100
	Chapter XXXVII.	105
Chips. —	Primoguet	109
	Sensible News of a Sea Snake	239
	A Lesson in Multiplication	277
The Art of Boreing		111
Treasures		116
Tattyboys Rents		116
Natures Changes of Dress		129
My Cavass and I		135
The Cankered Rose of Tivoli		139
Three Graces of Christian Science		145
A True Knight		153
The Roving Englishman. —	A Greek Girl	153
	Regular Turks	200
	A Turkish Auctioneer	216
	Greek Waters	287
Company Manners		157
Broken Language		174
John Dunton was a Citizen		177
An old offender		190
Brother Mieth and his Brothers		190
Revolvers		206
Basque Blood		220
Invocation		228
Under Canvas		229
Strollers at Dumbledowndeary		241
British Phenomena		254

	Page
Waste	262
The Sailor. — A Romaic Ballad	267
The little flower	268
Death's Doors	279
Man as a Monster.	292
Turks under Arms	301
Miss Furbey	307
Blindness	316
Doing business in France	324
French Domesticity	331
Done to a Jelly	340
Exiled	345
The ruined Potter	345
Turks at Sea	352
The war with Fever	359
General and Mrs. Delormo	362
The learned Sailor	370

BIBLIOTECA REGIA MONACENSIS

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. XXVI.

HARD TIMES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was falling dark when Stephen came out of Mr. Bounderby's house. The shadows of night had gathered so fast, that he did not look about him when he closed the door, but plodded straight along the street. Nothing was further from his thoughts than the curious old woman he had encountered on his previous visit to the same house, when he heard a step behind him that he knew, and, turning, saw her in Rachael's company.

He saw Rachael first, as he had heard her only.

"Ah Rachael, my dear! Missus, thou wi' her!"

"Well, and now you are surprised to be sure, and with reason I must say," the old woman returned. "Here I am again, you see."

"But how wi' Rachael?" said Stephen, falling into their step, walking between them, and looking from the one to the other.

"Why, I come to be with this good lass pretty much as I came to be with you," said the old woman cheerfully, taking the reply upon herself. "My visiting time is later this year than usual, for I have been rather troubled with shortness of breath, and so put it off till the weather was fine and warm. For the same reason I don't make all my journey in one day, but divide it into two days, and get a bed to-night at the Travellers' Coffee House down by the railroad (a nice clean house), and go back, Parliamentary, at six in the morning. Well, but what has this to do with this good lass, says you? I'm going to tell you. I have heard of Mr. Bounderby being married. I read it in the paper, where it looked grand — oh, it looked fine!" the old woman dwelt on it with strange enthusiasm; "and I want to see his wife. I have never seen her yet.

Now, if you 'll believe me, she has'nt come out of that house since noon to-day. So, not to give her up too easily, I was waiting about, a little last bit more, when I passed close to this good lass two or three times; and her face being so friendly I spoke to her, and she spoke to me. There!" said the old woman to Stephen, "you can make all the rest out for yourself now, a deal shorter than I can, I dare say!"

Once again, Stephen had to conquer an instinctive propensity to dislike this old woman, though her manner was as honest and simple as a manner possibly could be. With a gentleness that was as natural to him as he knew it to be to Rachael, he pursued the subject that interested her in her old age.

"Well, missus," said he, "I ha seen the lady, and she were yoong and hansom. Wi' fine dark thinkin eyes, and a still way, Rachael, as I ha never seen the like on."

"Young and handsome. Yes!" cried the old woman, quite delighted. "As bonny as a rose! And what a happy wife!"

"Aye, missus, I suppose she be," said Stephen. But with a doubtful glance at Rachael.

"Suppose she be? She must be. She 's your master's wife," returned the old woman.

Stephen nodded assent. "Though as to master," said he, glancing again at Rachael, "not master onny more. That 's aw enden twixt him and me."

"Have you left his work, Stephen?" asked Rachael, anxiously and quickly.

"Why, Rachael," he replied, "whether I ha left'n his work, or whether his work ha left'n me, cooms t' th' same. His work and me are parted. 'T is as weel so — better, I were thinkin when yo coom up wi' me. It would ha brought'n trouble upon trouble if I had stayed theer. Haply 't is a kindness to monny that I go; haply 't is a kindness to myseln; anyways it mun be done. I mun turn my face fro Coketown fur th' time, an seek a fort'n, dear, by beginnin fresh."

"Where will you go, Stephen?"

"I donno t'night," said he, lifting off his hat, and smoothing his thin hair with the flat of his hand. "But I'm not a goin' t'night, Rachael; nor yet t' morrow. Tan't easy overmuch, t' know wheer t' turn, but a good heart will coom to me."

Herein, too, the sense of even thinking unselfishly aided him. Before he had so much as closed Mr. Bounderby's door, he had reflected that at least his being obliged to go away was good for her, as it would save her from the chance of being brought into question for not withdrawing from him. Though it would cost him a hard pang to leave her, and though he could think of no similar place in which his condemnation would not pursue him, perhaps it was almost a relief

to be forced away from the endurance of the last four days, even to unknown difficulties and distresses.

So he said, with truth, "I 'm more leetsome Rachael, under 't, than I couldn ha believed." It was not her part to make his burden heavier. She answered with her comforting smile, and the three walked on together.

Age, especially when it strives to be self-reliant and cheerful, finds much consideration among the poor. The old woman was so decent and contented, and made so light of her infirmities, though they had increased upon her since her former interview with Stephen, that they both took an interest in her. She was too sprightly to allow of their walking at a slow pace on her account, but she was very grateful to be talked to, and very willing to talk to any extent: so, when they came to their part of the town, she was more brisk and vivacious than ever.

"Coom to my poor place, missus," said Stephen, "and tak a coop o' tea. Rachael will coom then, and arterwards I 'll see thee safe t' thy Travellers' lodgin. 'T may be long, Rachael, ere ever I ha th' chance o' thy coompany agen."

They complied, and the three went on to the house where he lodged. When they turned into the narrow street, Stephen glanced at his window with a dread that always haunted his desolate home; but it was open, as he had left it, and no one was there. The evil spirit of his life had flitted away again, months ago, and he had heard no more of her since. The only evidences of her last return now, were the scantier moveables in his room, and the grayer hair upon his head.

He lighted a candle, set out his little tea-board, got hot water from below, and brought in small portions of tea and sugar, a loaf, and some butter, from the nearest shop. The bread was new and crusty, the butter fresh, and the sugar lump, of course — in fulfilment of the standard testimony of the Coketown magnates, that these people lived like princes, Sir. Rachael made the tea (so large a party necessitated the borrowing of a cup), and the visitor enjoyed it mightily. It was the first glimpse of sociality the host had had for many days. He too, with the world a wide heath before him, enjoyed the meal — again in corroboration of the magnates, as exemplifying the utter want of calculation on the part of these people, Sir.

"I ha never thowt yet, missus," said Stephen, "o' askin thy name."

The old lady announced herself as "Mrs. Pegler."

"A widder, I think?" said Stephen.

"Oh, many long years!" Mrs. Pegler's husband (one of the best on record) was already dead, by Mrs. Pegler's calculation, when Stephen was born.

"'T were a bad job too, to lose so good a one," said Stephen. "Onny children?"

Mrs. Pegler's cup, rattling against her saucer as she held it, denoted some nervousness on her part. "No," she said. "Not now, not now."

"Dead, Stephen," Rachael softly hinted.

"I 'm sooary I ha spok'n on't," said Stephen. "I ought t' ha hadn in my mind as I might touch a sore place. I — I blame myseln."

While he excused himself, the old lady's cup rattled more and more. "I had a son," she said, curiously distressed, and not by any of the usual appearances of sorrow; "and he did well, wonderfully well. But he is not to be spoken of if you please. He is —" Putting down her cup, she moved her hands as if she would have added, by her action, "dead!" Then, she said, aloud, "I have lost him."

Stephen had not yet got the better of his having given the old lady pain, when his landlady came stumbling up the narrow stairs, and calling him to the door, whispered in his ear. Mrs. Pegler was by no means deaf, for she caught a word as it was uttered.

"Bounderby!" she cried, in a suppressed voice, starting up from the table. "Oh hide me! Don't let me be seen for the world. Don't let him come up till I have got away. Pray, pray!" She trembled, and was excessively agitated; getting behind Rachael, when Rachael tried to reassure her; and not seeming to know what she was about.

"But hearken, missus, hearken;" said Stephen, astonished, "'T isnt Mr. Bounderby; 't is his wife. Yor not fearfo' o' her. Yo was hey-go-mad about her, but an hour sin."

"But are you sure it 's the lady and not the gentleman?" she asked, still trembling.

"Certain sure!"

"Well then, pray don't speak to me, nor yet take any notice of me," said the old woman. "Let me be quite to myself in this corner."

Stephen nodded; looking to Rachael for an explanation, which she was quite unable to give him; took the candle, went down stairs, and in a few moments returned, lighting Louisa into the room. She was followed by the whelp.

Rachael had risen, and stood apart with her shawl and bonnet in her hand, when Stephen, himself profoundly astonished by this visit, put the candle on the table. Then he too stood, with his doubled hand upon the table near it, waiting to be addressed.

For the first time in her life, Louisa had come into one of the dwellings of the Coketown Hands; for the first time in her life, she was face to face with anything like individuality in connexion with them. She knew of their existence by hundreds and by thousands. She knew what results in work a given number of them would produce, in a given space of time. She

knew them in crowds passing to and from their nests, like ants or beetles. But she knew from her reading infinitely more of the ways of toiling insects, than of these toiling men and women.

Something to be worked so much and paid so much, and there ended; something to be infallibly settled by laws of supply and demand; something that blundered against those laws, and floundered into difficulty; something that was a little pinched when wheat was dear, and overate itself when wheat was cheap; something that increased at such a rate of percentage, and yielded such another percentage of crime, and such another percentage of pauperism; something wholesale, of which vast fortunes were made; something that occasionally rose like a sea, and did some harm and waste (chiefly to itself), and fell again; this she knew the Coketown Hands to be. But, she had scarcely thought more of separating them into units, than of separating the sea itself into its component drops.

She stood for some moments looking round the room. From the few chairs, the few books, the common prints, and the bed, she glanced to the two women, and to Stephen.

"I have come to speak to you, in consequence of what passed just now. I should like to be serviceable to you, if you will let me. Is this your wife?"

Rachael raised her eyes, and they sufficiently answered no, and dropped again.

"I remember," said Louisa, reddening at her mistake; "I recollect, now, to have heard your domestic misfortunes spoken of, though I was not attending to the particulars at the time. It was not my meaning to ask a question that would give pain to any one here. If I should ask any other question that may happen to have that result, give me credit, if you please, for being in ignorance how to speak to you as I ought."

As Stephen had but a little while ago instinctively addressed himself to her, so she now instinctively addressed herself to Rachael. Her manner was short and abrupt, yet faltering and timid.

"He has told you what has passed between himself and my husband? You would be his first resource, I think."

"I have heard the end of it, young lady," said Rachael.

"Did I understand, that, being rejected by one employer, he would probably be rejected by all? I thought he said as much?"

"The chances are very small, young lady — next to nothing — for a man who gets a bad name among them."

"What shall I understand that you mean by a bad name?"

"The name of being troublesome."

"Then, by the prejudices of his own class, and by the prejudices of the other, he is sacrificed

alike? Are the two so deeply separated in this town, that there is no place whatever, for an honest workman between them?"

Rachael shook her head in silence.

"He fell into suspicion," said Louisa, "with his fellow-weavers, because he had made a promise not to be one of them. I think it must have been to you that he made that promise. Might I ask you why he made it?"

Rachael burst into tears. "I didn't seek it of him, poor lad. I prayed him to avoid trouble for his own good, little thinking he'd come to it through me. But I know he'd die a hundred deaths, ere ever he'd break his word. I know that of him well."

Stephen had remained quietly attentive, in his usual thoughtful attitude, with his hand at his chin. He now spoke in a voice rather less steady than usual.

"No one, excepting myseln, can ever know what honour, an what love, an respect, I bear to Rachael, or wi' what cause. When I passed that promess, I towd her true, she were th' Angel o' my life. 'T were a solemn promess. 'T is gone fro me, fur ever."

Louisa turned her head to him, and bent it with a deference that was new in her. She looked from him to Rachael, and her features softened. "What will you do?" she asked him. And her voice had softened too.

"Weel, Maam," said Stephen, making the best of it, with a smile; "when I ha finished off, I mun quit this part, an try another. Fortnet or misfortnet, a man can but try; there 's nowt to be done wi'out tryin' — cept laying doon an dying."

"How will you travel?"

"Afoot, my kind ledy, afoot."

Louisa coloured, and a purse appeared in her hand. The rustling of a bank-note was audible, as she unfolded one and laid it on the table.

"Rachael, will you tell him — for you know how, without offence — that this is freely his, to help him on his way? Will you entreat him to take it?"

"I canna' do that, young lady," she answered, turning her head aside; "bless you for thinking o' the poor lad wi' such tenderness. But 'tis for him to know his heart, and what is right according to it.

Louisa looked, in part incredulous, in part frightened, in part overcome with quick sympathy, when this man of so much self-command who had been so plain and steady through the late interview, lost his composure in a moment, and now stood with his hand before his face. She stretched out hers, as if she would have touched him; then checked herself, and remained still.

"Not e'en Rachael," said Stephen, when he stood again with his face uncovered, "could mak sitch a kind offerin, by onny words, kinder. T' show that I 'm not a man wi'out reason and gratitude, I'll tak two pound. I'll borrow't for t' pay't back. 'Twill be the sweetest work as ever I ha

done, that puts it in my power t' acknowledge once more my lastin thankfulness for this present action."

She was fain to take up the note again, and to substitute the much smaller sum he had named. He was neither courtly, nor handsome, nor picturesque, in any respect; and yet his manner of accepting it, and of expressing his thanks without more words, had a grace in it that Lord Chesterfield could not have taught his son in a century.

Tom had sat upon the bed, swinging one leg and sucking his walking-stick with sufficient unconcern, until the visit had attained this stage. Seeing his sister ready to depart, he got up, rather hurriedly, and put in a word.

"Just wait a moment, Loo! Before we go, I should like to speak to him a moment. Something comes into my head. If you'll step out on the stairs, Blackpool, I'll mention it. Never mind a light, man!" Tom was remarkably impatient of his moving towards the cupboard, to get one. "It don't want a light."

Stephen followed him out, and Tom closed the room door, and held the lock in his hand.

"I say!" he whispered. "I think I can do you a good turn. Don't ask me what it is, because it may not come to anything. But there's no harm in my trying."

His breath fell like a flame of fire on Stephen's ear; it was so hot,

"That was our light porter at the Bank," said Tom, "who brought you the message to-night. I call him our light porter, because I belong to the Bank too."

Stephen thought "What a hurry he is in!" He spoke so confusedly.

"Well!" said Tom. "Now look here! When are you off?"

"T'day's Monday," replied Stephen, considering. "Why, Sir, Friday or Saturday, nigh 'bout."

"Friday or Saturday," said Tom. "Now, look here! I am not sure that I can do you the good turn I want to do you — that's my sister, you know, in your room — but I may be able to, and if I should not be able to, there 's no harm done. So I tell you what. You 'll know our light porter again?"

"Yes sure," said Stephen.

"Very well," returned Tom. "When you leave work of a night, between this and your going away, just hang about the Bank an hour or so, will you? Don't take on, as if you meant anything, if he should see you hanging about there; because I shan't put him up to speak to you, unless I find I can do you the service I want to do you. In that case he'll have a note or a message for you, but not else. Now look here! You are sure you understand."

He had wormed a finger, in the darkness, through a button-hole of Stephen's coat, and was screwing that corner of the garment

tight up, round and round, in an extraordinary manner.

"I understan, Sir," said Stephen.

"Now look here!" repeated Tom. "Be sure you don't make any mistake then, and don't forget. I shall tell my sister as we go home, what I have in view, and she'll approve, I know. Now look here! You're all right, are you? You understand all about it? Very well then. Come along, Loo!"

He pushed the door open as he called to her, but did not return into the room, or wait to be lighted down the narrow stairs. He was at the bottom when she began to descend, and was in the street before she could take his arm.

Mrs. Pegler remained in her corner until the brother and sister were gone, and until Stephen came back with the candle in his hand. She was in a state of inexpressible admiration of Mrs. Bounderby, and, like an unaccountable old woman, wept, "because she was such a pretty dear." Yet Mrs. Pegler was so flurried lest the object of her admiration should return by any chance, or anybody else should come, that her cheerfulness was ended for that night. It was late too, to people who rose early and worked hard; therefore the party broke up; and Stephen and Rachael escorted their mysterious acquaintance to the door of the Travellers' Coffee House, where they parted from her.

They walked back together to the corner of the street where Rachael lived, and as they drew nearer and nearer to it, silence crept upon them. When they came to the dark corner where their unfrequent meetings always ended, they stopped, still silent, as if both were afraid to speak.

"I shall strive t' see thee agen, Rachael, afore I go, but if not —"

"Thou wilt not, Stephen, I know. 'T is better that we make up our minds to be open wi' one another."

"Thou'rt awlus right. 'T is bolder and better. I ha been thinkin then, Rachael, that as 'tis but a day or two that remains, 't were better for thee, my dear, not t' be seen wi' me. 'T might bring thee into trouble, fur no good."

"'T is not for that, Stephen, that I mind. But thou knows't our old agreement. 'T is for that."

"Well, well," said he. "'T is better, onnyways."

"Thou'lt write to me, and tell me all that happens, Stephen?"

"Yes. What can I say now, but Heaven be wi' thee, Heaven bless thee, Heaven thank thee and reward thee!"

"May it bless thee, Stephen, too, in all thy wanderings, and send thee peace and rest at last!"

"I towd thee, my dear," said Stephen Blackfoot — "that night — that I would never see or think o' onnything that angered me, but thou, so much better than me, should'st be beside it. Thou'rt beside it now. Thou mak'st me see it wi' a better eye. Bless thee. Good night. Good bye!"

It was but a hurried parting in the common street, yet it was a sacred remembrance to these two common people. Utilitarian economists, skeletons of schoolmasters, Commissioners of Fact, genteel and used-up infidels, gabblers of many little dog's-eared creeds, the poor you will have always with you. Cultivate in them, while there is yet time, the utmost graces of the fancies and affections, to adorn their lives so much in need of ornament; or, in the moment of your triumph, when romance is utterly driven out of their souls, and they and a bare existence stand face to face, Reality will take a wolfish turn, and make an end of you!

Stephen worked the next day, and the next, uncheered by a word from any one, and shunned in all his comings and goings as before. At the end of the second day, he saw land; at the end of the third, his loom stood empty.

He had overstayed his hour in the street outside the Bank, on each of the two first evenings; and nothing had happened there, good or bad. That he might not be remiss in his part of the engagement, he resolved to wait full two hours, on this third and last night.

There was the lady who had once kept Mr. Bounderby's house, sitting at the first floor window as he had seen her before; and there was the light porter, sometimes talking with her there, and sometimes looking over the blind below which had BANK upon it, and sometimes coming to the door and standing on the steps for a breath of air. When he first came out, Stephen thought he might be looking for him, and passed near; but the light porter only cast his winking eyes upon him slightly, and said nothing.

Two hours were a long stretch of lounging about, after a long day's labour. Stephen sat upon the step of a door, leaned against a wall under an archway, strolled up and down, listened for the church clock, stopped and watched children playing in the street. Some purpose or other is so natural to every one, that a mere loiterer always looks and feels remarkable. When the first hour was out, Stephen even began to have an uncomfortable sensation upon him of being for the time a disreputable character.

Then came the lamplighter, and two lengthening lines of light all down the long perspective of the street, until they were blended and lost in the distance. Mrs. Sparsit closed the first floor window, drew down the blind, and went up stairs. Presently, a light went up stairs after her, passing first the fanlight of the door, and afterwards the two staircase windows, on its way up. By and by, one corner of the second floor blind was disturbed, as if Mrs. Sparsit's eye were there; also the other corner, as if the light porter's eye were on that side. Still, no communication was made to Stephen. Much

relieved when the two hours were at last accomplished, he went away at a quick pace, as a recompense for so much loitering.

He had only to take leave of his landlady, and lie down on his temporary bed upon the floor; for his bundle was made up for to-morrow, and all was arranged for his departure. He meant to be clear of the town very early: before the Hands were in the streets.

It was barely daybreak, when with a parting look round his room, mournfully wondering whether he should ever see it again, he went out. The town was as entirely deserted as if the inhabitants had abandoned it, rather than hold communication with him. Everything looked wan at that hour. Even the coming sun made but a pale waste in the sky, like a sad sea.

By the place where Rachael lived, though it was not in his way; by the red brick streets; by the great silent factories, not trembling yet; by the railway, where the danger-lights were waning in the strengthening day; by the railway's crazy neighbourhood, half pulled down and half built up; by scattered red brick villas, where the besmoked evergreens were sprinkled with a dirty powder, like untidy snuff-takers; by coal-dust paths and many varieties of ugliness; Stephen got to the top of the hill, and looked back.

Day was shining radiantly upon the town then, and the bells were going for the morning work. Domestic fires were not yet lighted, and the high chimneys had the sky to themselves. Puffing out their poisonous volumes, they would not be long in hiding it; but, for half an hour, some of the many windows were golden, which showed the Coketown people a sun eternally in eclipse, through a medium of smoked glass.

So strange to turn from the chimneys to the birds. So strange to have the road-dust on his feet instead of the coal-grit. So strange to have lived to his time of life, and yet to be beginning like a boy this summer morning! With these musings in his mind, and his bundle under his arm, Stephen took his attentive face along the high road. And the trees arched over him, whispering that he left a true and loving heart behind.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mr. James Harthouse, "going in" for his adopted party, soon began to score. With the aid of a little more coaching for the political sages, a little more genteel listlessness for the general society, and a tolerable management of the assumed honesty in dishonesty, most effective and most patronised of the polite deadly sins, he speedily came to be considered of much promise. The not being troubled with earnestness was a grand point in his favour, enabling him to take to the hard Fact fellows with as good a

grace as if he had been born one of the tribe, and to throw all other tribes overboard, as conscious impostors.

"Whom none of us believe, my dear Mrs. Bounderby, and who do not believe themselves. The only difference between us and the professors of virtue or benevolence, or philanthropy — never mind the name — is, that we know it is all meaningless, and say so; while they know it equally and will never say so."

Why should she be shocked or warned by this reiteration? It was not so unlike her father's principles, and her early training, that it need startle her. Where was the great difference between the two schools, when each chained her down to material realities, and inspired her with no faith in anything else? What was there in her soul for James Harthouse to destroy, which Thomas Gradgrind had nurtured there in its state of innocence!

It was even the worse for her at this pass, that in her mind — implanted there before her eminently practical father began to form it — a struggling disposition to believe in a wider and higher humanity than she had ever heard of, constantly strove with doubts and resentments. With doubts, because the aspiration had been so laid waste in her youth. With resentments, because of the wrong that had been done her, if it were indeed a whisper of the truth. Upon a nature long accustomed to self-suppression, thus torn and divided, the Harthouse philosophy came as a relief and justification. Everything being hollow, and worthless, she had missed nothing and sacrificed nothing. What did it matter, she had said to her father, when he proposed her husband. What did it matter, she said still. With a scornful self-reliance, she asked herself, What did anything matter — and went on.

Towards what? Step by step, onward and downward, towards some end, yet so gradually that she believed herself to remain motionless. As to Mr. Harthouse, whither *he* tended, he neither considered nor cared. He had no particular design or plan before him; no energetic wickedness ruffled his lassitude. He was as much amused and interested, at present, as it became so fine a gentleman to be; perhaps even more than it would have been consistent with his reputation to confess. Soon after his arrival he languidly wrote to his brother, the honourable and jocular member, that the Bounderbys were "great fun;" and further, that the female Bounderby, instead of being the Gorgon he had expected, was young and remarkably pretty. After that, he wrote no more about them, and devoted his leisure chiefly to their house. He was very often in their house, in his flittings and visitings about the Coketown district; and was much encouraged by Mr. Bounderby. It was quite in Mr. Bounderby's gusty way to boast to all

his world that *he* didn't care about your highly connected people, but that if his wife Tom Gradgrind's daughter did, she was welcome to their company.

Mr. James Harthouse began to think it would be a new sensation, if the face which changed so beautifully for the whelp, would change for him.

He was quick enough to observe; he had a good memory, and did not forget a word of the brother's revelations. He interwove them with everything he saw of the sister, and he began to understand her. To be sure, the better and profounder part of her character was not within his scope of perception; for in natures, as in seas, depth answers unto depth; but he soon began to read the rest with a student's eye.

Mr. Bounderby had taken possession of a house and grounds, about fifteen miles from the town, and accessible within a mile or two, by a railway striding on many arches over a wild country, undermined by deserted coalpits, and spotted at night by fires and black shapes of engines. This country, gradually softening towards the neighbourhood of Mr. Bounderby's retreat, there mellowed into a rustic landscape, golden with heath and snowy with hawthorn in the spring of the year, and tremulous with leaves and their shadows all the summer time. The bank had foreclosed a mortgage on the property thus pleasantly situated; effected by one of the Coketown magnates: who, in his determination to make a shorter cut than usual to an enormous fortune, overspeculated himself afterwards by about two hundred thousand pounds. These accidents did sometimes happen in the best-regulated families of Coketown, though the bankrupts had no connexion whatever with the improvident classes.

It afforded Mr. Bounderby supreme satisfaction to instal himself in this snug little estate, and with demonstrative humility to grow cabbages in the flower-garden. He delighted to live, barrack fashion, among the elegant furniture, and he bullied the very pictures with his origin. "Why, Sir," he would say to a visitor, "I am told that Nickits," the late owner, "gave seven hundred pound for that Sea-beach. Now, to be plain with you, if I ever, in the whole course of my life, take seven looks at it, at a hundred pound a look, it will be as much as I shall do. No, by George! I don't forget that I am Josiah Bounderby of Coketown. For years upon years, the only pictures in my possession, or that I could have got into my possession by any means, unless I stole 'em, were the engravings of a man shaving himself in a boot, on the blacking bottles that I was overjoyed to use in cleaning boots with, and that I sold when they were empty for a farthing a-piece, and glad to get it!"

Then he would address Mr. Harthouse in the same style.

"Harthouse, you have a couple of horses down here. Bring half a dozen more if you like, and we'll find room for 'em. There 's stabling in this place for a dozen horses; and unless Nickits is belied, he kept the full number. A round dozen of 'em, Sir. When that man was a boy, he went to Westminster School. Went to Westminster School as a King's Scholar, when I was principally living on garbage, and sleeping in market baskets. Why, if I wanted to keep a dozen horses — which I don't, for one 's enough for me — I couldn't bear to see 'em in their stalls here, and think what my own lodging used to be. I couldn't look at 'em, Sir, and not order 'em out. Yet so things come round. You see this place; you know what sort of a place it is; you are aware that there's not a completer place of its size in this kingdom or elsewhere — I don't care where — and here, got into the middle of it, like a maggot into a nut, is Josiah Bounderby. While Nickits (as a man came into my office, and told me yesterday), Nickits, who used to act in Latin, in the Westminster School plays, with the chief-justices and nobility of this country applauding him till they were black in the face, is drivelling at this minute — drivelling, Sir! — in a fifth floor, up a narrow dark back street in Antwerp."

It was among the leafy shadows of this retirement, in the long sultry summer days, that Mr. Harthouse began to prove the face which had set him wondering when he first saw it, and to try if it would change for him.

"Mrs. Bounderby, I esteem it a most fortunate accident that I find you alone here. I have for some time had a particular wish to speak to you."

It was not by any wonderful accident that he found her, the time of day being that at which she was always alone, and the place being her favourite resort. It was an opening in a dark wood, where some felled trees lay, and where she would sit watching the fallen leaves of last year, as she had watched the falling ashes at home.

He sat down beside her, with a glance at her face.

"Your brother. My young friend Tom —"

Her colour brightened, and she turned to him with a look of interest. "I never in my life," he thought, "saw anything so remarkable and so captivating as the lighting of those features!" His face betrayed his thoughts — perhaps without betraying him, for it might have been according to its instructions so to do.

"Pardon me. The expression of your sisterly interest is so beautiful — Tom should be so proud of it — I know this is inexcusable, but I am so compelled to admire."

"Being so impulsive," she said composedly.

"Mrs. Bounderby, no; you know I make no pretence with you. You know I am a sordid

piece of human nature, ready to sell myself at any time for any reasonable sum, and altogether incapable of any Arcadian proceeding whatever."

"I am waiting," she returned, "for your further reference to my brother."

"You are rigid with me, and I deserve it. I am as worthless a dog as you will find, except that I am not false — not false. But you surprised and started me from my subject, which was your brother. I have an interest in him."

"Have you an interest in anything, Mr. Harthouse?" she asked, half incredulously and half gratefully.

"If you had asked me when I first came here, I should have said no. I must say now — even at the hazard of appearing to make a pretence, and of justly awakening your incredulity — yes."

She made a slight movement, as if she were trying to speak, but could not find voice; at length she said, "Mr. Harthouse, I give you credit for being interested in my brother."

"Thank you. I claim to deserve it. You know how little I do claim, but I will go that length. You have done so much for him, you are so fond of him; your whole life, Mrs. Bounderby, expresses such charming self-forgetfulness on his account — pardon me again — I am running wide of the subject. I am interested in him for his own sake."

She had made the slightest action possible, as if she would have risen in a hurry and gone away. He had turned the course of what he said at that instant, and she remained.

"Mrs. Bounderby," he resumed, in a lighter manner, and yet with a show of effort in assuming it, which was even more expressive than the manner he dismissed; "it is no irrevocable offence in a young fellow of your brother's years, if he is heedless, inconsiderate, and expensive — a little dissipated, in the common phrase. Is he?"

"Yes."

"Allow me to be frank. Do you think he games at all?"

"I think he makes bets." Mr. Harthouse waiting, as if that were not her whole answer, she added, "I know he does."

"Of course he loses?"

"Yes."

"Everybody loses who bets. May I hint at the probability of your sometimes supplying him with money for these purposes?"

She sat, looking down; but, at this question, raised her eyes searchingly and a little resentfully.

"Acquit me of impertinent curiosity, my dear Mrs. Bounderby. I think Tom may be gradually falling into trouble, and I wish to stretch out a helping hand to him from the depths of my wicked experience. — Shall I say again, for his sake? Is that necessary?"

She seemed to try to answer, but nothing came of it.

"Candidly to confess everything that has occurred to me," said James Harthouse, again gliding with the same appearance of effort into his more airy manner; "I will confide to you my doubt whether he has had many advantages. Whether — forgive my plainness — whether any great amount of confidence is likely to have been established between himself and his most worthy father."

"I do not," said Louisa, flushing with her own great remembrance in that wise, "think it likely."

"Or, between himself, and — I may trust to your perfect understanding of my meaning I am sure — and his highly esteemed brother-in-law."

She flushed deeper and deeper, and was burning red when she replied in a fainter voice, "I do not think that likely, either."

"Mrs. Bounderby," said Harthouse, after a short silence, "may there be a better confidence between yourself and me? Tom has borrowed a considerable sum of you?"

"You will understand, Mr. Harthouse," she returned, after some indecision: she had been more or less uncertain, and troubled throughout the conversation, and yet had in the main preserved her self-contained manner: "you will understand that if I tell you what you press to know, it is not by way of complaint or regret. I would never complain of anything, and what I have done I do not in the least regret."

"So spirited, too!" thought James Harthouse.

"When I married, I found that my brother was even at that time heavily in debt. Heavily for him, I mean. Heavily enough to oblige me to sell some trinkets. They were no sacrifice. I sold them very willingly. I attached no value to them. They were quite worthless to me."

Either she saw in his face that he knew, or she only feared in her conscience that he knew, that she spoke of some of her husband's gifts. She stopped, and reddened again. If he had not known it before, he would have known it then, though he had been a much duller man than he was.

"Since then, I have given my brother, at various times, what money I could spare: in short, what money I have had. Confiding in you at all, on the faith of the interest you profess for him, I will not do so by halves. Since you have been in the habit of visiting here, he has wanted in one sum as much as a hundred pounds. I have not been able to give it to him. I have felt uneasy for the consequences of his being so involved, but I have kept these secrets until now, when I trust them to your honour. I have held no confidence with any one, because — you anticipated my reason just now." She abruptly broke off.

He was a ready man, and he

saw, and seized, an opportunity here of presenting her own image to her, slightly disguised as her brother.

"Mrs. Bounderby, though a graceless person, of the world worldly, I feel the utmost interest, I assure you, in what you tell me. I cannot possibly be hard upon your brother. I understand and share the wise consideration with which you regard his errors. With all possible respect both for Mr. Gradgrind and for Mr. Bounderby, I think I perceive that he has not been fortunate in his training. Bred at a disadvantage towards the society in which he has his part to play, he rushes into these extremes for himself, from opposite extremes that have long been forced — with the very best intentions we have no doubt — upon him. Mr. Bounderby's fine bluff English independence, though a most charming characteristic, does not — as we have agreed — invite confidence. If I might venture to remark that it is the least in the world deficient in that delicacy to which a youth mistaken, a character misconceived, and abilities misdirected, would turn for relief and guidance, I should express what it presents to my own view."

As she sat looking straight before her, across the changing lights upon the grass into the darkness of the wood beyond, he saw in her face her application of his very distinctly uttered words.

"All allowance," he continued, "must be made. I have one great fault to find with Tom, however, which I cannot forgive, and for which I take him heavily to account."

Louisa turned her eyes to his face, and asked him what fault was that?

"Perhaps," he returned, "I have said enough. Perhaps it would have been better, on the whole, if no allusion to it had escaped me."

"You alarm me, Mr. Harthouse. Pray let me know it."

"To relieve you from needless apprehension — and as this confidence regarding your brother, which I prize I am sure above all possible things, has been established between us — I obey. I cannot forgive him for not being more sensible, in every word, look, and act of his life, of the affection of his best friend; of the devotion of his best friend; of her unselfishness; of her sacrifice. The return he makes her, within my observation, is a very poor one. What she has done for him demands his constant love and gratitude, not his ill-humour and caprice. Careless fellow as I am, I am not so indifferent, Mrs. Bounderby, as to be regardless of this vice in your brother, or inclined to consider it a venial offence."

The wood floated before her, for her eyes were suffused with tears. They rose from a deep well, long concealed, and her

heart was filled with acute pain that found no relief in them.

"In a word, it is to correct your brother in this, Mrs. Bounderby, that I most aspire. My better knowledge of his circumstances, and my direction and advice in extricating him—rather valuable, I hope, as coming from a scapegrace on a much larger scale—will give me some influence over him, and all I gain I shall certainly use towards this end. I have said enough, and more than enough. I seem to be protesting that I am a sort of good fellow, when, upon my honour, I have not the least intention to make any protestation to that effect, and openly announce that I am nothing of the sort. Yonder, among the trees," he added, having lifted up his eyes and looked about; for he had watched her closely until now; "is your brother himself; no doubt, just come down. As he seems to be loitering in this direction, it may be as well, perhaps, to walk towards him, and throw ourselves in his way. He has been very silent and doleful of late. Perhaps, his brotherly conscience is touched — if there are such things as consciences. Though, upon my honour, I hear of them much too often to believe in them."

He assisted her to rise, and she took his arm, and they advanced to meet the whelp. He was idly beating the branches as he lounged along: or he stopped viciously to rip the moss from the trees with his stick. He was startled when they came upon him while he was engaged in this latter pastime, and his colour changed.

"Halloa!" he stammered, "I didn't know you were here."

"Whose name, Tom," said Mr. Harthouse, putting his hand upon his shoulder and turning him, so that they all three walked towards the house together, "have you been carving on the trees?"

"Whose name?" returned Tom. "Oh! You mean what girl's name?"

"You have a suspicious appearance of inscribing some fair creature's on the bark, Tom."

"Not much of that, Mr. Harthouse, unless some fair creature with a slashing fortune at her own disposal would take a fancy to me. Or she might be as ugly as she was rich, without any fear of losing me. I'd carve her name as often as she liked."

"I'm afraid you are mercenary, Tom."

"Mercenary," repeated Tom. "Who is not mercenary? Ask my sister."

"Have you so proved it to be a failing of mine, Tom?" said Louisa, showing no other sense of his discontent and ill-nature.

"You know whether the cap fits you, Loo," returned her brother sulkily. "If it does, you can wear it."

"Tom is misanthropical today, as all bored people are, now and then," said Mr. Harthouse. "Don't believe him, Mrs. Boun-

derby. He knows much better. I shall disclose some of his opinions of you, privately expressed to me, unless he relents a little."

"At all events, Mr. Harthouse," said Tom, softening in his admiration of his patron, but shaking his head sullenly too, "you can't tell her that I ever praised her for being mercenary. I may have praised her for being the contrary, and I should do it again if I had as good reason. However, never mind this now; it's not very interesting to you, and I am sick of the subject."

They walked on to the house, where Louisa quitted her visitor's arm and went in. He stood looking after her, as she ascended the steps, and passed into the shadow of the door; then put his hand upon her brother's shoulder again, and invited him with a confidential nod to a walk in the garden.

"Tom, my fine fellow, I want to have a word with you."

They had stopped among a disorder of roses — it was part of Mr. Bounderby's humility to keep Nickits's roses on a reduced scale — and Tom sat down on a terrace-parapet, plucking buds and picking them to pieces; while his powerful Familiar stood over him, with a foot upon the parapet, and his figure easily resting on the arm supported by that knee. They were just visible from her window. Perhaps she saw them.

"Tom, what 's the matter?"

"Oh! Mr. Harthouse," said Tom, with a groan, "I am hard up, and bothered out of my life."

"My good fellow, so am I."

"You!" returned Tom. "You are the picture of independence. Mr. Harthouse, I am in a horrible mess. You have no idea what a state I have got myself into — what a state my sister might have got me out of, if she would only have done it."

He took to biting the rose-buds now, and tearing them away from his teeth with a hand that trembled like an infirm old man's. After one exceedingly observant look at him, his companion relapsed into his lightest air.

"Tom, you are inconsiderate: you expect too much of your sister. You have had money of her, you dog, you know you have."

"Well, Mr. Harthouse, I know I have. How else was I to get it? Here's Old Bounderby always boasting that at my age he lived upon two-pence a month, or something of that sort. Here 's my father drawing what he calls a line, and tying me down to it from a baby, neck and heels. Here 's my mother who never has anything of her own, except her complaints. What *is* a fellow to do for money, and where *am* I to look for it, if not to my sister!"

He was almost crying, and scattered the buds about by dozens. Mr. Harthouse took him persuasively by the coat.

"But, my dear Tom, if your sister has not got it —"

"Not got it, Mr. Harthouse? I don't say she has got it. I may have wanted more than she was likely to have got. But then she ought to get it. She could get it. It's of no use pretending to make a secret of matters now, after what I have told you already; you know she didn't marry old Bounderby for her own sake, or for his sake, but for my sake. Then why doesn't she get what I want, out of him, for my sake? She is not obliged to say what she is going to do with it; she is sharp enough; she could manage to coax it out of him, if she chose. Then why doesn't she choose, when I tell her of what consequence it is? But no. There she sits in his company like a stone, instead of making herself agreeable and getting it easily. I don't know what you may call this, but *I* call it unnatural conduct."

There was a piece of ornamental water immediately below the parapet, on the other side, into which Mr. James Harthouse had a very strong inclination to pitch Mr. Thomas Gradgrind Junior, as the injured men of the Coketown threatened to pitch their property into the Atlantic. But he preserved his easy attitude; and nothing more solid went over the stone balustrades than the accumulated rosebuds now floating about, a little surface-island.

"My dear Tom," said Harthouse, "let me try to be your banker."

"For God's sake," replied Tom, suddenly, "don't talk about bankers!" And very white he looked, in contrast with the roses. Very white.

Mr. Harthouse, as a thoroughly well bred man, accustomed to the best society, was not to be surprised — he could as soon have been affected — but he raised his eyelids a little more, as if they were lifted by a feeble touch of wonder. Albeit it was as much against the precepts of his school to wonder, as it was against the doctrines of the Gradgrind College.

"What is the present need, Tom? Three figures? Out with them. Say what they are."

"Mr. Harthouse," returned Tom, now actually crying; and his tears were better than his injuries, however pitiful a figure he made; "it's too late; the money is of no use to me at present. I should have had it before, to be of use to me. But I am very much obliged to you; you 're a true friend."

A true friend! "Whelp, whelp!" thought Mr. Harthouse, lazily; "what an Ass you are!"

"And I take your offer as a great kindness," said Tom, grasping his hand. "As a great kindness, Mr. Harthouse."

"Well," returned the other, "it may be of more use by and by. And, my good fellow, if you will open your bedevilments to me when they come thick upon you, I may show you better ways

out of them than you can find for yourself."

"Thank you," said Tom, shaking his head dismally, and chewing rosebuds. "I wish I had known you sooner, Mr. Harthouse."

"Now, you see, Tom," said Mr. Harthouse in conclusion; himself tossing over a rose or two, as a contribution to the island, which was always drifting to the wall as if it wanted to become a part of the mainland; "every man is selfish in everything he does, and I am exactly like the rest of my fellow creatures. I am desperately intent;" the languor of his desperation being quite tropical; "on your softening towards your sister — which you ought to do; and on your being a more loving and agreeable sort of brother — which you ought to be."

"I will be, Mr. Harthouse."

"No time like the present, Tom. Begin at once."

"Certainly I will. And my sister Loo shall say so."

"Having made which bargain, Tom," said Harthouse, clapping him on the shoulder again, with an air which left him at liberty to infer — as he did, poor fool — that this condition was imposed upon him in mere careless good nature, to lessen his sense of obligation, "we will tear ourselves asunder until dinner-time."

When Tom appeared before dinner, though his mind seemed heavy enough, his body was on the alert; and he appeared before Mr. Bounderby came in. "I didn't mean to be cross, Loo," he said, giving her his hand, and kissing her. "I know you are fond of me, and you know I am fond of you."

After this, there was a smile upon Louisa's face that day, for some one else. Alas, for some one else!

"So much the less is the whelp the only creature that she cares for," thought James Harthouse, reversing the reflection of his first day's knowledge of her pretty face. "So much the less, so much the less."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The next morning was too bright a morning for sleep, and James Harthouse rose early, and sat in the pleasant bay window of his dressing-room, smoking the rare tobacco that had had so wholesome an influence on his young friend. Reposing in the sunlight, with the fragrance of his eastern pipe about him, and the dreamy smoke vanishing into the air, so rich and soft with summer odours, he reckoned up his advantages as an idle winner might count his gains. He was not at all bored for the time, and could give his mind to it.

He had established a confidence with her, from which her husband was excluded. He had established a confidence with her, that absolutely turned upon her indifference towards her husband, and the absence, now and at all times, of any congeniality between them. He had artfully, but plainly assured her, that he

knew her heart in its last most delicate recesses; he had come so near to her through its tenderest sentiment; he had associated himself with that feeling; and the barrier behind which she lived, had melted away. All very odd, and very satisfactory!

And yet he had not, even now, any earnest wickedness of purpose in him. Publicly and privately, it were much better for the age in which he lived, that he and the legion of whom he was one were designedly bad, than indifferent and purposeless. It is the drifting icebergs setting with any current anywhere, that wreck the ships.

When the Devil goeth about like a roaring lion, he goeth about in a shape by which few but savages and hunters are attracted. But, when he is trimmed, varnished, and polished, according to the mode; when he is aweary of vice, and aweary of virtue, used up as to brimstone, and used up as to bliss; then, whether he take to the serving out of red tape, or to the kindling of red fire, he is the very Devil.

So, James Harthouse reclined in the window, indolently smoking, and reckoning up the steps he had taken on the road by which he happened to be travelling. The end to which it led was before him, pretty plainly; but he troubled himself with no calculations about it. What will be, will be.

As he had rather a long ride to take that day — for there was a public occasion "to do" at some distance, which afforded a tolerable opportunity of going in for the Gradgrind men — he dressed early, and went down to breakfast. He was anxious to see if she had relapsed since the previous evening. No. He resumed where he had left off. There was a look of interest for him again.

He got through the day as much (or as little) to his own satisfaction, as was to be expected under the fatiguing circumstances; and came riding back at six o'clock. There was a sweep of some half mile between the lodge and the house, and he was riding along at a foot pace over the smooth gravel, once Nickits's, when Mr. Bounderby burst out of the shrubbery with such violence as to make his horse shy across the road.

"Harthouse!" cried Mr. Bounderby. "Have you heard?"

"Heard what?" said Harthouse, soothing his horse, and inwardly favouring Mr. Bounderby with no good wishes.

"Then you *haven't* heard!"

"I have heard you, and so has this brute. I have heard nothing else."

Mr. Bounderby, red and hot, planted himself in the centre of the path before the horse's head, to explode his bombshell with more effect.

"The Bank 's robbed!"

"You don't mean it!"

"Robbed last night, Sir. Rob-

bed in an extraordinary manner. Robbed with a false key."

"Of much?"

Mr. Bounderby, in his desire to make the most of it, really seemed mortified by being obliged to reply. "Why, no; not of very much. But it might have been."

"Of how much?"

"Oh! as a sum — if you stick to a sum — of not more than a hundred and fifty pound," said Bounderby, with impatience. "But it 's not the sum; it 's the fact. It 's the fact of the Bank being robbed, that 's the important circumstance. I am surprised you don't see it."

"My dear Bounderby," said James, dismounting, and giving his bridle to his servant, "I *do* see it; and am as overcome as you can possibly desire me to be, by the spectacle afforded to my mental view. Nevertheless, I may be allowed, I hope, to congratulate you — which I do with all my soul, I assure you — on your not having sustained a greater loss."

"Thank'ee," replied Bounderby, in a short, ungracious manner. "But I tell you what. It might have been twenty thousand pound."

"I suppose it might."

"Suppose it might? By the Lord, you *may* suppose so. By George!" said Mr. Bounderby, with sundry menacing nods and shakes of his head, "It might have been twice twenty. There 's no knowing what it would have been, or would'nt have been, as it was, but for the fellows' being disturbed."

Louisa had come up now, and Mrs. Sparsit, and Bitzer.

"Here 's Tom Gradgrind's daughter knows pretty well what it might have been, if you don't," blustered Bounderby. "Dropped, Sir, as if she was shot, when I told her! Never knew her do such a thing before. Does her credit, under the circumstances, in my opinion!"

She still looked faint and pale. James Harthouse begged her to take his arm; and as they moved on very slowly, asked how the robbery had been committed.

"Why, I am going to tell you," said Bounderby, irritably giving his arm to Mrs. Sparsit. "If you hadn't been so mighty particular about the sum, I should have begun to tell you before. You know this lady (for she *is* a lady), Mrs. Sparsit?"

"I have already had the honour" —

"Very well. And this young man, Bitzer, you saw him too on the same occasion?" Mr. Harthouse inclined his head in assent, and Bitzer knuckled his forehead.

"Very well. They live at the Bank. You know they live at the Bank perhaps? Very well. Yesterday afternoon, at the close of business hours, everything was put away as usual. In the iron room that this young fellow sleeps outside of, there was never mind how much. In the little safe in

young Tom's closet, the safe used for petty purposes, there was a hundred and fifty odd pound."

"Hundred and fifty-four, seven, one," said Bitzer.

"Come!" retorted Bounderby, stopping to wheel round upon him, "let 's have none of *your* interruptions. It 's enough to be robbed while you 're snoring because you 're too comfortable, without being put right with *your* four seven ones. I didn't snore, myself, when I was your age, let me tell you. I hadn't victuals enough to snore. And I didn't four seven one. Not if I knew it."

Bitzer knuckled his forehead again, in a sneaking manner, and seemed at once particularly impressed and depressed by the instance last given of Mr. Bounderby's moral abstinence.

"A hundred and fifty odd pound," resumed Mr. Bounderby. "That sum of money, young Tom locked in his safe; not a very strong safe, but that 's no matter now. Everything was left, all right. Some time in the night, while this young fellow snored — Mrs. Sparsit, Ma'am, you say you have heard him snore?"

"Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "I cannot say that I have heard him precisely snore, and therefore must not make that statement. But on winter evenings, when he has fallen asleep at his table, I have heard him, what I should prefer to describe as partially choke. I have heard him on such occasions produce sounds of a nature similar to what may be sometimes heard in Dutch clocks. Not," said Mrs. Sparsit, with a lofty sense of giving strict evidence, "that I would convey any imputation on his moral character. Far from it. I have always considered Bitzer a young man of the most upright principle; and to that I beg to bear my testimony."

"Well!" said the exasperated Bounderby, "while he was snoring, *or* choking, *or* Dutch-clocking, *or* something or other — being asleep — some fellows, somehow, whether previously concealed in the house or not remains to be seen, got to young Tom's safe, forced it, and abstracted the contents. Being then disturbed, they made off; letting themselves out at the main door, and double-locking it again (it was double-locked, and the key under Mrs. Sparsit's pillow) with a false key, which was picked up in the street near the Bank, about twelve o'clock to-day. No alarm takes place, till this chap, Bitzer, turns out this morning and begins to open and prepare the offices for business. Then, looking at Tom's safe, he sees the door ajar, and finds the lock forced, and the money gone."

"Where is Tom, by the by?" asked Harthouse, glancing round.

"He has been helping the police," said Bounderby, "and stays behind at the Bank. I wish these fellows had tried to rob me when I was at his time of life. They would have been out of pocket, if they had invested

eighteenpence in the job; I can tell 'em that."

"Is anybody suspected?"

"Suspected? I should think there was somebody suspected. Egod!" said Bounderby, relinquishing Mrs. Sparsit's arm to wipe his heated head, "Josiah Bounderby of Coketown is not to be plundered and nobody suspected. No, thank you!"

Might Mr. Harthouse inquire Who was suspected?

"Well," said Bounderby, stopping and facing about to confront them all, "I 'll tell you. It 's not to be mentioned everywhere; it 's not to be mentioned anywhere; in order that the scoundrels concerned (there 's a gang of 'em) may be thrown off their guard. So take this in confidence. Now wait a bit." Mr. Bounderby wiped his head again. "What should you say to;" here he violently exploded; "to a Hand being in it?"

"I hope," said Harthouse, lazily, "not our friend Blackpot?"

"Say Pool instead of Pot, Sir," returned Bounderby, "and that 's the man."

Louisa faintly uttered some word of incredulity and surprise.

"O yes! I know!" said Bounderby, immediately catching at the sound. "I know! I am used to that. I know all about it. They are the finest people in the world, these fellows are. They have got the gift of the gab, they have. They only want to have their rights explained to them, they do. But I tell you what. Show me a dissatisfied Hand, and I 'll show you a man that 's fit for anything bad, I don't care what it is."

Another of the popular fictions of Coketown, which some pains had been taken to disseminate — and which some people really believed.

"But I am acquainted with these chaps," said Bounderby. "I can read 'em off, like books. Mrs. Sparsit, Ma'am, I appeal to you. What warning did I give that fellow, the first time he set foot in the house, when the express object of his visit was to know how he could knock Religion over, and floor the Established Church? Mrs. Sparsit, in point of high connexions, you are on a level with the aristocracy, — did I say, or did I not say, to that fellow, 'you can't hide the truth from me; you are not the kind of fellow I like; you 'll come to no good.'?"

"Assuredly, Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "you did, in a highly impressive manner, give him such an admonition."

"When he shocked you, Ma'am," said Bounderby; "when he shocked your feelings?"

"Yes, Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, with a meek shake of her head, "he certainly did so. Though I do not mean to say but that my feelings may be weaker on such points — more foolish, if the term is preferred — than they might have been, if I had always occupied my present position."

Mr. Bounderby stared with a bursting pride at Mr. Harthouse, as much as to say, "I am the proprietor of this female, and she 's worth your attention, I think?" Then, resumed his discourse.

"You can recall for yourself, Harthouse, what I said to him when you saw him. I didn't mince the matter with him. I am never mealy with 'em. I KNOW 'em. Very well, Sir. Three days after that, he bolted. Went off, nobody knows where: as my mother did in my infancy — only with this difference, that he is a worse subject than my mother, if possible. What did he do before he went? What do you say;" Mr. Bounderby, with his hat in his hand, gave a beat upon the crown at every little division of his sentences, as if it were a tambourine; "to his being seen — night after night — watching the Bank? — To his lurking about there — after dark? — To its striking Mrs. Sparsit — that he could be lurking for no good — To her calling Bitzer's attention to him, and their both taking notice of him — And to its appearing on inquiry to-day — that he was also noticed by the neighbours?" Having come to the climax, Mr. Bounderby, like an oriental dancer, put his tambourine on his head.

"Suspicious," said James Harthouse, "certainly."

"I think so, Sir," said Bounderby, with a defiant nod. "I think so. But there are more of 'em in it. There 's an old woman. One never hears of these things till the mischief 's done; all sorts of defects are found out in the stable door after the horse is stolen; there 's an old woman turns up now. An old woman who seems to have been flying into town on a broomstick, every now and then. *She* watches the place a whole day before this fellow begins, and, on the night when you saw him, she steals away with him and holds a council with him — I suppose, to make her report on going off duty, and be damned to her."

There was such a person in the room that night, and she shrunk from observation, thought Louisa.

"This is not all of 'em, even as we already know 'em," said Bounderby, with many nods of hidden meaning. "But I have said enough for the present. You 'll have the goodness to keep it quiet, and mention it to no one. It may take time, but we shall have 'em. It 's policy to give 'em line enough, and there 's no objection to that."

"Of course, they will be punished with the utmost rigor of the law, as notice-boards observe," replied James Harthouse, "and serve them right. Fellows who go in for Banks must take the consequences. If there were no consequences, we should all go in for Banks." He had gently taken Louisa's parasol from her hand, and had put it up for her; and she walked under its shade, though the sun did not shine there.

"For the present, Loo Boun-

derby," said her husband, "here's Mrs. Sparsit to look after. Mrs. Sparsit's nerves have been acted upon by this business, and she 'll stay here a day or two. So, make her comfortable."

"Thank you very much, Sir," that discreet lady observed, "but pray do not let My comfort be a consideration. Anything will do for Me."

It soon appeared that if Mrs. Sparsit had a failing in her association with that domestic establishment, it was that she was so excessively regardless of herself and regardful of others, as to be a nuisance. On being shown her chamber, she was so dreadfully sensible of its comforts as to suggest the inference that she would have preferred to pass the night on the mangle in the laundry. True, the Powlers and the Scadgerses were accustomed to splendour, "but it is my duty to remember," Mrs. Sparsit was fond of observing with a lofty grace: particularly when any of the domestics were present, "that what I was, I am no longer. Indeed," said she, "if I could altogether cancel the remembrance that Mr. Sparsit was a Powler, or that I myself am related to the Scadgers family; or if I could even revoke the fact, and make myself a person of common descent and ordinary connexions; I would gladly do so. I should think it, under existing circumstances, right to do so." The same Hermitical state of mind led to her renunciation of made dishes and wines at dinner, until fairly commanded by Mr. Bounderby to take them; when she said, "Indeed you are very good, Sir;" and departed from a resolution of which she had made rather formal and public announcement, to "wait for the simple mutton." She was likewise deeply apologetic for wanting the salt; and, feeling amiably bound to bear out Mr. Bounderby to the fullest extent in the testimony he had borne to her nerves, occasionally sat back in her chair and silently wept; at which periods a tear of large dimensions, like a crystal ear-ring, might be observed (or rather, must be, for it insisted on public notice) sliding down her Roman nose.

But Mrs. Sparsit's greatest point, first and last, was her determination to pity Mr. Bounderby. There were occasions when in looking at him she was involuntarily moved to shake her head, as who should say, "Alas poor Yorick!" After allowing herself to be betrayed into these evidences of emotion, she would force a lambent brightness, and would be fitfully cheerful, and would say, "You have still good spirits, Sir, I am thankful to find;" and would appear to hail it as a blessed dispensation that Mr. Bounderby bore up as he did. One idiosyncrasy for which she often apologised, she found it excessively difficult to conquer. She had a curious propensity to call Mrs. Bounderby "Miss Grad-

grind," and yielded to it some three or four score times in the course of the evening. Her repetition of this mistake covered Mrs. Sparsit with modest confusion; but indeed, she said, it seemed so natural to say Miss Gradgrind: whereas, to persuade herself that the young lady whom she had had the happiness of knowing from a child could be really and truly Mrs. Bounderby, she found almost impossible. It was a further singularity of this remarkable case, that the more she thought about it, the more impossible it appeared; "the differences," she observed, "being such —"

In the drawing-room after dinner, Mr. Bounderby tried the case of the robbery, examined the witnesses, made notes of the evidence, found the suspected persons guilty, and sentenced them to the extreme punishment of the law. That done, Bitzer was dismissed to town with instructions to recommend Tom to come home by the mail-train.

When candles were brought, Mrs. Sparsit murmured, "Don't be low, Sir. Pray let me see you cheerful, Sir, as I used to do." Mr. Bounderby, upon whom these consolations had begun to produce the effect of making him, in a bull-headed blundering way, sentimental, sighed like some large sea-animal. "I cannot bear to see you so, Sir," said Mrs. Sparsit. "Try a hand at backgammon, Sir, as you used to do when I had the honour of living under your roof." "I haven't played backgammon, Ma'am," said Mr. Bounderby, "since that time." "No, Sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, soothingly, "I am aware that you have not. I remember that Miss Gradgrind takes no interest in the game. But I shall be happy, Sir, if you will condescend."

They played near a window, opening on the garden. It was a fine night: not moonlight, but sultry and fragrant. Louisa and Mr. Harthouse strolled out into the garden, where their voices could be heard in the stillness, though not what they said. Mrs. Sparsit, from her place at the backgammon board, was constantly straining her eyes to pierce the shadows without. "What's the matter, Ma'am?" said Mr. Bounderby; "you don't see a Fire, do you?" "Oh dear no, Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "I was thinking of the dew?" "What have you got to do with the dew, Ma'am?" said Mr. Bounderby. "It's not myself, Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "I am fearful of Miss Gradgrind's taking cold." "She never takes cold," said Mr. Bounderby. "Really, Sir?" said Mrs. Sparsit. And was affected with a cough in her throat.

When the time drew near for retiring, Mr. Bounderby took a glass of water. "Oh, Sir?" said Mrs. Sparsit. "Not your sherry warm, with lemon-peel and nutmeg?" "Why, I have got out of the habit of taking it now, Ma'am," said Mr. Bounderby.

"The more 's the pity, Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit; "you are losing all your good old habits. Cheer up, Sir! If Miss Gradgrind will permit me, I will offer to make it for you, as I have often done."

Miss Gradgrind readily permitting Mrs. Sparsit to do anything she pleased, that considerate lady made the beverage, and handed it to Mr. Bounderby. "It will do you good, Sir. It will warm your heart. It is the sort of thing you want, and ought to take, Sir." And when Mr. Bounderby said, "Your health, Ma'am!" she answered with great feeling, "Thank you, Sir. The same to you, and happiness also." Finally, she wished him good night, with great pathos; and Mr. Bounderby went to bed, with a maudlin persuasion that he had been crossed in something tender, though he could not, for his life have mentioned what it was.

Long after Louisa had undressed and lain down, she watched and waited for her brother's coming home. That could hardly be, she knew, until an hour past midnight; but in the country silence, which did anything but calm the trouble of her thoughts, time lagged wearily. At last, when the darkness and stillness had seemed for hours to thicken one another, she heard the bell at the gate. She felt as though she would have been glad that it rang on until daylight; but it ceased, and the circles of its last sound spread out fainter and wider in the air, and all was dead again.

She waited yet some quarter of an hour, as she judged. Then she arose, put on a loose robe, and went out of her room in the dark, and up the staircase to her brother's room. His door being shut, she softly opened it and spoke to him, approaching his bed with a noiseless step.

She kneeled down beside it, passed her arm over his neck, and drew his face to hers. She knew that he only feigned to be asleep, but she said nothing to him.

He started by and by as if he were just then awakened, and asked who that was, and what was the matter?

"Tom, have you anything to tell me? If ever you loved me in your life, and have anything concealed from every one besides, tell it to me."

"I don't know what you mean, Loo. You have been dreaming."

"My dear brother:" she laid her head down on his pillow, and her hair flowed over him as if she would hide him from every one but herself: "is there nothing that you have to tell me? Is there nothing you can tell me, if you will. You can tell me nothing that will change me. O Tom, tell me the truth!"

"I don't know what you mean, Loo."

"As you lie here alone, my dear, in the melancholy night, so you must lie somewhere one night, when even I, if I am living

then, shall have left you. As I am here beside you, barefoot, unclothed, undistinguishable in darkness, so must I lie through all the night of my decay, until I am dust. In the name of that time, Tom, tell me the truth now!"

"What is it you want to know?"

"You may be certain;" in the energy of her love she took him to her bosom as if he were a child; "that I will not reproach you. You may be certain that I will be compassionate and true to you. You may be certain that I will save you at whatever cost. O Tom, have you nothing to tell me? Whisper very softly. Say only 'yes,' and I shall understand you!"

She turned her ear to his lips, but he remained doggedly silent.

"Not a word, Tom?"

"How can I say Yes, or how can I say No, when I don't know what you mean? Loo, you are a brave, kind girl, worthy I begin to think of a better brother than I am. But I have nothing more to say. Go to bed, go to bed."

"You are tired," she whispered presently, more in her usual way.

"Yes, I am quite tired out."

"You have been so hurried and disturbed to-day. Have any fresh discoveries been made?"

"Only those you have heard of, from — him."

"Tom, have you said to any one that we made a visit to those people, and that we saw those three together?"

"No. Didn't you yourself particularly ask me to keep it quiet, when you asked me to go there with you?"

"Yes. But I did not know then what was going to happen."

"Nor I neither. How could I?"

He was very quick upon her with this retort.

"Ought I to say, after what has happened," said his sister, standing by the bed — she had gradually withdrawn herself and risen, "that I made that visit? Should I say so? Must I say so?"

"Good Heavens, Loo," returned her brother, "you are not in the habit of asking my advice. Say what you like. If you keep it to yourself, I shall keep it to *my*self. If you disclose it, there 's an end of it."

It was too dark for either to see the other's face; but each seemed very attentive, and to consider before speaking.

"Tom, do you believe the man I gave the money to, is really implicated in this crime?"

"I don't know. I don't see why he shouldn't be."

"He seemed to me an honest man."

"Another person may seem to you dishonest, and yet not be so."

There was a pause, for he had hesitated and stopped.

"In short," resumed Tom, as if he had made up his mind, "if you come to that, perhaps I was so far from being altogether in his favour, that I took him outside the door to tell him quietly, that I thought he might consider himself very well off to get such a

windfall as he had got from my sister, and that I hoped he would make a good use of it. You remember whether I took him out or not. I say nothing against the man; he may be a very good fellow, for anything I know; I hope he is."

"Was he offended by what you said?"

"No, he took it pretty well; he was civil enough. Where are you, Loo?" He sat up in bed and kissed her. "Good night, my dear, good night!"

"You have nothing more to tell me?"

"No. What should I have? You wouldn't have me tell you a lie?"

"I wouldn't have you do that to-night, Tom, of all the nights in your life; many and much happier as I hope they will be."

"Thank you, my dear Loo. I am so tired, that I am sure I wonder I don't say anything, to get to sleep. Go to bed, go to bed."

Kissing her again, he turned round, drew the coverlet over his head, and lay as still as if that time had come by which she had adjured him. She stood for some time at the bedside before she slowly moved away. She stopped at the door, looked back when she had opened it, and asked him if he had called her? But he lay still, and she softly closed the door and returned to her room.

Then the wretched boy looked cautiously up and found her gone, crept out of bed, fastened his door, and threw himself upon his pillow again: tearing his hair, morosely crying, grudgingly loving her, hatefully but impenitently spurning himself, and no less hatefully and unprofitably spurning all the good in the world.

CHAPTER XXV.

Mrs. Sparsit, lying by to recover the tone of her nerves in Mr. Bounderby's retreat, kept such a sharp look-out, night and day, under her Coriolanian eyebrows, that her eyes, like a couple of lighthouses on an iron-bound coast, might have warned all prudent mariners from that bold rock her Roman nose and the dark and craggy region in its neighbourhood, but for the placidity of her manner. Although it was hard to believe that her retiring for the night could be anything but a form, so severely wide awake were those classical eyes of hers, and so impossible did it seem that her rigid nose could yield to any relaxing influence, yet her manner of sitting, smoothing her uncomfortable, not to say, gritty, mittens (they were constructed of a cool fabric like a meat-safe), or of ambling to unknown places of destination with her foot in her cotton stirrup, was so perfectly serene, that most observers would have been constrained to suppose her a dove, embodied, by some freak of nature, in the earthly tabernacle of a bird of the hook-beaked order.

She was a most wonderful wo-

man for prowling about the house. How she got from story to story, was a mystery beyond solution. A lady so decorous in herself, and so highly connected, was not to be suspected of dropping over the bannisters or sliding down them, yet her extraordinary facility of locomotion suggested the wild idea. Another noticeable circumstance in Mrs. Sparsit was, that she was never hurried. She would shoot with consummate velocity from the roof to the hall, yet would be in full possession of her breath and dignity on the moment of her arrival there. Neither was she ever seen by human vision to go at a great pace.

She took very kindly to Mr. Harthouse, and had some pleasant conversation with him soon after her arrival. She made him her stately curtsey in the garden, one morning before breakfast.

"It appears but yesterday, Sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, "that I had the honour of receiving you at the Bank, when you were so good as to wish to be made acquainted with Mr. Bounderby's address."

"An occasion, I am sure, not to be forgotten by myself in the course of Ages," said Mr. Harthouse, inclining his head to Mrs. Sparsit with the most indolent of all possible airs.

"We live in a singular world, Sir," said Mrs. Sparsit.

"I have had the honour, by a coincidence of which I am proud, to have made a remark, similar in effect, though not so epigrammatically expressed."

"A singular world, I would say, Sir," pursued Mrs. Sparsit; after acknowledging the compliment with a drooping of her dark eyebrows, not altogether so mild in its expression as her voice was in its dulcet tones; "as regards the intimacies we form at one time, with individuals we were quite ignorant of, at another. I recall, Sir, that on that occasion you went so far as to say you were actually apprehensive of Miss Gradgrind."

"Your memory does me more honour than my insignificance deservers. I availed myself of your obliging hints to correct my timidity, and it is unnecessary to add that they were perfectly accurate. Mrs. Sparsit's talent for — in fact for anything requiring accuracy — with a combination of strength of mind — and Family — is too habitually developed to admit of any question." He was almost falling asleep over this compliment; it took him so long to get through, and his mind wandered so much in the course of its execution.

"You found Miss Gradgrind — I really cannot call her Mrs. Bounderby; it's very absurd of me — as youthful as I described her?" as Mrs. Sparsit, sweetly.

"You drew her portrait perfectly," said Mr. Harthouse. "Presented her dead image."

"Very engaging, Sir?" said Mrs. Sparsit, causing her mit-

tens slowly to revolve over one another.

"Highly so."

"It used to be considered," said Mrs. Sparsit, "that Miss Gradgrind was wanting in animation, but I confess she appears to me considerably and strikingly improved in that respect. Ay, and indeed here *is* Mr. Bounderby!" cried Mrs. Sparsit, nodding her head a great many times, as if she had been talking and thinking of no one else. "How do you find yourself this morning, Sir? Pray let us see you cheerful, Sir."

Now, these persistent assuagements of his misery, and lightenings of his load, had by this time begun to have the effect of making Mr. Bounderby softer than usual towards Mr. Sparsit, and harder than usual to most other people from his wife downward. So, when Mrs. Sparsit said with forced lightness of heart, "You want your breakfast, Sir, but I dare say Miss Gradgrind will soon be here to preside at the table," Mr. Bounderby replied, "If I waited to be taken care of by my wife, Ma'am, I believe you know pretty well I should wait till Doomsday, so I'll trouble *you* to take charge of the teapot." Mrs. Sparsit complied, and assumed her old position at table.

This again made the excellent woman vastly sentimental. She was so humble withal, that when Louisa appeared, she rose, protesting she never could think of sitting in that place under existing circumstances, often as she had had the honour of making Mr. Bounderby's breakfast, before Mrs. Gradgrind — she begged pardon, she meant to say, Miss Bounderby — she hoped to be excused, but she really could not get it right yet, though she trusted to become familiar with it by and by — had assumed her present position. It was only (she observed) because Miss Gradgrind happened to be a little late, and Mr. Bounderby's time was so very precious, and she knew it of old to be so essential that he should breakfast to the moment, that she had taken the liberty of complying with his request: long as his will had been a law to her.

"There! Stop where you are, Ma'am," said Mr. Bounderby, "stop where you are! Mrs. Bounderby will be very glad to be relieved of the trouble, I believe."

"Don't say that, Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, almost with severity, "because that is very unkind to Mrs. Bounderby. And to be unkind is not to be you, Sir."

"You may set your mind at rest Ma'am. — You can take it very quietly, can't you Loo?" said Mr. Bounderby, in a blustering way, to his wife.

"Of course. It is of no moment. Why should it be of any importance to me?"

"Why should it be of any importance to any one, Mrs. Spar-

sit, Ma'am?" said Mr. Bounderby, swelling with a sense of slight. "You attach too much importance to these things, Ma'am. By George, you'll be corrected in some of your notions here. You are old fashioned, Ma'am. You are behind Tom Gradgrind's children's time."

"What is the matter with you?" asked Louisa, coldly surprised. "What has given you offence?"

"Offence!" repeated Bounderby. "Do you suppose if there was any offence given me, I shouldn't name it, and request to have it corrected? I am a straightforward man, I believe. I don't go beating about for side-winds."

"I suppose no one ever had occasion to think you too diffident, or too delicate," Louisa answered him composedly: "I have never made that objection to you, either as a child or as a woman. I don't understand what you would have."

"Have?" returned Mr. Bounderby. "Nothing. Otherwise, don't you, Loo Bounderby, know thoroughly well that I, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, would have it?"

She looked at him, as he struck the table and made the teacups ring, with a proud colour in her face that was a new change, Mr. Harthouse thought. "You are incomprehensible this morning," said Louisa. "Pray take no further trouble to explain yourself. I am not curious to know your meaning. What does it matter!"

Nothing more was said on this theme, and Mr. Harthouse was soon idly gay on indifferent subjects. But, from this day, the Sparsit action upon Mr. Bounderby threw Louisa and James Harthouse more together, and strengthened the dangerous alienation from her husband and confidence against him with another, into which she had fallen by degrees so fine that she could not retrace them if she tried. But, whether she ever tried or no, lay hidden in her own closed heart.

Mrs. Sparsit was so much affected on this particular occasion, that, assisting Mr. Bounderby to his hat after breakfast, and being then alone with him in the hall, she imprinted a chaste kiss upon his hand, murmured "my benefactor!" and retired, overwhelmed with grief. Yet it is an indubitable fact, within the cognizance of this history, that five minutes after he had left the house in the self-same hat, the same descendant of the Scadgerses and connexion by matrimony of the Powlers, shook her right-hand mitten at his portrait, made a contemptuous grimace at that work of art, and said "Serve you right, you Noodle, and I am glad of it!"

Mr. Bounderby had not been long gone, when Bitzer appeared. Bitzer had come down by train, shrieking and rattling over the long line of arches that be-

strode the wild country of past and present coal-pits, with an express from Stone Lodge. It was a hasty note to inform Louisa, that Mrs. Gradgrind lay very ill. She had never been well, within her daughter's knowledge; but, she had declined within the last few days, had continued sinking all through the night, and was now as nearly dead, as her limited capacity of being in any state that implied the ghost of an intention to get out of it, allowed.

Accompanied by the lightest of porters, fit colourless servitor at Death's door when Mrs. Gradgrind knocked, Louisa rumbled to Coketown, over the coal-pits past and present, and was whirled into its smoky jaws. She dismissed the messenger to his own devices, and rode away to her old home.

She had seldom been there, since her marriage. Her father was usually sifting and sifting at his parliamentary cinder-heap in London (without being observed to turn up many precious articles among the rubbish), and was still hard at it in the national dust-yard. Her mother had taken it rather as a disturbance than otherwise, to be visited, as she reclined upon her sofa; young people, Louisa felt herself all unfit for; Sissy she had never softened to again, since the night when the stroller's child had raised her eyes to look at Mr. Bounderby's intended wife. She had no inducements to go back, and had rarely gone.

Neither, as she approached her old home now, did any of the best influences of old home descend upon her. The dreams of childhood — its airy fables; its graceful, beautiful, humane, impossible adornments of the world beyond; so good to be believed in once, so good to be remembered when out-grown, for then the least among them rises to the stature of a great Charity in the heart, suffering little children to come into the midst of it, and to keep with their pure hands a garden in the stony ways of this world, wherein it were better for all the children of Adam that they should oftener sun themselves, simple and trustful, and not worldly-wise — what had she to do with these? Remembrances of how she had journeyed to the little that she knew, by the enchanted roads of what she and millions of innocent creatures had hoped and imagined; of how, first coming upon Reason through the tender light of Fancy, she had seen it a beneficent god, deferring to gods as great as itself: not a grim Idol, cruel and cold, with its victims bound hand to foot, and its big dumb shape set up with a sightless stare never to be moved by anything but so many calculated tons of leverage — what had she to do with these? Her remembrances of home and childhood, were remembrances of the drying up of every spring and fountain in her young heart as it gushed out. The golden waters were not there.

They were flowing for the fertilisation of the land where grapes are gathered from thorns, and figs from thistles.

She went, with a heavy, hardened kind of sorrow upon her, into the house and into her mother's room. Since the time of her leaving home, Sissy had lived with the rest of the family on equal terms. Sissy was at her mother's side; and Jane, her sister, now ten or twelve years old, was in the room.

There was great trouble before it could be made known to Mrs. Gradgrind that her eldest child was there. She reclined, propped up, from mere habit, on a couch: as nearly in her old usual attitude, as anything so helpless could be kept in. She had positively refused to take to her bed; on the ground that if she did, she would never hear the last of it.

Her feeble voice sounded so far away in her bundle of shawls, and the sound of another voice addressing her seemed to take such a long time in getting down to her ears, that she might have been lying at the bottom of a well. The poor lady was nearer Truth than she ever had been: which had much to do with it.

On being told that Mrs. Bounderby was there, she replied, at cross-purposes, that she had never called him by that name since he married Louisa; that pending her choice of an unobjectionable name, she had called him J.; and that she could not at present depart from that regulation, not being yet provided with a permanent substitute. Louisa had sat by her for some minutes, and had spoken to her often, before she arrived at a clear understanding who it was. She then seemed to come to it all at once.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Gradgrind, "and I hope you are going on satisfactorily to yourself. It was all your father's doing. He set his heart upon it. And he ought to know."

"I want to hear of you, mother; not of myself."

"You want to hear of me, my dear? That 's something new, I am sure, when anybody wants to hear of me. Not at all well, Louisa. Very faint and giddy."

"Are you in pain, dear mother?"

"I think there 's a pain somewhere in the room," said Mrs. Gradgrind, "but I couldn't positively say that I have got it."

After this strange speech, she lay silent for some time. Louisa, holding her hand, could feel no pulse; but kissing it, could see a slight thin thread of life in fluttering motion.

"You very seldom see your sister," said Mrs. Gradgrind. "She grows like you. I wish you would look at her. Sissy, bring her here."

She was brought, and stood with her hand in her sister's. Louisa had observed her with her arm round Sissy's neck, and she felt the difference of this approach.

"Do you see the likeness, Louisa?"

"Yes, mother. I should think her like me. But" —

"Eh? Yes, I always say so," Mrs. Gradgrind cried, with unexpected quickness. "And that reminds me. I want to speak to you, my dear. Sissy, my good girl, leave us alone a minute."

Louisa had relinquished the hand; had thought that her sister's was a better and brighter face than hers had ever been; had seen in it, not without a rising feeling of resentment, even in that place and at that time, something of the gentleness of the other face in the room: the sweet face with the trusting eyes, made paler than watching and sympathy made it, by the rich dark hair.

Left alone with her mother, Louisa saw her lying with an awful lull upon her face, like one who was floating away upon some great water, all resistance over, content to be carried down the stream. She put the shadow of a hand to her lips again, and recalled her.

"You were going to speak to me, mother."

"Eh? Yes, to be sure, my dear. You know your father is almost always away now, and therefore I must write to him about it."

"About what, mother? Don't be troubled. About what?"

"You must remember, my dear, that whenever I have said anything, on any subject, I have never heard the last of it; and consequently, that I have long left off saying anything."

"I can hear you, mother." But, it was only by dint of bending down her ear, and at the same time attentively watching the lips as they moved, that she could link such faint and broken sounds into any chain of connexion.

"You learnt a great deal, Louisa, and so did your brother. Ologies of all kinds, from morning to night. If there is any Ology left, of any description, that has not been worn to rags in this house, all I can say is, I hope I shall never hear its name."

"I can hear you, mother, when you have strength to go on." This, to keep her from floating away.

"But there's something — not an Ology at all — that your father has missed, or forgotten, Louisa. I don't know what it is. I have often sat with Sissy near me, and thought about it. I shall never get its name now. But your father may. It makes me restless. I want to write to him, to find out for God's sake, what it is. Give me a pen, give me a pen."

Even the power of restlessness was gone, except from the poor head, which could just turn from side to side.

She fancied, however, that her request had been complied with, and that the pen she could not have held was in her hand. It matters little what figures of

wonderful no-meaning she began to trace upon her wrappers. The hand soon stopped in the midst of them; the light that had always been feeble and dim behind the weak transparency, went out; and even Mrs. Gradgrind, emerged from the shadow in which man walketh and disquieteth himself in vain, took upon her the dread solemnity of the sages and patriarchs.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mrs. Sparsit's nerves being slow to recover their tone, the worthy woman made a stay of some weeks in duration at Mr. Bounderby's retreat, where, notwithstanding her anchorite turn of mind based upon her becoming consciousness of her altered station, she resigned herself, with noble fortitude, to lodging, as one may say, in clover, and feeding on the fat of the land. During the whole term of this recess from the guardianship of the Bank, Mrs. Sparsit was a pattern of consistency; continuing to take such pity on Mr. Bounderby to his face, as is rarely taken on man, and to call his portrait a Noodle to *its* face, with the greatest acrimony and contempt.

Mr. Bounderby, having got it into his explosive composition that Mrs. Sparsit was a highly superior woman to perceive that he had that general cross upon him in his deserts (for he had not yet settled what it was), and further that Louisa would have objected to her as a frequent visitor if it had comported with his greatness that she should object to anything he chose to do, resolved not to lose sight of Mrs. Sparsit easily. So, when her nerves were strung up to the pitch of again consuming sweetbreads in solitude, he said to her at the dinner-table, on the day before her departure, "I tell you what, Ma'am; you shall come down here of a Saturday while the fine weather lasts, and stay till Monday." To which Mrs. Sparsit returned, in effect, though not of the Mahommedan persuasion: "To hear is to obey."

Now, Mrs. Sparsit was not a poetical woman; but she took an idea, in the nature of an allegorical fancy, into her head. Much watching of Louisa, and much consequent observation of her impenetrable demeanour, which keenly whetted and sharpened Mrs. Sparsit's edge, must have given her as it were a lift, in the way of inspiration. She created in her mind a mighty Staircase, with a dark pit of shame and ruin at the bottom; and down these stairs, from day to day and hour to hour, she saw Louisa coming.

It became the business of Mrs. Sparsit's life, to look up at the staircase, and to watch Louisa coming down. Sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly, sometimes several steps at one bout, sometimes stopping, never turning back. If she had once turned back, it might have been the

death of Mrs. Sparsit in spleen and grief.

She had been descending steadily, to the day, and on the day, when Mr. Bounderby issued the weekly invitation recorded above. Mrs. Sparsit was in good spirits, and inclined to be conversational.

"And pray, Sir," said she, "if I may venture to ask a question appertaining to any subject on which you show reserve — which is indeed hardy in me, for I well know you have a reason for everything you do — have you received intelligence respecting the robbery?"

"Why, Ma'am, no; not yet. Under the circumstances, I didn't expect it yet. Rome wasn't built in a day, Ma'am."

"Very true, Sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, shaking her head.

"Nor yet in a week, Ma'am."

"No, indeed, Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, with an air of melancholy.

"In a similar manner," said Bounderby, "I can wait, you know. If Romulus and Remus could wait, Josiah Bounderby can wait. They were better off in their youth than I was, however. They had a she wolf for a nurse; *I* had only a she wolf for a grandmother. She didn't give any milk, Ma'am; she gave bruises. She was a regular Alderney at that."

"Ah!" Mrs. Sparsit sighed and shuddered.

"No, Ma'am," continued Bounderby, "I have not heard anything more about it. It's in hand, though; and young Tom, who rather sticks to business at present — something new for him; he hadn't the schooling *I* had — is helping. My injunction is, Keep it quiet, and let it seem to blow over. Do what you like under the rose, but don't give a sign of what you're about; or half a hundred of 'em will combine together and get this fellow who has bolted, out of reach for good. Keep it quiet, and the thieves will grow in confidence by little and little, and we shall have 'em."

"Very sagacious indeed, Sir," said Mrs. Sparsit. "Very interesting. The old woman you mentioned, Sir —"

"The old woman I mentioned, Ma'am," said Bounderby, cutting the matter short, as it was nothing to boast about, "is not laid hold of; but, she may take her oath she will be, if that is any satisfaction to her villainous old mind. In the mean time, Ma'am, I am of opinion, if you ask me my opinion, that the less she is talked about, the better."

That same evening, Mrs. Sparsit, in her chamber window, resting from her packing operations, looked towards her great staircase and saw Louisa still descending.

She sat by Mr. Harthouse, in an alcove in the garden, talking very low. He stood leaning over her, as they whispered together, and his face almost touched her hair. "If not quite!" said Mrs. Sparsit, straining her hawk's eyes to the

utmost. Mrs. Sparsit was too distant to hear a word of their discourse, or even to know that they were speaking softly, otherwise than from the expression of their figures; but what they said was this:

"You recollect the man, Mr. Harthouse?"

"Oh, perfectly!"

"His face, and his manner, and what he said?"

"Perfectly. And an infinitely dreary person he appeared to me to be. Lengthy and prosy in the extreme. It was very knowing to hold forth, in the humble-virtue school of eloquence; but, I assure you I thought at the time, 'My good fellow, you are overdoing this!'"

"It has been very difficult to me to think ill of that man."

"My dear Louisa — as Tom says." Which he never did say. "You know no good of the fellow?"

"No, certainly."

"Nor of any other such person?"

"How can I," she returned, with more of her first manner on her than he had lately seen, "when I know nothing of them, men or women?"

"My dear Mrs. Bounderby! Then consent to receive the submissive representation of your devoted friend, who knows something of several varieties of his excellent fellow-creatures — for excellent they are, I have no doubt, in spite of such little foibles as always helping themselves to what they can get hold of. This fellow talks. Well; every fellow talks. His professing morality only deserves a moment's consideration, as being a very suspicious circumstance. All sorts of humbugs profess morality, from the House of Commons to the House of Correction, except our people; it really is that exception which makes our people quite reviving. You saw and heard the case. Here was a common man, pulled up extremely short by my esteemed friend Mr. Bounderby — who, as we know, is not possessed of that delicacy which would soften so tight a hand. The common man was injured, exasperated, left the house grumbling, met somebody who proposed to him to go in for some share in this Bank business, went in, put something in his pocket which had nothing in it before, and relieved his mind extremely. Really he would have been an uncommon, instead of a common, man, if he had not availed himself of such an opportunity. Or he may have made it altogether, if he had the cleverness. Equally probable!"

"I almost feel as though it must be bad in me," returned Louisa, after sitting thoughtful awhile, "to be so ready to agree with you, and to be so lightened in my heart by what you say."

"I only say what is reasonable; nothing worse. I have talked it over with my friend Tom more than once — of course I remain on terms of perfect confidence

with Tom — and he is quite of my opinion, and I am quite of his. Will you walk?"

They strolled away, among the lanes beginning to be indistinct in the twilight — she leaning on his arm — and she little thought how she was going down, down, down, Mrs. Sparsit's staircase.

Night and day, Mrs. Sparsit kept it standing. When Louisa had arrived at the bottom and disappeared in the gulf, it might fall in upon her if it would; but, until then, there it was to be, a Building, before Mrs. Sparsit's eyes. And there Louisa always was, upon it. Always gliding down, down, down.

Mrs. Sparsit saw James Harthouse come and go; she heard of him here and there; she saw the changes of the face he had studied; she, too, remarked to a nicety how and when it clouded, how and when it cleared; she kept her black eyes wide open, with no touch of pity, with no touch of compunction, all absorbed in interest; but, in the interest of seeing her, ever drawing with no hand to stay her, nearer and nearer to the bottom of this new Giants' Staircase.

With all her deference for Mr. Bounderby, as contradistinguished from his portrait, Mrs. Sparsit had not the smallest intention of interrupting the descent. Eager to see it accomplished, and yet patient, she waited for the last fall as for the ripeness and fulness of the harvest of her hopes. Hushed in expectancy, she kept her wary gaze upon the stairs; and seldom so much as darkly shook her right mitten (with her fist in it), at the figure coming down.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The figure descended the great stairs, steadily, steadily; always verging, like a weight in deep water, to the black gulf at the bottom.

Mr. Gradgrind, apprised of his wife's decease, made an expedition from London, and buried her in a business-like manner. He then returned with promptitude to the national cinder-heap, and resumed his sifting for the odds and ends he wanted, and his throwing of the dust about into the eyes of other people who wanted other odds and ends — in fact, resumed his parliamentary duties.

In the meantime, Mrs. Sparsit kept unwinking watch and ward. Separated from her staircase, all the week, by the length of iron road dividing Coketown from the countryhouse, she yet maintained her cat-like observation of Louisa, through her husband, through her brother, through James Harthouse, through the outsides of letters and packets, through everything animate and inanimate that at any time went near the stairs. "Your foot on the last step, my lady," said Mrs. Sparsit, apostrophising the descending figure, with the aid of her threatening mitten, "and all your art shall never blind me."

Art or nature though, the original stock of Louisa's character or the graft of circumstances upon it, — her curious reserve did baffle, while it stimulated, one as sagacious as Mrs. Sparsit. There were times when Mr. James Harthouse was not sure of her. There were times when he could not read the face he had studied so long; and when this lonely girl was a greater mystery to him, than any woman of the world with a ring of satellites to help her.

So the time went on; until it happened that Mr. Bounderby was called away from home by business which required his presence elsewhere, for three or four days. It was on a Friday that he intimated this to Mrs. Sparsit at the Bank, adding: "But you 'll go down to-morrow, Ma'am, all the same. You'll go down just as if I was there. It will make no difference to you."

"Pray, Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, reproachfully, "let me beg you not to say that. Your absence will make a vast difference to me, Sir, as I think you very well know."

"Well, Ma'am, then you must get on in my absence as well as you can," said Bounderby, not displeased.

"Mr. Bounderby," retorted Mrs. Sparsit, "your will is to me a law, Sir; otherwise, it might be my inclination to dispute your kind commands, not feeling sure that it will be quite so agreeable to Miss Gradgrind to receive me, as it ever is to your own munificent hospitality. But you shall say no more, Sir. I will go, upon your invitation."

"Why, when I invite you to my house, Ma'am," said Bounderby, opening his eyes, "I should hope you want no other invitation."

"No indeed, Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "I should hope not. Say no more, Sir. I would, Sir, I could see you gay again!"

"What do you mean, Ma'am?" blustered Bounderby.

"Sir," rejoined Mrs. Sparsit, "there was wont to be an elasticity in you which I sadly miss. Be buoyant, Sir!"

Mr. Bounderby, under the influence of this difficult adjuration, backed up by her compassionate eye, could only scratch his head in a feeble and ridiculous manner, and afterwards assert himself at a distance, by being heard to bully the small-fry of business all the morning.

"Bitzer," said Mrs. Sparsit that afternoon, when her patron was gone on his journey, and the Bank was closing, "present my compliments to young Mr. Thomas, and ask him if he would step up and partake of a lamb chop and walnut ketchup, with a glass of India ale?" Young Mr. Thomas being usually ready for anything in that way, returned a gracious answer, and followed on its heels. "Mr. Thomas," said Mrs. Sparsit, "these plain viands being on table, I thought you might be tempted." "Thankee, Mrs. Spar-

sit," said the whelp. And gloomily fell to.

"How is Mr. Harthouse, Mr. Tom?" asked Mrs. Sparsit.

"Oh he is all right," said Tom.

"Where may he be at present?" Mrs. Sparsit asked in a light conversational manner, after mentally devoting the whelp to the Furies for being so uncommunicative.

"He is shooting in Yorkshire," said Tom. "Sent Loo a basket half as big as a church, yesterday."

"The kind of gentleman now," said Mrs. Sparsit, sweetly, "whom one might wager to be a good shot!"

"Crack," said Tom.

He had long been a down-looking young fellow, but this characteristic had so increased of late that he never raised his eyes to any face for three seconds together. Mrs. Sparsit consequently had ample means of watching his looks, if she were so inclined.

"Mr. Harthouse is a great favourite of mine," said Mrs. Sparsit, "as indeed he is of most people. May we expect to see him again shortly, Mr. Tom?"

"Why, *I* expect to see him tomorrow," returned the whelp.

"Good news!" cried Mrs. Sparsit, blandly.

"I have got an appointment with him to meet him in the evening at the station here," said Tom, "and I am going to dine with him afterwards, I believe. He is not coming down to Nickits's for a week or so, being due somewhere else. At least, he says so; but I shouldn't wonder if he was to stop here over Sunday, and stray that way."

"Which reminds me!" said Mrs. Sparsit. "Would you remember a message to your sister, Mr. Tom, if I was to charge you with one?"

"Well! I'll try," returned the reluctant whelp, "if it isn't a long un."

"It is merely my respectful compliments," said Mrs. Sparsit, "and I fear I may not trouble her with my society this week; being still a little nervous, and better perhaps by my poor self."

"Oh! If that's all," observed Tom, "it wouldn't matter much, even if I was to forget it, for Loo 's not likely to think of you unless she sees you."

Having paid for his entertainment with this agreeable compliment, he relapsed into a hangdog silence until there was no more India ale left, when he said, "Well, Mrs. Sparsit, I must be off!" and went off.

Next day, Saturday, Mrs. Sparsit sat at her window all day long: looking at the customers coming in and out, watching the postmen, keeping an eye on the general traffic of the street, revolving many things in her mind, but, above all, keeping her attention on her staircase. The evening come, she put on her bonnet and shawl, and went quietly out: having her reasons for hovering in a furtive way about the station by which a passenger would ar-

rive from Yorkshire, and for preferring to peep into it round pillars and corners, and out of ladies' waiting-room windows, to appearing in its precincts openly.

Tom was in attendance, and loitered about until the expected train came in. It brought no Mr. Harthouse. Tom waited until the crowd had dispersed, and the bustle was over; and then referred to a posted list of trains, and took counsel with porters. That done, he strolled away idly, stopping in the street and looking up it and down it, and lifting his hat off and putting it on again, and yawning, and stretching himself, and exhibiting all the symptoms of mortal weariness to be expected in one who had still to wait until the next train should come in, an hour and forty minutes hence.

"This is a device to keep him out of the way," said Mrs. Sparsit, starting from the dull office window whence she had watched him last. "Harthouse is with his sister now!"

It was the conception of an inspired moment, and she shot off with her utmost swiftness to work it out. The station for the country house was at the opposite end of the town, the time was short, the road not easy; but she was so quick in pouncing on a disengaged coach, so quick in darting out of it, producing her money, seizing her ticket, and diving into the train, that she was borne along the arches spanning the land of coal-pits past and present, as if she had been caught up in a cloud and whirled away.

All the journey, immovable in the air though never left behind; plain to the dark eyes of her mind, as the electric wires which ruled a colossal strip of music-paper out of the evening sky, were plain to the dark eyes of her body; Mrs. Sparsit saw her staircase, with the figure coming down. Very near the bottom now. Upon the brink of the abyss.

An overcast September evening, just at nightfall, saw beneath its drooping eyelid Mrs. Sparsit glide out of her carriage, pass down the wooden steps of the little station into a stony road, cross it into a green lane, and become hidden in a summer-growth of leaves and branches. One or two late birds sleepily chirping in their nests, and a bat heavily crossing and recrossing her, and the reek of her own tread in the thick dust that felt like velvet, were all Mrs. Sparsit heard or saw until she very softly closed a gate.

She went up to the house, keeping within the shrubbery, and went round it, peeping between the leaves at the lower windows. Most of them were open, as they usually were in such warm weather, but there were no lights yet, and all was silent. She tried the garden with no better effect. She thought of the wood, and stole towards it, heedless of long grass and briers: of worms, snails, and slugs, and all the creeping things that be. With her dark eyes and

her hook nose warily in advance of her, Mrs. Sparsit softly crushed her way through the thick undergrowth, so intent upon her object that she probably would have done no less, if the wood had been a wood of adders.

Hark!

The smaller birds might have tumbled out of their nests, fascinated by the glittering of Mrs. Sparsit's eyes in the gloom, as she stopped and listened.

Low voices close at hand. His voice, and hers. The appointment *was* a device to keep the brother away! There they were yonder, by the felled tree.

Bending low among the dewy grass, Mrs. Sparsit advanced closer to them. She drew herself up, and stood behind a tree, like Robinson Crusoe in his ambuscade against the savages; so near to them that at a spring, and that no great one, she could have touched them both. He was there secretly, and had not shown himself at the house. He had come on horseback, and must have passed through the neighbouring fields; for his horse was tied to the meadow side of the fence, within a few paces.

"My dearest love," said he, "what could I do? Knowing you were alone, was it possible that I could stay away?"

"You may hang your head, to make yourself the more attractive; *I* don't know what they see in you when you hold it up," thought Mrs. Sparsit; "but you little think, my dearest love, whose eyes are on you!"

That she hung her head, was certain. She urged him to go away, she commanded him to go away; but she neither turned her face to him, nor raised it. Yet it was remarkable that she sat as still, as ever the amiable woman in ambuscade had seen her sit, at any period in her life. Her hands rested in one another, like the hands of a statue; and even her manner of speaking was not hurried.

"My dear child," said Harthouse; Mrs. Sparsit saw with delight that his arm embraced her; "will you not bear with my society for a little while?"

"Not here."

"Where, Louisa?"

"Not here."

"But we have so little time to make so much of, and I have come so far, and am altogether so devoted, and distracted. There never was a slave at once so devoted and ill-used by his mistress. To look for your sunny welcome that has warmed me into life, and to be received in your frozen manner, is heart-rending."

"Am I to say again, that I must be left to myself here?"

"But we must meet, my dear Louisa. Where shall we meet?"

They both started. The listener started guiltily, too; for she thought there was another listener among the trees. It was only rain, beginning to fall fast, in heavy drops.

"Shall I ride up to the house a

few minutes hence, innocently supposing that its master is at-home and will be charmed to receive me."

"No!"

"Your cruel commands are implicitly to be obeyed; though I am the most unfortunate fellow in the world, I believe, to have been insensible to all other women, and to have fallen prostrate at last under the foot of the most beautiful, and the most engaging, and the most imperious. My dearest Louisa, I cannot go myself, or let you go, in this hard abuse of your power."

Mrs. Sparsit saw him detain her with his encircling arm, and heard him then and there, within her (Mrs. Sparsit's) greedy hearing, tell her how he loved her, and how she was the stake for which he ardently desired to play away all that he had in life. The objects he had lately pursued, turned worthless beside her; such success as was almost in his grasp, he flung away from him like the dirt it was, compared with her. Its pursuit, nevertheless, if it kept him near her, or its renunciation if it took him from her, or flight if she shared it, or secresy if she commanded it, or any fate, or every fate, all was alike to him, so that she was true to him, — the man who had seen how cast away she was, whom she had inspired at their first meeting with an admiration and interest of which he had thought himself incapable, whom she had received into her confidence, who was devoted to her and adored her. All this, and more, in his hurry, and in hers, in the whirl of her own gratified malice, in the dread of being discovered, in the rapidly increasing noise of heavy rain among the leaves, and a thunder-storm rolling up — Mrs. Sparsit received into her mind; set off with such an unavoidable halo of confusion and indistinctness, that when at length he climbed the fence and led his horse away, she was not sure where they were to meet, or when, except that they had said it was to be that night.

But one of them yet remained in the darkness before her; and while she tracked that one, she must be right. "Oh, my dearest love," thought Mrs. Sparsit, "you little think how well attended you are."

Mrs. Sparsit saw her out of the wood, and saw her enter the house. What to do next? It rained now, in a sheet of water. Mrs. Sparsit's white stockings were of many colours, green predominating; prickly things were in her shoes; caterpillars slung themselves, in hammocks of their own making, from various parts of her dress; rills ran from her bonnet, and her Roman nose. In such condition Mrs. Sparsit stood hidden in the density of the shrubbery, considering what next?

Lo, Louisa coming out of the house! Hastily cloaked and muffled, and stealing away. She elopes! She falls from the lower-

most stair, and is swallowed up in the gulf!

Indifferent to the rain, and moving with a quick determined step, she struck into a side-path parallel with the ride. Mrs. Sparsit followed in the shadow of the trees, at but a short distance; for, it was not easy to keep a figure in view going quickly through the umbrageous darkness.

When she stopped to close the side-gate without noise, Mrs. Sparsit stopped. When she went on, Mrs. Sparsit went on. She went by the way Mrs. Sparsit had come, emerged from the green lane, crossed the stony road, and ascended the wooden steps to the rail-road. A train for Coketown would come through presently, Mrs. Sparsit knew; so, she understood Coketown to be her first place of destination.

In Mrs. Sparsit's limp and streaming state, no extensive precautions were necessary to change her usual appearance; but, she stopped under the lee of the station wall, tumbled her shawl into a new shape, and put it on over her bonnet. So disguised, she had no fear of being recognised when she followed up the railroad steps; and paid her money in the small office. Louisa sat waiting in a corner. Mrs. Sparsit sat waiting in another corner. Both listened to the thunder, which was loud, and to the rain, as it washed off the roof, and pattered on the parapets of the arches. Two or three lamps were rained and blown out; so, both saw the lightning to advantage as it quivered and zig-zaged on the iron tracks.

The seizure of the station with a fit of trembling, gradually deepening to a complaint of the heart, announced the train. Fire and steam, and smoke, and red light; a hiss, a crash, a bell, and a shriek; Louisa put into one carriage, Mrs. Sparsit put into another; the little station a desert speck in the thunder-storm.

Though her teeth chattered in her head from wet and cold, Mrs. Sparsit exulted hugely. The figure had plunged down the precipice, and she felt herself, as it were, attending on the body. Could she, who had been so active in the getting up of the funeral triumph, do less than exult? "She will be at Coketown long before him," thought Mrs. Sparsit, "though his horse is never so good. Where will she wait for him? And where will they go together? Patience. We shall see."

The tremendous rain occasioned infinite confusion, when the train stopped at its destination. Gutters and pipes had burst, drains had overflowed, and streets were under water. In the first instant of alighting, Mrs. Sparsit turned her distracted eyes towards the waiting coaches, which were in great request. "She will get into one," she considered, "and will be away before I can follow in another. At all risks of being run over, I must

see the number, and hear the order given to the coachman."

But, Mrs. Sparsit was wrong in her calculation. Louisa got into no coach, and was already gone. The black eyes kept upon the railroad-carriage in which she had travelled, settled upon it a moment too late. The door not being opened after several minutes, Mrs. Sparsit passed it and repassed it, saw nothing, looked in, and found it empty. Wet through and through; with her feet squelching and squashing in her shoes whenever she moved; with a rash of rain upon her classical visage; with a bonnet like an over-ripe fig; with all her clothes spoiled; with damp impressions of every button, string, and hook-and-eye she wore, printed off upon her highly-connected back; with a stagnant verdure on her general exterior, such as accumulates on an old park fence in a mouldy lane; Mrs. Sparsit had no resource but to burst into tears of bitterness and say, "I have lost her!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The national dustmen, after entertaining one another with a great many noisy little fights among themselves, had dispersed for the present, and Mr. Gradgrind was at home for the vacation.

He sat writing in the room with the deadly-statistical clock, proving something no doubt — probably, in the main, that the Good Samaritan was a Bad Economist. The noise of the rain did not disturb him much; but it attracted his attention sufficiently to make him raise his head sometimes, as if he were rather remonstrating with the elements. When it thundered very loudly, he glanced towards Coketown, having it in his mind that some of the tall chimneys might be struck by lightning.

The thunder was rolling into distance, and the rain was pouring down like a deluge, when the door of his room opened. He looked round the lamp upon his table, and saw with amazement, his eldest daughter.

"Louisa!"

"Father, I want to speak to you."

"What is the matter? How strange you look! And good Heaven," said Mr. Gradgrind, wondering more and more, "have you come here exposed to this storm?"

She put her hands to her dress, as if she hardly knew. "Yes." Then she uncovered her head, and letting her cloak and hood fall where they might, stood looking at him: so colourless, so dishevelled, so defiant and despairing, that he was afraid of her.

"What is it? I conjure you, Louisa, tell me what is the matter."

She dropped into a chair before him, and put her cold hand on his arm.

"Father, you have trained me from my cradle."

"Yes, Louisa."

"I curse the hour in which I was born to such a destiny."

He looked at her in doubt and dread, vacantly repeating, "Curse the hour? Curse the hour?"

"How could you give me life, and take from me all the inappreciable things that raise it from the state of conscious death? Where are the graces of my soul? Where are the sentiments of my heart? What have you done, O father what have you done, with the garden that should have bloomed once, in this great wilderness here!"

She struck herself with both her hands upon her bosom.

"If it had ever been here, its ashes alone would save me from the void in which my whole life sinks. I did not mean to say this; but father, you remember the last time we conversed in this room?"

He had been so wholly unprepared for what he heard now, that it was with difficulty he answered, "Yes, Louisa."

"What has risen to my lips now, would have risen to my lips then, if you had given me a moment's help. I don't reproach you, father. What you have never nurtured in me, you have never nurtured in yourself; but O! if you had only done so long ago, or if you had only neglected me, what a much better and much happier creature I should have been this day!"

On hearing this, after all his care, he bowed his head upon his hand and groaned aloud.

"Father, if you had known, when we were last together here, what even I feared while I strove against it — as it has been my task from infancy to strive against every natural prompting that has arisen in my heart; if you had known that there lingered in my breast, sensibilities, affections, weaknesses capable of being cherished into strength, defying all the calculations ever made by man, and no more known to his arithmetic than his Creator is, — would you have given me to the husband whom I am now sure that I hate?"

He said, "No. No, my poor child."

"Would you have doomed me, at any time, to the frost and blight that have hardened and spoiled me? Would you have robbed me — for no one's enrichment — only for the greater desolation of this world — of the immaterial part of my life, the spring and summer of my belief, my refuge from what is sordid and bad in the real things around me, my school in which I should have learned to be more humble and more trusting with them, and to hope in my little sphere to make them better?"

"O no, no. No, Louisa."

"Yet father, if I had been stone blind; if I had groped my way by my sense of touch, and had been free, while I knew the shapes and surfaces of things, to exercise my fancy somewhat, in regard to

them; I should have been a million times wiser, happier, more loving, more contented, more innocent and human in all good respects, than I am with the eyes I have. Now, hear what I have come to say."

He moved, to support her with his arm. She rising as he did so, they stood close together: she with a hand upon his shoulder, looking fixedly in his face.

"With a hunger and thirst upon me, father, which have never been for a moment appeased; with an ardent impulse towards some region where rules, and figures, and definitions were not quite absolute; I have grown up, battling every inch of my way."

"I never knew you were unhappy, my child."

"Father, I always knew it. In this strife I have almost repulsed and crushed my better angel into a demon. What I have learned has left me doubting, misbelieving, despising, regretting, what I have not learned; and my dismal resource has been to think that life would soon go by, and that nothing in it could be worth the pain and trouble of a contest."

"And you so young, Louisa!" he said with pity.

"And I so young. In this condition, father — for I show you now, without fear or favour, the ordinary deadened state of my mind as I know it—you proposed my husband to me. I took him. I never made a pretence to him or you that I loved him. I knew, and, father, you knew, and he knew, that I never did. I was not wholly indifferent, for I had a hope of being pleasant and useful to Tom. I made that wild escape into something visionary, and have gradually found out how wild it was. But Tom had been the subject of all the little imaginative tenderness of my life; perhaps he became so because I knew so well how to pity him. It matters little now, except as it may dispose you to think more leniently of his errors."

As her father held her in his arm, she put her other hand upon his other shoulder, and still looking fixedly in his face, went on.

"When I was irrevocably married, there rose up into rebellion against the tie, the old strife, made fiercer by all those causes of disparity which arise out of our two individual natures, and which no general laws shall ever rule or state for me, father, until they shall be able to direct the anatomist where to strike his knife into the secrets of my soul."

"Louisa!" he said, and said imploringly; for he well remembered what had passed between them in their former interview.

"I do not reproach you, father, I make no complaint. I am here with another object."

"What can I do, child? Ask me what you will."

"I am coming to it. Father, chance then threw into my way a new acquaintance; a man such as I had had no experience of; used to the world; light, polished, easy; making no pretences;

avowing the low estimate of everything, that I was half afraid to form in secret; conveying to me almost immediately, though I don't know how or by what degrees, that he understood me, and read my thoughts. I could not find that he was worse than I. There seemed to be a near affinity between us. I only wondered it should be worth his while, who cared for nothing else, to care so much for me."

"For you, Louisa!"

Her father might instinctively have loosened his hold, but that he felt her strength departing from her, and saw a wild dilating fire in the eyes steadfastly regarding him.

"I say nothing of his plea for claiming my confidence. It matters very little how he gained it. Father, he did gain it. What you know of the story of my marriage, he soon knew, just as well."

Her father's face was ashy white, and he held her in both his arms.

"I have done no worse, I have not disgraced you. But if you ask me whether I have loved him, or do love him, I tell you plainly father, that it may be so. I don't know!"

She took her hands suddenly from his shoulders and pressed them both upon her side; while in her face, not like itself — and in her figure, drawn up, resolute to finish by a last effort what she had to say — the feelings long suppressed broke loose.

"This night, my husband being away, he has been with me, declaring himself my lover. This minute he expects me, for I could release myself of his presence by no other means. I do not know that I am sorry, I do not know that I am ashamed, I do not know that I am degraded in my own esteem. All that I know is, your philosophy and your teaching will not save me. Now, father, you have brought me to this. Save me by some other means!"

He tightened his hold in time to prevent her sinking on the floor, but she cried out in a terrible voice, "I shall die if you hold me! Let me fall upon the ground!" And he laid her down there, and saw the pride of his heart and the triumph of his system, lying, and insensible heap, at his feet.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Louisa awoke from a torpor, and her eyes languidly opened on her old bed at home, and her old room. It seemed, at first, as if all that had happened since the days when these objects were familiar to her were the shadows of a dream; but gradually, as the objects became more real to her sight, the events became more real to her mind.

She could scarcely move her head for pain and heaviness, her eyes were strained and sore, and she was very weak. A curious passive inattention had such possession of her, that the presence of her little sister in the room did not attract her notice for some

time. Even when their eyes had met, and her sister had approached the bed, Louisa lay for minutes looking at her in silence, and suffering her timidly to hold her passive hand, before she asked:

"When was I brought to this room?"

"Last night, Louisa."

"Who brought me here?"

"Sissy, I believe."

"Why do you believe so?"

"Because I found her here this morning. She didn't come to my bedside to wake me, as she always does; and I went to look for her. She was not in her own room either; and I went looking for her all over the house, until I found her here, taking care of you and cooling your head. Will you see father? Sissy said I was to tell him when you woke."

"What a beaming face you have, Jane!" said Louisa, as her young sister — timidly still — bent down to kiss her.

"Have I? I am very glad you think so. I am sure it must be Sissy's doing."

The arm Louisa had begun to twine about her neck, unbent itself. "You can tell father, if you will." Then, staying her a moment, she said, "It was you who made my room so cheerful, and gave it this look of welcome?"

"Oh no, Louisa, it was done before I came. It was" —

Louisa turned upon her pillow, and heard no more. When her sister had withdrawn, she turned her head back again, and lay with her face towards the door, until it opened and her father entered.

He had a jaded anxious look upon him, and his hand, usually steady, trembled in hers. He sat down at the side of the bed, tenderly asking how she was, and dwelling on the necessity of her keeping very quiet after her agitation and exposure to the weather last night. He spoke in a subdued and troubled voice, very different from his usual dictatorial manner; and was often at a loss for words.

"My dear Louisa. My poor daughter." He was so much at a loss at that place, that he stopped altogether. He tried again.

"My unfortunate child." The place was so difficult to get over, that he tried again.

"It would be hopeless for me, Louisa, to endeavour to tell you how overwhelmed I have been, and still am, by what broke upon me last night. The ground on which I stand has ceased to be solid under my feet. The only support on which I leaned, and the strength of which it seemed, and still does seem, impossible to question, has given way in an instant. I am stunned by these discoveries. I have no selfish meaning in what I say; but I find the shock of what broke upon me last night, to be very heavy indeed."

She could give him no comfort herein. She had suffered the wreck of her whole life upon the rock.

"I will not say, Louisa, that if

you had by any happy chance undeceived me some time ago, it would have been better for us both; better for your peace, and better for mine. For I am sensible that it may not have been a part of my system to invite any confidence of that kind. I have proved my — my system to myself, and I have rigidly administered it; and I must bear the responsibility of its failures. I only entreat you to believe, my favourite child, that I have meant to do right."

He said it earnestly, and to do him justice he had. In gauging fathomless deeps with his little mean excise-rod, and in staggering over the universe with his rusty stiff-legged compasses, he had meant to do great things. Within the limits of his short tether he had tumbled about, annihilating the flowers of existence with greater singleness of purpose than many of the blatant personages whose company he kept.

"I am well assured of what you say, father. I know I have been your favourite child. I know you have intended to make me happy. I have never blamed you, and I never shall."

He took her outstretched hand, and retained it in his.

"My dear, I have remained all night at my table, pondering again and again on what has so painfully passed between us. When I consider your character; when I consider that what has been known to me for hours, has been concealed by you for years; when I consider under what immediate pressure it has been forced from you at last; I come to the conclusion that I cannot but mistrust myself."

He might have added more than all, when he saw the face now looking at him. He did add it in effect perhaps, as he softly moved her scattered hair from her forehead with his hand. Such little actions, slight in another man, were very noticeable in him; and his daughter received them as if they had been words of contrition.

"But," said Mr. Gradgrind slowly, and with hesitation, as well as with a wretched sense of helplessness, "if I see reason to mistrust myself for the past, Louisa, I should also mistrust myself for the present and the future. To speak unreservedly to you, I do. I am far from feeling convinced now, however differently I might have felt only this time yesterday, that I am fit for the trust you repose in me; that I know how to respond to the appeal you have come home to make to me; that I have the right instinct — supposing in for the moment to be some quality of that nature — how to help you, and to set you right, my child."

She had turned upon her pillow, and lay with her face upon her arm, so that he could not see it. All her wildness and passion had subsided; but, though softened, she was not in tears. Her father was changed in nothing so much as in the respect that

he would have been glad to see her in tears.

"Some persons hold," he pursued, still hesitating, "that there is a wisdom of the Head, and that there is a wisdom of the Heart. I have not supposed so; but, as I have said, I mistrust myself now. I have supposed the Head to be all-sufficient. It may not be all-sufficient; how can I venture this morning to say that it is! If that other kind of wisdom should be what I have neglected, and should be the instinct that is wanted, Louisa —"

He suggested it very doubtfully, as if he were half unwilling to admit it even now. She made him no answer; lying before him on her bed, still half-dressed, much as he had seen her lying on the floor of his room last night.

"Louisa," and his hand rested on her hair again, "I have been absent from here, my dear, a good deal of late; and though your sister's training has been pursued according to — the system," he appeared to come to that word with great reluctance always, "it has necessarily been modified by daily associations begun, in her case, at an early age. I ask you — ignorantly and humbly, my daughter — for the better, do you think?"

"Father," she replied, without stirring, "if any harmony has been awakened in her young breast that was mute in mine until it turned to discord, let her thank Heaven for it, and go upon her happier way, taking it as her greatest blessing that she has avoided my way."

"O my child, my child!" he said, in a forlorn manner, "I am an unhappy man to see you thus! What avails it to me that you do not reproach me, if I so bitterly reproach myself!" He bent his head, and spoke low to her. "Louisa, I have a misgiving that some change may have been slowly working about me in this house, by mere love and gratitude; that what the Head had left undone and could not do, the Heart may have been doing silently. Can it be so?"

She made him no reply.

"I am not too proud to believe it, Louisa. How could I be arrogant, and you before me! Can it be so? Is it so, my dear?"

He looked upon her, once more, lying cast away there; and without another word went out of the room. He had not been long gone, when she heard a light tread near the door, and knew that some one stood beside her.

She did not raise her head. A dull anger that she should be seen in her distress, and that the involuntary look she had so resented should come to this fulfilment, smouldered within her like an unwholesome fire. All closely imprisoned forces rend and destroy. The air that would be healthful to the earth, the water that would enrich it, the heat that would ripen it, tear it when caged up. So in her bosom even now; the strongest qualities she possessed, long turned upon themselves, be-

came a heap of obduracy, that rose against a friend.

It was well that soft touch came upon her neck, and that she understood herself to be supposed to have fallen asleep. The sympathetic hand did not claim her resentment. Let it lie there, let it lie.

So it lay there, warming into life a crowd of gentler thoughts; and she lay still. As she softened with the quiet, and the consciousness of being so watched, some tears made their way into her eyes. The face touched hers, and she knew that there were tears upon it too, and she the cause of them.

As Louisa feigned to rouse herself, and sat up, Sissy retired, so that she stood placidly near the bed-side.

"I hope I have not disturbed you. I have come to ask if you will let me stay with you."

"Why should you stay with me? My sister will miss you. You are everything to her."

"Am I?" returned Sissy, shaking her head. "I would be something to you, if I might."

"What?" said Louisa, almost sternly.

"Whatever you want most, if I could be that. At all events, I would like to try to be as near it as I can. And however far off that may be, I will never tire of trying. Will you let me?"

"My father sent you to ask me."

"No indeed," replied Sissy. "He told me that I might come in now, but he sent me away from the room this morning — or at least —" She hesitated and stopped.

"At least, what?" said Louisa, with her searching eyes upon her.

"I thought it best myself that I should be sent away, for I felt very uncertain whether you would like to find me here."

"Have I always hated you so much?"

"I hope not, for I have always loved you, and have always wished that you should know it. But you changed to me a little, shortly before you left home. Not that I wondered at it. You knew so much, and I knew so little, and it was so natural in many ways, going as you were among other friends, that I had nothing to complain of, and was not at all hurt."

Her colour rose as she said it modestly and hurriedly. Louisa understood the loving pretence, and her heart smote her.

"May I try?" said Sissy, emboldened to raise her hand to the neck that was insensibly drooping towards her.

Louisa, taking down the hand that would have embraced her in another moment, held it in one of hers, and answered:

"First, Sissy, do you know what I am? I am so proud and so hardened, so confused and troubled, so resentful and unjust to every one and to myself, that everything is stormy, dark, and

wicked to me. Does not that repel you?"

"No!"

"I am so unhappy, and all that should have made me otherwise is so laid waste, that if I had been bereft of sense to this hour, and instead of being as learned as you think me, had to begin to acquire the simplest truths, I could not want a guide to peace, contentment, honour, all the good of which I am quite devoid, more abjectly than I do. Does not that repel you?"

"No!"

In the innocence of her brave affection, and the brimming up of her old devoted spirit, the once deserted girl shone like a beautiful light upon the darkness of the other.

Louisa raised the hand that it might clasp her neck, and join its fellow there. She fell upon her knees, and clinging to this stroller's child looked up at her almost with veneration.

"Forgive me, pity me, help me! Have compassion on my great need, and let me lay this head of mine upon a loving heart!"

"O lay it here!" cried Sissy. "Lay it here, my dear."

CHAPTER XXX.

Mr. James Harthouse passed a whole night and a day in a state of somuch hurry, that the World, with its best glass in its eye, would scarcely have recognised him during that insane interval, as the brother Jem of the honourable and jocular member. He was positively agitated. He several times spoke with an emphasis, similar to the vulgar manner. He went in and went out in an unaccountable way, like a man with an object. He rode like a highwayman. In a word, he was so horribly bored by existing circumstances, that he forgot to go in for boredom in the manner prescribed by the authorities.

After putting his horse at Coketown through the storm, as if it were a leap, he waited up all night: from time to time ringing his bell with the greatest fury, charging the porter who kept watch with delinquency in withholding letters or messages that could not fail to have been entrusted to him, and demanding restitution on the spot. The dawn coming, the morning coming, and the day coming, and neither message nor letter coming with either, he went down to the country house. There, the report was, Mr. Bounderby away, and Mrs. Bounderby in town. Left for town suddenly last evening. Not even known to be gone until receipt of message, importing that her return was not to be expected for the present.

In these circumstances he had nothing for it but to follow her to town. He went to the house in town. Mrs. Bounderby not there. He looked in at the Bank. Mr. Bounderby away, and Mrs. Sparsit away. Mrs. Sparsit away? Who could have been reduced to

sudden extremity for the company of that griffin!

"Well! I don't know," said Tom, who had his own reasons for being uneasy about it. "She was off somewhere at daybreak this morning. She 's always full of mystery; I hate her. So I do that white chap; he 's always got his blinking eyes upon a fellow."

"Where were you last night, Tom?"

"Where was I last night!" said Tom. "Come! I like that. I was waiting for you, Mr. Harthouse, till it came down as *I* never saw it come down before. Where was I too! Where were you, you mean."

"I was prevented from coming — detained."

"Detained!" murmured Tom. "Two of us were detained. I was detained looking for you, till I lost every train but the mail. It would have been a pleasant job to go down by that on such a night, and have to walk home through a pond. I was obliged to sleep in town after all."

"Where?"

"Where? Why, in my own bed at Bounderby's."

"Did you see your sister?"

"How the deuce," returned Tom, staring, "could I see my sister when she was fifteen miles off?"

Cursing these quick retorts of the young gentleman to whom he was so true a friend, Mr. Harthouse disembarrassed himself of that interview with the smallest conceivable amount of ceremony, and debated for the hundredth time what all this could mean? He made only one thing clear. It was, that whether she was in town or out of town, whether he had been premature with her who was so hard to comprehend, or she had lost courage, or they were discovered, or some mischance or mistake at present incomprehensible had occurred, he must remain to confront his fortune, whatever it was. The hotel where he was known to live when condemned to that region of blackness, was the stake to which he was tied. As to all the rest — What will be, will be.

"So, whether I am waiting for a hostile message, or an assignation, or a penitent remonstrance, or an impromptу wrestle with my friend Bounderby in the Lancashire manner — which would seem as likely as anything else in the present state of affairs — I 'll dine," said Mr. James Harthouse. "Bounderby has the advantage in point of weight; and if anything of a British nature is to come off between us, it may be as well to be in training."

Therefore he rang the bell, and tossing himself negligently on a sofa, ordered "Some dinner at six — with a beefsteak in it," and got through the intervening time as well as he could. That was not particularly well; for he remained in the greatest perplexity, and, as the hours went on, and no kind of explanation offered itself, his perplexity augmented at compound interest.

However, he took affairs as coolly as it was in human nature to do, and entertained himself with the facetious idea of the training more than once. "It wouldn't be bad," he yawned at one time, "to give the waiter five shillings, and throw him." At another time it occurred to him, "Or a fellow of about thirteen or fourteen stone might be hired by the hour." But these jests did not tell materially on the afternoon, or his suspense; and, sooth to say, they both lagged fearfully.

It was impossible, even before dinner, to avoid often walking about in the pattern of the carpet, looking out of the window, listening at the door for footsteps, and occasionally becoming rather hot when any steps approached that room. But, after dinner, when the day turned to twilight, and the twilight turned to night, and still no communication was made to him, it began to be, as he expressed it, "like the Holy Office and slow torture." However, still true to his conviction that indifference was the genuine high-breeding (the only conviction he had), he seized this crisis as the opportunity for ordering candles and a newspaper.

He had been trying in vain, for half an hour, to read this newspaper, when the waiter appeared and said, at once mysteriously and apologetically:

"Beg your pardon, Sir. You're wanted, Sir, if you please."

A general recollection that this was the kind of thing the Police said to the swell mob, caused Mr. Harthouse to ask the waiter in return, with bristling indignation, what the Devil he meant by "wanted?"

"Beg your pardon, Sir. Young lady outside, Sir, wishes to see you."

"Outside? Where?"

"Outside this door, Sir."

Giving the waiter to the personage before-mentioned, as a blockhead duly qualified for that consignment, Mr. Harthouse hurried into the gallery. A young woman whom he had never seen stood there. Plainly dressed, very quiet, very pretty. As he conducted her into the room and placed a chair for her, he observed, by the light of the candles, that she was even prettier than he had at first believed. Her face was innocent and youthful, and its expression remarkably pleasant. She was not afraid of him, or in any was disconcerted; she seemed to have her mind entirely pre-occupied with the occasion of her visit, and to have substituted that consideration for herself.

"I speak to Mr. Harthouse?" she said, when they were alone.

"To Mr. Harthouse." He added in his mind, "And you speak to him with the most confiding eyes I ever saw, and the most earnest voice (though so quiet) I ever heard."

"If I do not understand — and I do not, Sir" — said Sissy, "what

your honour as a gentleman binds you to, in other matters:" the blood really rose in his face as she began in these words: "I am sure I may rely upon it to keep my visit secret, and to keep secret what I am going to say. I will rely upon it, if you will tell me I may so far trust you."

"You may, I assure you."

"I am young, as you see; I am alone, as you see. In coming to you, Sir, I have no advice or encouragement beyond my own hope."

He thought, "But that is very strong," as he followed the momentary upward glance of her eyes. He thought besides, "This is a very odd beginning. I don't see where we are going."

"I think," said Sissy, "you have already guessed whom I left just now?"

"I have been in the greatest concern and uneasiness during the last four-and-twenty hours (which have appeared as many years)," he returned, "on a lady's account. The hopes I have been encouraged to form that you come from that lady, do not deceive me, I trust."

"I left her within an hour."

"At —?"

"At her father's."

Mr. Harthouse's face lengthened in spite of his coolness, and his perplexity increased. "Then I certainly," he thought, "do *not* see where we are going."

"She hurried there last night. She arrived there in great agitation, and was insensible all through the night. I live at her father's, and was with her. You may be sure, Sir, you will never see her again, as long as you live."

Mr. Harthouse drew a long breath; and, if ever man found himself in the position of not knowing what to say, made the discovery beyond all question that he was so circumstanced. The child-like ingenuousness with which his visitor spoke, her modest fearlessness, her truthfulness which put all artifice aside, her entire forgetfulness of herself in her earnest quiet holding to the object with which she had come; all this, together with her reliance on his easily-given promise — which in itself shamed him — presented something in which he was so inexperienced, and against which he knew any of his usual weapons would fall so powerless; that not a word could he rally to his relief.

At last he said:

"So startling an announcement, so confidently made, and by such lips, is really disconcerting in the last degree. May I be permitted to inquire, if you are charged to convey that information to me in those hopeless words, by the lady of whom we speak?"

"I have no charge from her."

"The drowning man catches at the straw. With no disrespect for your judgment, and with no doubt of your sincerity, excuse my saying that I cling to the belief that there is yet hope that I am

not condemned to perpetual exile from that lady's presence."

"There is not the least hope. The first object of my coming here, Sir, is to assure you that you must believe that there is no more hope of your ever speaking with her again, than there would be if she had died when she came home last night."

"Must believe? But if I can't — or if I should, by infirmity of nature, be obstinate — and won't —"

"It is still true. There is no hope."

James Harthouse looked at her with an incredulous smile upon his lips; but her mind looked over and beyond him, and the smile was quite thrown away.

He bit his lip, and took a little time for consideration.

"Well! If it should unhappily appear," he said, "after due pains and duty on my part, that I am brought to a position so desolate as this banishment, I shall not become the lady's persecutor. But you said you had no commission from her?"

"I have only the commission of my love for her, and her love for me. I have no other trust, than that I have been with her since she came home, and that she has given me her confidence. I have no further trust, than that I know something of her character and her marriage. O Mr. Harthouse, I think you had that trust too!"

He was touched in the cavity where his heart should have been — in that nest of addled eggs, where the birds of heaven would have lived if they had not been whistled away — by the fervor of this reproach.

"I am not a moral sort of fellow," he said, "and I never make any pretensions to the character of a moral sort of fellow. I am as immoral as need be. At the same time, in bringing any distress upon the lady who is the subject of the present conversation, or in unfortunately compromising her in any way, or in committing myself by any expression of sentiments towards her, not perfectly reconcilable with — in fact with — the domestic hearth; or in taking any advantage of her father's being a machine, or of her brother's being a whelp, or of her husband's being a bear; I beg to be allowed to assure you that I have had no particularly evil intentions, but have glided on from one step to another with a smoothness so perfectly irresistible, that I had not the slightest idea the catalogue was half so long until I began to turn it over. Whereas I find," said Mr. James Harthouse, in conclusion, "that it is really in several volumes."

Though he said all this in his frivolous way, the way seemed, for that once, a conscious polishing of but an ugly surface. He was silent for a moment; and then proceeded with a more self-possessed air, though with traces of vexation and disappointment that would not be polished out:

"After what has been just now represented to me, in a manner I find it impossible to doubt — I know of hardly any other source from which I could have accepted it so readily — I feel bound to say to you, in whom the confidence you have mentioned has been reposed, that I cannot refuse to contemplate the possibility (however unexpected) of my seeing the lady no more. I am solely to blame for the thing having come to this — and — and, I cannot say," he added, rather hard up for a general peroration, "that I have any sanguine expectation of ever becoming a moral sort of fellow, or that I have any belief in any moral sort of fellow whatever."

Sissy's face sufficiently showed that her appeal to him was not finished.

"You spoke," he resumed, as she raised her eyes to him again, "of your first object. I may assume that there is a second to be mentioned?"

"Yes."

"Will you oblige me by confiding it?"

"Mr. Harthouse," returned Sissy, with a blending of gentleness and steadiness that quite defeated him, and with a simple confidence in his being bound to do what she required, that held him at a singular disadvantage, "the only reparation that remains with you, is to leave here immediately and finally. I am quite sure that you can mitigate in no other way the wrong and harm you have done. I am quite sure that it is the only compensation you have left it in your power to make. I do not say that it is much, or that it is enough; but it is something, and it is necessary. Therefore, though without any other authority than I have given you, and even without the knowledge of any other person than yourself and myself, I ask you to depart from this place to-night, under an obligation never to return to it."

If she had asserted any influence over him beyond her plain faith in the truth and right of what she said; if she had concealed the least doubt or irresolution, or had harboured for the best purpose any reserve or pretence; if she had shown, or felt, the lightest trace of any sensitiveness to his ridicule or his astonishment, or any remonstrance he might offer; he would have carried it against her at this point. But he could as easily have changed a clear sky by looking at it in surprise, as affect her.

"But do you know," he asked, quite at a loss, "the extent of what you ask? You probably are not aware that I am here on a public kind of business, preposterous enough in itself, but which I have gone in for, and sworn by, and am supposed to be devoted to in quite a desperate manner? You probably are not aware of that, but I assure you it 's the fact."

It had no effect on Sissy, fact or no fact.

"Besides which," said Mr. Harthouse, taking a turn or two across the room, dubiously, "it 's so alarmingly absurd. It would make a man so ridiculous, after going in for these fellows, to back out in such an incomprehensible way."

"I am quite sure," repeated Sissy, "that it is the only reparation in your power, Sir. I am quite sure, or I would not have come here."

He glanced at her face, and walked about again. "Upon my soul, I don't know what to say. So immensely absurd!"

It fell to his lot, now, to stipulate for secresy.

"If I were to do such a very ridiculous thing," he said, stopping again presently, and leaning against the chimney-piece, "it could only be in the most inviolable confidence."

"I will trust to you, Sir," returned Sissy, "and you will trust to me."

His leaning against the chimney-piece reminded him of the night with the whelp. It was the self-same chimney-piece, and somehow he felt as if *he* were the whelp to-night. He could make no way at all.

"I suppose a man never was placed in a more ridiculous position," he said, after looking down, and looking up, and laughing, and frowning, and walking off, and walking back again. "But I see no way out of it. What will be, will be. *This* will be, I suppose. I must take off myself, I imagine — in short, I engage to do it."

Sissy rose. She was not surprised by the result, but she was happy in it, and her face beamed brightly.

"You will permit me to say," continued Mr. James Harthouse, "that I doubt if any other ambassador, or ambassadress, could have addressed me with the same success. I must not only regard myself as being in a very ridiculous position, but as being vanquished at all points. Will you allow me the privilege of remembering my enemy's name?"

"*My* name?" said the ambassadress.

"The only name I could possibly care to know, to-night."

"Sissy Jupe."

"Pardon my curiosity at parting. Related to the family?"

"I am only a poor girl," returned Sissy. "I was separated from my father — he was only a stroller — and taken pity on by Mr. Gradgrind. I have lived in the house ever since."

She was gone.

"It wanted this to complete the defeat," said Mr. James Harthouse, sinking, with a resigned air, on the sofa, after standing transfixed a little while. "The defeat may now be considered perfectly accomplished. Only a poor girl — only a stroller — only James Harthouse made nothing of — only James Harthouse a Great Pyramid of failure."

The Great Pyramid put it into

his head to go up the Nile. He took a pen upon the instant, and wrote the following note (in appropriate hieroglyphics) to his brother:

Dear Jack. All up at Coketown. Bored out of the place, and going in for camels. Affectionately, JEM.

He rang the bell.

"Send my fellow here."

"Gone to bed Sir."

"Tell him to get up, and pack up."

He wrote two more notes. One, to Mr. Bounderby, announcing his retirement from that part of the country, and showing where he would be found for the next fortnight. The other, similar in effect, to Mr. Gradgrind. Almost as soon as the ink was dry upon their superscriptions, he had left the tall chimneys of Coketown behind, and was in a railway carriage, tearing and glaring over the dark landscape.

The moral sort of fellows might suppose that Mr. James Harthouse derived some comfortable reflections afterwards, from this prompt retreat, as one of his few actions that made any amends for anything, and as a token to himself that he had escaped the climax of a very bad business. But is was not so, at all. A secret sense of having failed and been ridiculous — a dread of what other fellows who went in for similar sorts of things, would say at his expense if they knew it — so oppressed him, that what was about the very best passage in his life was the one of all others he would not have owned to on any account, and the only one that made him ashamed of himself.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE indefatigable Mrs. Sparsit, with a violent cold upon her, her voice reduced to a whisper, and her stately frame so racked by continual sneezes that it seemed in danger of dismemberment, gave chase to her patron until she found him in the metropolis; and there, majestically sweeping in upon him at his hotel in St. James's Street, exploded the combustibles with which she was charged, and blew up. Having executed her mission with infinite relish, this high-minded woman then fainted away on Mr. Bounderby's coat-collar.

Mr. Bounderby's first procedure was to shake Mrs. Sparsit off, and leave her to progress as she might through various stages of suffering on the floor. He next had recourse to the administration of potent restoratives, such as screwing the patient's thumbs, smiting her hands, abundantly watering her face, and inserting salt in her mouth. When these attentions had recovered her (which they speedily did), he hustled her into a fast train without offering any other refreshment, and carried her back to Coketown more dead than alive.

Regarded as a classical ruin, Mrs. Sparsit was an interesting spectacle on her arrival at her

journey's end; but considered in any other light, the amount of damage she had by that time sustained was excessive, and impaired her claims to admiration. Utterly heedless of the wear and tear of her clothes and constitution, and adamant to her pathetic sneezes, Mr. Bounderby immediately crammed her into a coach, and bore her off to Stone Lodge.

"Now, Tom Gradgrind," said Bounderby, bursting into his father-in-law's room late at night; "here 's a lady here — Mrs. Sparsit — you know Mrs. Sparsit — who has something to say to you that will strike you dumb."

"You have missed my letter!" exclaimed Mr. Gradgrind, surprised by the apparition.

"Missed your letter, Sir!" bawled Bounderby. "The present time is no time for letters. No man shall talk to Josiah Bounderby of Coketown about letters, with his mind in the state it 's in now."

"Bounderby," said Mr. Gradgrind, in a tone of temperate remonstrance. "I speak of a very special letter I have written to you, in reference to Louisa."

"Tom Gradgrind," replied Bounderby, knocking the flat of his hand several times with great vehemence on the table, "I speak of a very special messenger that has come to me, in reference to Louisa. Mrs. Sparsit Ma'am, stand forward!"

That unfortunate lady hereupon essaying to offer testimony, without any voice and with painful gestures expressive of an inflamed throat, became so aggravating and underwent so many facial contortions, that Mr. Bounderby, unable to bear it, seized her by the arm and shook her.

"If you can't get it out, Ma'am," said Bounderby, "leave *me* to get it out. This is not a time for a lady, however highly connected, to be totally inaudible, and seemingly swallowing marbles. Tom Gradgrind, Mrs. Sparsit latterly found herself, by accident, in a situation to overhear a conversation out of doors between your daughter and your precious gentleman-friend, Mr. James Harthouse."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Gradgrind.

"Ah! Indeed!" cried Bounderby. "And in that conversation —"

"It is not necessary to repeat its tenor, Bounderby. I know what passed."

"You do? Perhaps," said Bounderby, staring with all his might at his so quiet and assuasive father-in-law, "you know where your daughter is at the present time?"

"Undoubtedly. She is here."

"Here?"

"My dear Bounderby, let me beg you to restrain these loud outbreaks, on all accounts. Louisa is here. The moment she could detach herself from that interview with the person of whom you speak, and whom I

deeply regret to have been the means of introducing to you, Louisa hurried here, for protection. I myself had not been at home many hours, when I received her — here, in this room. She hurried by the train to town, she ran from town to this house through a raging storm, and presented herself before me in a state of distraction. Of course, she has remained here ever since. Let me entreat you, for your own sake and for hers, to be more quiet."

Mr. Bounderby silently gazed about him for some moments, in every direction except Mrs. Sparsit's direction; and then, abruptly turning upon the niece of Lady Scadgers, said to that wretched woman:

"Now, Ma'am! We shall be happy to hear any little apology you may think proper to offer, for going about the country at express pace, with no other luggage than a Cock-and-a Bull, Ma'am!"

"Sir," whispered Mrs. Sparsit, "my nerves are at present too much shaken, and my health is at present too much impaired, in your service, to admit of my doing more than taking refuge in tears."

Which she did.

"Well, Ma'am," said Bounderby, "without making any observation to you that may not be made with propriety to a woman of good family, what I have got to add to that, is, that there's something else in which it appears to me you may take refuge, namely, a coach. And the coach in which we came here, being at the door, you 'll allow me to hand you down to it, and pack you home to the Bank: where the best course for you to pursue, will be to put your feet into the hottest water you can bear, and take a glass of scalding rum and butter after you get into bed." With these words, Mr. Bounderby extended his right hand to the weeping lady and escorted her to the conveyance in question, shedding many plaintive sneezes by the way. He soon returned alone.

"Now, as you showed me in your face, Tom Gradgrind, that you wanted to speak to me," he resumed, "here I am. But, I am not in a very agreeable state, I tell you plainly; not relishing this business even as it is, and not considering that I am at any time as dutifully and submissively treated by your daughter, as Josiah Bounderby of Coketown ought to be treated by his wife. You have your opinion, I dare say; and I have mine, I know. If you mean to say anything to me to-night, that goes against this candid remark, you had better let it alone."

Mr. Gradgrind, it will be observed, being much softened, Mr. Bounderby took particular pains to harden himself at all points. It was his amiable nature.

"My dear Bounderby," Mr. Gradgrind began in reply.

"Now, you 'll excuse me," said

Bounderby, "but I don't want to be too dear. That, to start with. When I begin to be dear to a man, I generally find that his intention is to come over me. I am not speaking to you politely; but, as you are aware, I am *not* polite. If you like politeness, you know where to get it. You have your gentleman friends you know, and they 'll serve you with as much of the article as you want. I don't keep it myself."

"Bounderby," urged Mr. Gradgrind, "we are all liable to mistakes —"

"I thought you couldn't make 'em," interrupted Bounderby.

"Perhaps I thought so. But, I say we are all liable to mistakes; and I should feel sensible of your delicacy, and grateful for it, if you would spare me these references to Harthouse. I shall not associate him in our conversation with your intimacy and encouragement; pray do not persist in connecting him with mine."

"I never mentioned his name!" said Bounderby.

"Well, well!" returned Mr. Gradgrind, with a patient, even a submissive, air. And he sat for a little while pondering. "Bounderby, I see reason to doubt whether we have ever quite understood Louisa."

"Who do you mean by We?"

"Let me say, I, then," he returned, in answer to the coarsely blurted question; "I doubt whether I have understood Louisa. I doubt whether I have been quite right in the manner of her education."

"There you hit it," returned Bounderby. "There I agree with you. You have found it out at last, have you? Education! I 'll tell you what education is — To be tumbled out of doors, neck and crop, and put upon the shortest allowance of everything except blows. That 's what *I* call education."

"I think your good sense will perceive," Mr. Gradgrind remonstrated in all humility, "that whatever the merits of such a system may be, it would be difficult of general application to girls."

"I don't see it at all, Sir," returned the obstinate Bounderby.

"Well," sighed Mr. Gradgrind, "we will not enter into the question. I assure you I have no desire to be controversial. I seek to repair what is amiss, if I possibly can; and I hope you will assist me in a good spirit, Bounderby, for I have been very much distressed."

"I don't understand you, yet," said Bounderby, with determined obstinacy, "and therefore I won't make any promises."

"In the course of a few hours, my dear Bounderby," Mr. Gradgrind proceeded, in the same depressed and propitiatory manner, "I appear to myself to have become better informed as to Louisa's character, than in previous years. The enlightenment has been painfully forced upon me, and the discovery is not

mine. I think there are — Bounderby, you will be surprised to hear me say this — I think there are qualities in Louisa, which — which have been harshly neglected, and — and a little perverted. And — and I would suggest to you, that — that if you would kindly meet me in a timely endeavour to leave her to her better nature for a while — and to encourage it to develop itself by tenderness and consideration — it — it would be the better for the happiness of all of us. Louisa," said Mr. Gradgrind, shading his face with his hand, "has always been my favourite child."

The blustrous Bounderby crimsoned and swelled to such an extent on hearing these words, that he seemed to be, and probably was, on the brink of a fit. With his very ears a bright purple shot with crimson, he pent up his indignation, however, and said:

"You 'd like to keep her here for a time?"

"I — I had intended to recommend, my dear Bounderby, that you should allow Louisa to remain here on a visit, and be attended by Sissy (I mean of course Cecilia Jupe), who understands her, and in whom she trusts."

"I gather from all this, Tom Gradgrind," said Bounderby, standing up with his hands in his pockets, "that you are of opinion that there 's what people call some incompatibility between Loo Bounderby and myself."

"I fear there is at present a general incompatibility between Louisa, and — and — and almost all the relations in which I have placed her," was her father's sorrowful reply.

"Now, look you here, Tom Gradgrind," said Bounderby the flushed, confronting him with his legs wide apart, his hands deeper in his pockets, and his hair like a hayfield wherein his windy anger was boisterous. "You have said your say; I am going to say mine. I am a Coketown man. I am Josiah Bounderby of Coketown. I know the bricks of this town, and I know the works of this town, and I know the chimneys of this town, and I know the smoke of this town, and I know the Hands of this town. I know 'em all pretty well. They 're real. When a man tells me anything about imaginative qualities, I always tell that man, whoever he is, that I know what he means. He means turtle-soup and venison, with a gold spoon, and that he wants to be set up with a coach and six. That 's what your daughter wants. Since you are of opinion that she ought to have what she wants, I recommend you to provide it for her. Because, Tom Gradgrind, she will never have it from me."

"Bounderby," said Mr. Gradgrind, "I hoped, after my entreaty, you would have taken a different tone."

"Just wait a bit," retorted Bounderby; "you have said your say, I believe. I heard you out; hear me out, if you please. Don't

make yourself a spectacle of unfairness as well as inconsistency, because, although I am sorry to see Tom Gradgrind reduced to his present position, I should be doubly sorry to see him brought so low as that. Now, there 's an incompatibility of some sort or another, I am given to understand by you, between your daughter and me. I'll give *you* to understand, in reply to that, that there unquestionably is an incompatibility of the first magnitude — to be summed up in this — that your daughter don't properly know her husband's merits, and is not impressed with such a sense as would become her, by George! of the honour of his alliance. That 's plain speaking, I hope."

"Bounderby," urged Mr. Gradgrind, "this is unreasonable."

"Is it?" said Bounderby. "I am glad to hear you say so. Because when Tom Gradgrind, with his new lights, tells me that what I say is unreasonable, I am convinced at once it must be devilish sensible. With your permission I am going on. You know my origin; and you know that for a good many years of my life I didn't want a shoeing-horn, in consequence of not having a shoe. Yet you may believe or not, as you think proper, that there are ladies — born ladies — belonging to families — Families! — who next to worship the ground I walk on."

He discharged this, like a Rocket, at his father-in-law's head.

"Whereas your daughter," proceeded Bounderby, "is far from being a born lady. That you know, yourself. Not that I care a pinch of candle-snuff about such things, for you are very well aware I don't; but that such is the fact, and you, Tom Gradgrind, can't change it. Why do I say this?"

"Not, I fear," observed Mr. Gradgrind, in a low voice, "to spare me."

"Hear me out," said Bounderby, "and refrain from cutting in till your turn comes round. I say this, because highly connected females have been astonished to see the way in which your daughter has conducted herself, and to witness her insensibility. They have wondered how I have suffered it. And I wonder myself now, and I won't suffer it."

"Bounderby," returned Mr. Gradgrind, rising, "the less we say to-night the better, I think."

"On the contrary, Tom Gradgrind, the more we say to-night, the better, I think. That is," the consideration checked him, "till I have said all I mean to say, and then I don't care how soon we stop. I come to a question that may shorten the business. What do you mean by the proposal you made just now?"

"What do I mean, Bounderby?"

"By your visiting proposition," said Bounderby, with an inflexible jerk of the hay field.

"I mean that I hope you may be induced to arrange, in a friend-

ly manner, for allowing Louisa a period of repose and reflection here, which may tend to a gradual alteration for the better in many respects."

"To a softening down of your ideas of the incompatibility?" said Bounderby.

"If you put it in those terms."

"What made you think of this?" said Bounderby.

"I have already said, I fear Louisa has not been understood. Is it asking too much, Bounderby, that you, so far her elder, should aid in trying to set her right? You have accepted a great charge of her; for better for worse, for —"

Mr. Bounderby may have been annoyed by the repetition of his own words to Stephen Blackpool, but he cut the quotation short with an angry start.

"Come!" said he, "I don't want to be told about that. I know what I took her for, as well as you do. Never you mind what I took her for; that 's my look-out."

"I was merely going on to remark, Bounderby, that we may all be more or less in the wrong, not even excepting you; and that some yielding on your part, remembering the trust you have accepted, may not only be an act of true kindness, but perhaps a debt incurred towards Louisa."

"I think differently," blustered Bounderby; "I am going to finish this business according to my own opinions. Now, I don't want to make a quarrel of it with you, Tom Gradgrind. To tell you the truth, I don't think it would be worthy of my reputation to quarrel on such a subject. As to your gentleman-friend, he may take himself off, wherever he likes best. If he falls in my way, I shall tell him my mind; if he don't fall in my way, I sha'nt, for it won't be worth my while to do it. As to your daughter, whom I made Loo Bounderby, and might have done better by leaving Loo Gradgrind, if she don't come home to-morrow, by twelve o'clock at noon, I shall understand that she prefers to stay away, and I shall send her wearing apparel and so forth over here, and you 'll take charge of her for the future. What I shall say to people in general, of the incompatibility that led to my so laying down the law, will be this. I am Josiah Bounderby, and I had my bringing-up; she 's the daughter of Tom Gradgrind, and she had her bringing-up; and the two horses wouldn't pull together. I am pretty well known to be rather an uncommon man, I believe; and most people will understand fast enough that it must be a woman rather out of the common also, who in the long run, would come up to my mark."

"Let me seriously entreat you to re-consider this, Bounderby," urged Mr. Gradgrind, "before you commit yourself to such a decision."

"I always come to a decision," said Bounderby, tossing his hat on; "and whatever I do, I do at

once. I should be surprised at Tom Gradgrind's addressing such a remark to Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, knowing what he knows of him, if I could be surprised by anything Tom Gradgrind did, after his making himself a party to sentimental humbug. I have given you my decision, and I have got no more to say. Good night!"

So, Mr. Bounderby went home to his town-house to bed. At five minutes past twelve o'clock next day, he directed Mrs. Bounderby's property to be carefully packed up and sent to Tom Gradgrind's; advertised his country retreat for sale by private contract; and resumed a bachelor life.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The robbery at the Bank had not languished before, and did not cease to occupy a front place in the attention of the principal of that establishment now. In boastful proof of his promptitude and activity, as a remarkable man, and a self-made man, and a commercial wonder more admirable than Venus, who had risen out of the mud instead of the sea, he liked to show how little his domestic affairs abated his business ardour. Consequently, in the first few weeks of his resumed bachelorhood, he even advanced upon his usual display of bustle, and every day made such a rout in renewing his investigations into the robbery, that the officers who had it in hand almost wished it had never been committed.

They were at fault too, and off the scent. Although they had been so quiet since the first outbreak of the matter, that most people really did suppose it to have been abandoned as hopeless, nothing new occurred. No implicated man or woman took untimely courage, or made a self-betraying step. More remarkable yet, Stephen Blackpool could not be heard of, and the mysterious old woman remained a mystery.

Things having come to this pass, and showing no latent signs of stirring beyond it, the upshot of Mr. Bounderby's investigations was, that he resolved to hazard a bold burst. He drew up a placard, offering Twenty Pounds reward for the apprehension of Stephen Blackpool, suspected of complicity in the robbery of the Coketown Bank on such a night; he described the said Stephen Blackpool by dress, complexion, estimated height, and manner, as minutely as he could; he recited how he had left the town, and in what direction he had been last seen going; he had the whole printed in great black letters on a staring broadsheet; and he caused the walls to be posted with it in the dead of night, so that it should strike upon the sight of the whole population at one blow.

The factory-bells had need to ring their loudest that morning to disperse the groups of workers who stood in the tardy daybreak,

collected round the placards, devouring them with eager eyes. Not the least eager of the eyes assembled, were the eyes of those who could not read. These people, as they listened to the friendly voice that read aloud — there was always some such ready to help them — stared at the characters which meant so much with a vague awe and respect that would have been half ludicrous, if any aspect of public ignorance could ever be otherwise than threatening and full of evil. Many ears and eyes were busy with a vision of the matter of these placards, among turning spindles, rattling looms, and whirring wheels, for hours afterwards; and when the Hands cleared out again into the streets, there were still as many readers as before.

Slackbridge, the delegate, had to address his audience too that night; and Slackbridge had obtained a clean bill from the printer, and had brought it in his pocket. Oh my friends and fellow countrymen, the downtrodden operatives of Coketown, oh my fellow brothers and fellow workmen and fellow citizens and fellow men, what a to-do was there, when Slackbridge unfolded what he called "that damning document," and held it up to the gaze, and for the execration, of the working-man community! "Oh my fellow men, behold of what a traitor in the camp of those great spirits who are enrolled upon the holy scroll of Justice and of Union, is appropriately capable! Oh my prostrate friends, with the galling yoke of tyrants on your necks and the iron foot of despotism treading down your fallen forms into the dust of the earth, upon which right glad would your oppressors be to see you creeping on your bellies all the days of your lives, like the serpent in the garden — oh my brothers, and shall I as a man not add my sisters too, what do you say, *now*, of Stephen Blackpool, with a slight stoop in his shoulders and about five foot seven in height, as set forth in this degrading and disgusting document, this blighting bill, this pernicious placard, this abominable advertisement; and with what majesty of denouncement will you crush the viper, who would bring this stain and shame upon the Godlike race that happily has cast him out for ever! Yes my compatriots, happily cast him out and sent him forth! For you remember how he stood here before you on this platform; you remember how, face to face and foot to foot, I pursued him through all his intricate windings; you remember how he sneaked, and slunk, and sidled, and splitted of straws, until, with not an inch of ground to which to cling, I hurled him out from amongst us: an object for the undying finger of scorn to point at, and for the avenging fire of every free and thinking mind, to scorch and sear! And now my friends — my labouring friends, for I re-

joice and triumph in that stigma — my friends whose hard but honest beds are made in toil, and whose scanty but independent pots are boiled in hardship; and, now I say, my friends, what appellation has that dastard craven taken to himself, when, with the mask torn from his features, he stands before us in all his native deformity, a What? A thief! A plunderer! A proscribed fugitive, with a price upon his head; a fester and a wound upon the noble character of the Coketown operative! Therefore, my band of brothers in a sacred bond, to which your children and your children's children yet unborn have set their infant hands and seals, I propose to you on the part of the United Aggregate Tribunal, ever watchful for your welfare, ever zealous for your benefit, that this meeting does Resolve: That Stephen Blackpool, weaver, referred to in this placard, having been already solemnly disowned by the community of Coketown Hands, the same are free from the shame of his misdeeds, and cannot as a class be reproached with his dishonest actions!"

Thus Slackbridge; gnashing and perspiring after a prodigious sort. A few stern voices called out "No!" and a score or two hailed, with assenting cries of "Hear hear!" the caution from one man, "Slackbridge, y'or over hetter int; y'or a goen too fast!" But these were pigmies against an army; the general assemblage subscribed to the gospel according to Slackbridge, and gave three cheers for him, as he sat demonstratively panting at them.

These men and women were yet in the streets, passing quietly to their homes, when Sissy, who had been called away from Louisa some minutes before returned.

"Who is it?" asked Louisa.

"It is Mr. Bounderby," said Sissy, timid of the name, "and your brother Mr. Tom, and a young woman who says her name is Rachael, and that you know her."

"What do they want, Sissy dear?"

"They want to see you. Rachael has been crying, and seems angry."

"Father," said Louisa, for he was present, "I cannot refuse to see them, for a reason that will explain itself. Shall they come in here?"

As he answered in the affirmative, Sissy went away to bring them. She reappeared with them directly. Tom was last; and remained standing in the obscurest part of the room, near the door.

"Mrs. Bounderby," said her husband, entering with a cool nod, "I don't disturb you, I hope. This is an unseasonable hour, but here is a young woman who has been making statements which render my visit necessary. Tom Gradgrind, as your son, young Tom, refuses for some obstinate reason or other to say anything at all about those statements, good or bad, I am obliged

to confront her with your daughter."

"You have seen me once before, young lady," said Rachael, standing in front of Louisa.

Tom coughed.

"You have seen me, young lady," repeated Rachael, as she did not answer, "once before."

Tom coughed again.

"I have."

Rachael cast her eyes proudly towards Mr. Bounderby, and said, "Will you make it known, young lady, where, and who was there?"

"I went to the house where Stephen Blackpool lodged, on the night of his discharge from his work, and I saw you there. He was there too: and an old woman who did not speak, and whom I could scarcely see, stood in a dark corner. My brother was with me."

"Why couldn't you say so, young Tom?" demanded Bounderby.

"I promised my sister I wouldn't." Which Louisa hastily confirmed. "And besides," said the whelp bitterly, "she tells her own story so precious well—and so full — that what business had I to take it out of her mouth!"

"Say, young lady, if you please," pursued Rachael, "why, in an evil hour, you ever come to Stephen's that night."

"I felt compassion for him," said Louisa, her colour deepening, "and I wished to know what he was going to do, and wished to offer him assistance."

"Thank you, Ma'am," said Bounderby. "Much flattered and obliged."

"Did you offer him," asked Rachael, "a bank note?"

"Yes; but he refused it, and would only take two pounds in gold."

Rachael cast her eyes towards Mr. Bounderby again.

"Oh certainly!" said Bounderby. "If you put the question whether your ridiculous and improbable account was true or not, I am bound to say it's confirmed."

"Young lady," said Rachael, "Stephen Blackpool is now named as a thief in public print all over this town, and where else! There have been a meeting tonight where he have been spoken of in the same shameful way. Stephen! The honestest lad, the truest lad, the best!" Her indignation failed her, and she broke off, sobbing.

"I am very, very sorry," said Louisa.

"O young lady, young lady," returned Rachael, "I hope you may be, but I don't know! I can't say what you may ha' done! The like of you don't know us, don't care for us, don't belong to us. I am not sure why you may ha' come that night. I can't tell but what you may ha' come wi' some aim of your own, not mindin to what trouble you brought such as the poor lad. I said then, Bless you for coming; and I said it of my heart, you seemed to take so pitifully to him; but I don't know now, I don't know!"

Louisa could not reproach her

for her unjust suspicions; she was so faithful to her idea of the man, and so afflicted.

"And when I think," said Rachael through her sobs, "that the poor lad was so grateful, thinkin you so good to him — when I mind that he put his hand over his hard-worken face to hide the tears that you brought up there — O, I hope you may be sorry, and ha' no bad cause to be it; but I don't know, I don't know!"

"You 're a pretty article," growled the whelp, moving uneasily in his dark corner, "to come here with these precious imputations! You ought to be bundled out for not knowing how to behave yourself, and you would be by rights."

She said nothing in reply; and her low weeping was the only sound that was heard, until Mr. Bounderby spoke.

"Come!" said he, "you know what you have engaged to do. You had better give your mind to that; not this."

"'Deed, I am loath," returned Rachael, drying her eyes, "that any here should see me like this; but I won't be seen so again. Young lady, when I had read what's put in print of Stephen — and what has just as much truth in it as if it had been put in print of you — I went straight to the Bank to say I knew where Stephen was, and to give a sure and certain promise that he should be here in two days. I couldn't meet wi' Mr. Bounderby then, and your brother sent me away, and I tried to find you, but you was not to be found, and I went back to work. Soon as I come out of the Mill to-night, I hastened to hear what was said of Stephen — for I know wi' pride he will come back to shame it! — and then I went again to seek Mr. Bounderby, and I found him, and I told him every word I knew; and he believed no word I said, and brought me here."

"So far, that's true enough," assented Mr. Bounderby, with his hands in his pockets and his hat on. "But I have known you people before to-day, you'll observe, and I know you never die for want of talking. Now, I recommend you not so much to mind talking just now, as doing. You have undertaken to do something; all I remark upon that at present is, do it!"

"I have written to Stephen by the post that went out this afternoon, as I have written to him once before sin' he went away," said Rachael; "and he will be here, at furthest, in two days."

"Then, I'll tell you something. You are not aware, perhaps," retorted Mr. Bounderby, "that you yourself have been looked after now and then, not being considered quite free from suspicion in this business, on account of most people being judged according to the company they keep. The post-office hasn't been forgotten either. What I'll tell you is, that no letter to Stephen Blackpool has ever got into it. Therefore, what has become of yours, I leave

you to guess. Perhaps you 're mistaken, and never wrote any."

"He hadn't been gone from here, young lady," said Rachael, turning appealingly to Louisa, "as much as a week, when he sent me the only letter I have had from him, saying that he was forced to seek work in another name."

"Oh, by George!" cried Bounderby, shaking his head, with a whistle, "he changes his name, does he! That's rather unlucky, too, for such an immaculate chap. It's considered a little suspicious in Courts of Justice, I believe, when an Innocent happens to have many names."

"What," said Rachael, with the tears in her eyes again, "what, young lady, in the name of Mercy, was left the poor lad to do! The masters against him on one hand, the men against him on the other, he only wantin to work hard in peace, and do what he felt right. Can a man have no soul of his own, no mind of his own? Must he go wrong all through wi' this side, or must he go wrong all through wi' that, or else be hunted like a hare?"

"Indeed, indeed, I pity him from my heart," returned Louisa; "and I hope that he will clear himself."

"You need have no fear of that, young lady. He is sure!"

"All the surer, I suppose," said Mr. Bounderby, "for your refusing to tell where he is? Eh?"

"He shall not, through any act of mine, come back wi' the unmerited reproach of being brought back. He shall come back of his own accord to clear himself, and put all those that have injured his good character, and he not here for its defence, to shame. I have told him what has been done against him," said Rachael, throwing off all distrust as a rock throws off the sea, "and he will be here, at furthest, in two days."

"Notwithstanding which," added Mr. Bounderby, "if he can be laid hold of any sooner, he shall have an earlier opportunity of clearing himself. As to you, I have nothing against you; what you came and told me turns out to be true, and I have given you the means of proving it to be true, and there's an end of it. I wish you Good night all! I must be off to look a little further into this."

Tom came out of his corner when Mr. Bounderby moved, moved with him, kept close to him, and went away with him. The only parting salutation of which he delivered himself was a sulky "Good night, father!" With that brief speech, and a scowl at his sister, he left the house.

Since his sheet-anchor had come home, Mr. Gradgrind had been sparing of speech. He still sat silent, when Louisa mildly said:

"Rachael, you will not distrust me one day, when you know me better."

"It goes against me," Rachael answered, in a gentler manner, "to mistrust any one; but when I am so mistrusted — when we all are — I cannot keep such things quite out of my mind. I ask your pardon for having done you an injury. I don't think what I said, now. Yet I might come to think it again, wi' the poor lad so wronged."

"Did you tell him in your letter," inquired Sissy, "that suspicion seemed to have fallen upon him, because he had been seen about the Bank at night? He would then know what he would have to explain on coming back, and would be ready."

"Yes, dear," she returned; "but I can't guess what can have ever taken him there. He never used to go there. It was never in his way. His way was the same as mine, and not near it."

Sissy had already been at her side asking her where she lived, and whether she might come to-morrow night, to inquire if there were news of him.

"I doubt," said Rachael, "if he can be here till next day."

"Then I will come next night too," said Sissy.

When Rachael, assenting to this, was gone, Mr. Gradgrind lifted up his head, and said to his daughter:

"Louisa, my dear, I have never, that I know of, seen this man. Do you believe him to be implicated?"

"I think I have believed it, father, though with great difficulty. I do not believe it now."

"That is to say, you once persuaded yourself to believe it, from knowing him to be suspected. His appearance and manner; are they so honest?"

"Very honest."

"And her confidence not to be shaken! I ask myself," said Mr. Gradgrind, musing, "does the real culprit know of these accusations? Where is he? Who is he?"

His hair had latterly begun to change its colour. As he leaned upon his hand again, looked gray and old, Louisa, with a face of fear and pity, hurriedly went over to him, and sat close at his side. Her eyes by accident met Sissy's at the moment. Sissy flushed and started, and Louisa put her finger on her lip.

Next night, when Sissy returned home and told Louisa that Stephen was not come, she told it in a whisper. Next night again, when she came home with the same account, and added that he had not been heard of, she spoke in the same low frightened tone. From the moment of that interchange of looks, they never uttered his name, or any reference to him, aloud; nor ever pursued the subject of the robbery, when Mr. Gradgrind spoke of it.

The two appointed days ran out, three days and nights ran out, and Stephen Blackpool was not come, and remained unheard of. On the fourth day, Rachael,

with unabated confidence, but considering her despatch to have miscarried, went up to the Bank, and showed her letter from him with his address, at a working colony, one of many, not upon the main road, sixty miles away. Messengers were sent to that place, and the whole town looked for Stephen to be brought in next day.

During this whole time the whelp moved about with Mr. Bounderby like his shadow, assisting in all the proceedings. He was greatly excited, horribly fevered, bit his nails down to the quick, spoke in a hard rattling voice, and with lips that were black and burnt up. At the hour when the suspected man was looked for, the whelp was at the station; offering to wager that he had made off before the arrival of those who were sent in quest of him, and that he would not appear.

The whelp was right. The messengers returned alone. Rachael's letter had gone, Rachael's letter had been delivered, Stephen Blackpool had decamped in that same hour; and no soul knew more of him. The only doubt in Coketown was, whether Rachael had written in good faith, believing that he really would come back, or warning him to fly. On this point opinion was divided.

Six days, seven days, far on into another week. The wretched whelp plucked up a ghastly courage, and began to grow defiant. "*Was* the suspected fellow the thief? A pretty question! If not, where was the man, and why did he not come back?"

Where was the man, and why did he not come back? In the dead of night the echoes of his own words, which had rolled Heaven knows how far away in the daytime, came back instead, and abided by him until morning.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Day and night again, day and night again. No Stephen Blackpool. Where was the man, and why did he not come back?

Every night, Sissy went to Rachael's lodging, and sat with her in her small neat room. All day, Rachael toiled as such people must toil, whatever their anxieties. The smoke-serpents were indifferent who was lost or found, who turned out bad or good; the melancholy mad elephants, like the Hard Fact men, abated nothing of their set routine, whatever happened. Day and night again, day and night again. The monotony was unbroken. Even Stephen Blackpool's disappearance was falling into the general way, and becoming as monotonous a wonder as any piece of machinery in Coketown.

"I misdoubt," said Rachael, "if there is as many as twenty left in all this place, who have any trust in the poor dear lad now."

She said it to Sissy, as they sat in her lodging, lighted only by

the lamp at the street corner. Sissy had come there when it was already dark, to await her return from work; and they had since sat at the window where Rachael had found her, wanting no brighter light to shine on their sorrowful talk.

"If it hadn't been mercifully brought about that I was to have you to speak to," pursued Rachael, "times are when I think my mind would not have kept right. But I get hope and strength through you; and you believe that though appearances may rise against him, he will be proved clear."

"I do believe so," returned Sissy, "with my whole heart. I feel so certain, Rachael, that the confidence you hold in yours against all discouragement, is not like to be wrong, that I have no more doubt of him than if I had known him through as many years of trial as you have."

"And I, my dear," said Rachael, with a tremble in her voice, "have known him through them all, to be, according to his quiet ways, so faithful to everything honest and good, that if he was never to be heard of more, and I was to live to be a hundred years old, I could say with my last breath, God knows my heart, I have never once left trusting Stephen Blackpool!"

"We all believe, up at the Lodge, Rachael, that he will be freed from suspicion, sooner or later."

"The better I know it to be so believed there, my dear," said Rachael, "and the kinder I feel it that you come away from there, purposely to comfort me, and keep me company, and be seen wi' me when I am not yet free from all suspicion myself, the more grieved I am that I should ever have spoken those mistrusting words to the young lady. And yet —"

"You don't mistrust her now, Rachael?"

"Now that you have brought us more together, no. But I can't at all times keep out of my mind —"

Her voice so sunk into a low and slow communing with herself, that Sissy, sitting by her side, was obliged to listen with attention.

"I can't at all times keep out of my mind, mistrustings of some one. I can't think who 'tis, I can't think how or why it may be done, but I mistrust that some one has put Stephen out of the way. I mistrust that by his coming back of his own accord, and showing himself innocent before them all, some one would be confounded, who — to prevent that — has stopped him, and put him out of the way."

"That is a dreadful thought," said Sissy, turning pale.

"It *is* a dreadful thought to think he may be murdered."

Sissy shuddered, and turned paler yet.

"When it makes its way into my mind, dear," said Rachael, "and it will come sometimes,

though I do all I can to keep it out, wi' counting on to high numbers as I work, and saying over and over again pieces that I knew when I were a child, — I fall into such a wild, hot hurry, that, however tired I am, I want to walk fast, miles and miles. I must get the better of this before bed-time. I 'll walk home wi' you."

"He might fall ill upon the journey back," said Sissy, faintly offering a worn-out scrap of hope; "and in such a case, there are many places on the road where he might stop."

"But he is in none of them. He has been sought for in all, and he 's not there."

"True," was Sissy's reluctant admission.

"He'd walk the journey in two days. If he was footsore and couldn't walk, I sent him, in the letter he got, the money to ride, lest he should have none of his own to spare."

"Let us hope that to-morrow will bring something better, Rachael. Come into the air!"

Her gentle hand adjusted Rachael's shawl upon her shining black hair in the usual manner of her wearing it, and they went out. The night being fine, little knots of Hands were here and there lingering at street-corners; but it was supper-time with the greater part of them, and there were but few people in the streets.

"You are not so hurried now, Rachael, and your hand is cooler."

"I get better dear, if I can only walk, and breathe a little fresh. 'Times when I can't, I turn weak and confused."

"But you must not begin to fail, Rachael, for you may be wanted at any time to stand by Stephen. To-morrow is Saturday. If no news comes to-morrow, let us walk in the country on Sunday morning, and strengthen you for another week. Will you go?"

"Yes, dear."

They were by this time in the street where Mr. Bounderby's house stood. The way to Sissy's destination led them past the door, and they were going straight towards it. Some train had newly arrived in Coketown, which had put a number of vehicles in motion, and scattered a considerable bustle about the town. Several coaches were rattling before them and behind them as they approached Mr. Bounderby's, and one of the latter drew up with such briskness as they were in the act of passing the house, that they looked round involuntarily. The bright gaslight over Mr. Bounderby's steps showed them Mrs. Sparsit in the coach, in an ecstacy of excitement, struggling to open the door; Mrs. Sparsit seeing them at the same moment, called to them to stop.

"It's a coincidence," exclaimed Mrs. Sparsit, as she was released by the coachman. "It's a Providence! Come out, Ma'am!" then said Mrs. Sparsit, to some one inside, "come out, or we'll have you dragged out!"

Hereupon, no other than the mysterious old woman descended. Whom Mrs. Sparsit incontinently collared.

"Leave her alone, everybody!" cried Mrs. Sparsit, with great energy. "Let nobody touch her. She belongs to me. Come in, Ma'am!" then said Mrs. Sparsit, reversing her former word of command. "Come in, Ma'am, or we 'll have you dragged in!"

The spectacle of a matron of classical deportment, seizing an ancient woman by the throat, and haling her into a dwelling-house, would have been, under any circumstances, sufficient temptation to all true English stragglers so blest as to witness it, to force a way into that dwelling-house and see the matter out. But when the phenomenon was enhanced by the notoriety and mystery by this time associated all over the town, with the Bank robbery, it would have lured the stragglers in, with an irresistible attraction, though the roof had been expected to fall upon their heads. Accordingly, the chance witnesses on the ground, consisting of the busiest of the neighbours to the number of some five-and-twenty, closed in after Sissy and Rachael, as they closed in after Mrs. Sparsit and her prize; and the whole body made a disorderly irruption into Mr. Bounderby's dining room, where the people behind lost not a moment's time in mounting on the chairs, to get the better of the people in front.

"Fetch Mr. Bounderby down!" cried Mrs. Sparsit. "Rachael, young woman; you know who this is?"

"It 's Mrs. Pegler," said Rachael.

"I should think it is!" cried Mrs. Sparsit, exulting. "Fetch Mr. Bounderby. Stand away, everybody!" Here old Mrs. Pegler, muffling herself up, and shrinking from observation, whispered a word of entreaty. "Don't tell me," said Mrs. Sparsit, aloud, "I have told you twenty times, coming along, that I will *not* leave you till I have handed you over to him myself."

Mr. Bounderby now appeared, accompanied by Mr. Gradgrind and the whelp, with whom he had been holding conference upstairs. Mr. Bounderby looked more astonished than hospitable, at sight of this uninvited party in his dining-room.

"Why, what 's the matter now!" said he. "Mrs. Sparsit, Ma'am?"

"Sir," explained that worthy woman, "I trust it is my good fortune to produce a person you have much desired to find. Stimulated by my wish to relieve your mind, Sir, and connecting together such imperfect clues to the part of the country in which that person might be supposed to reside, as have been afforded by the young woman Rachael, fortunately now present to identify, I have had the happiness to succeed, and to bring that person with me — I need not say most unwillingly on her part. It has not been, Sir, without some

trouble that I have effected this; but trouble in your service is to me a pleasure, and hunger, thirst, and cold, a real gratification."

Here Mrs. Sparsit ceased; for Mr. Bounderby's visage exhibited an extraordinary combination of all possible colours and expressions of discomfiture, as old Mrs. Pegler was disclosed to his view.

"Why, what do you mean by this!" was his highly unexpected demand, in great wrath. "I ask you, what do you mean by this, Mrs. Sparsit, Ma'am?"

"Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Sparsit, faintly.

"Why don't you mind your own business, Ma'am?" roared Bounderby. "How dare you go and poke your officious nose into my family affairs?"

This allusion to her favourite feature over-powered Mrs. Sparsit. She sat down stiffly in a chair, as if she were frozen; and, with a fixed stare at Mr. Bounderby, slowly grated her mittens against one another, as if they were frozen too.

"My dear Josiah!" cried Mrs. Pegler, trembling. "My darling boy! I am not to blame. It's not my fault, Josiah. I told this lady over and over again, that I knew she was doing what would not be agreeable to you, but she would do it."

"What did you let her bring you for? Couldn't you knock her cap off, or her tooth out, or scratch her, or do something or other to her?" asked Bounderby.

"My own boy! She threatened me that if I resisted her, I should be brought by constables, and it was better to come quietly than make that stir in such a —" Mrs. Pegler glanced timidly but proudly round the walls — "such a fine house as this. Indeed, indeed, it is not my fault! My dear, noble, stately boy! I have always lived quiet and secret, Josiah, my dear. I have never broken the condition once. I have never said I was your mother. I have admired you at a distance; and if I have come to town sometimes, with long times between, to take a proud peep at you, I have done it unbeknown, my love, and gone away again."

Mr. Bounderby, with his hands in his pockets, walked in impatient mortification up and down at the side of the long dining-table, while the spectators greedily took in every syllable of Mrs. Pegler's appeal, and at each succeeding syllable became more and more round-eyed. Mr. Bounderby still walking up and down when Mrs. Pegler had done, Mr. Gradgrind addressed that maligned old lady:

"I am surprised, Madam," he observed with severity, "that in your old age you have the face to claim Mr. Bounderby for your son, after your unnatural and inhuman treatment of him."

"*Me* unnatural!" cried poor old Mrs. Pegler. "*Me* inhuman! To my dear boy?"

"Dear!" repeated Mr. Gradgrind. "Yes; dear in his self-made prosperity, Madam, I dare

say. Not very dear, however, when you deserted him in his infancy, and left him to the brutality of a drunken grandmother."

"*I* deserted my Josiah!" cried Mrs. Pegler, clasping her hands. "Now, Lord forgive you, Sir, for your wicked imaginations, and for your scandal against the memory of my poor mother, who died in my arms before Josiah was born. May you repent of it, Sir, and live to know better!"

She was so very earnest and injured, that Mr. Gradgrind, shocked by the possibility which dawned upon him, said in a gentler tone:

"Do you deny, then, Madam, that you left your son to — to be brought up in the gutter?"

"Josiah in the gutter!" exclaimed Mrs. Pegler. "No such a thing, Sir. Never! For shame on you! My dear boy knows, and will give *you* to know, that though he come of humble parents, he come of parents that loved him as dear as the best could, and never thought it hardship on themselves to pinch a bit that he might write and cypher beautiful, and I've his books at home to show it! Aye, have I!" said Mrs. Pegler with indignant pride. "And my dear boy knows, and will give *you* to know, Sir, that after his beloved father died when he was eight year old, his mother, too, could pinch a bit, as it was her duty and her pleasure and her pride to do it, to help him out in life, and put him 'prentice. And a steady lad he was, and a kind master he had to lend him a hand, and well he worked his own way forward to be rich and thriving. And *I*'ll give you to know, Sir — for this my dear boy won't — that though his mother kept but a little village shop, he never forgot her, but pensioned me on thirty pound a-year — more than I want, for I put by out of it — only making the condition that I was to keep down in my own part, and make no boasts about him, and not trouble him. And I never have, except with looking at him once a year, when he has never knowed it. And it's right," said poor old Mrs. Pegler, in affectionate championship, "that I *should* keep down in my own part, and I have no doubts that if I was here I should do a many unbefitting things, and I am well contented, and I can keep my pride in my Josiah to myself, and I can love for love's own sake! And I am ashamed of you, Sir," said Mrs. Pegler, lastly, "for your slanders and suspicions. And I never stood here before, nor never wanted to stand here when my dear son said no. And I shouldn't be here now, if it hadn't been for being brought here. And for shame upon you, O for shame, to accuse me of being a bad mother to my son, with my son standing here to tell you so different!"

The bystanders, on and off the dining-room chairs, raised a murmur of sympathy with Mrs. Pegler, and Mr. Gradgrind felt himself innocently placed in a

very distressing predicament, when Mr. Bounderby, who had never ceased walking up and down, and had every moment swelled larger and larger and grown redder and redder, stopped short.

"I don't exactly know," said Mr. Bounderby, "how I come to be favoured with the attendance of the present company, but I don't inquire. When they 're quite satisfied, perhaps they 'll be so good as to disperse; whether they 're satisfied or not, perhaps they 'll be so good as to disperse. I'm not bound to deliver a lecture on my family affairs, I have not undertaken to do it, and I'm not a going to do it. Therefore those who expect any explanation whatever upon that branch of the subject, will be disappointed — particularly Tom Gradgrind, and he can't know it too soon. In reference to the Bank robbery, there has been a mistake made, concerning my mother. If there hadn't been over-officiousness it wouldn't have been made, and I hate over-officiousness at all times, whether or no. Good evening!"

Although Mr. Bounderby carried it off in these terms, holding the door open for the company to depart, there was a blustering sheepishness upon him, at once extremely crest-fallen and superlatively absurd. Detected as the Bully of humility, who had built his windy reputation upon lies, and in his boastfulness had put the honest truth as far away from him as if he had advanced the mean claim (there is no meaner) to tack himself on to a pedigree, he cut a most ridiculous figure. With the people filing off at the door he held, who he knew would carry what had passed to the whole town, to be given to the four winds, he could not have looked a Bully more shorn and forlorn, if he had had his ears cropped. Even that unlucky female Mrs. Sparsit, fallen from her pinnacle of exultation into the Slough of Despond, was not in so bad a plight as that remarkable man and self-made Humbug, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown.

Rachael and Sissy, leaving Mrs. Pegler to occupy a bed at her son's for that night, walked together to the gate of Stone Lodge and there parted. Mr. Gradgrind joined them before they had gone very far, and spoke with much interest of Stephen Blackpool; for whom he thought this signal failure of the suspicions against Mrs. Pegler was likely to work well.

As to the whelp; throughout this scene as on all other late occasions, he had stuck close to Bounderby. He seemed to feel that as long as Bounderby could make no discovery without his knowledge, he was so far safe. He never visited his sister, and had only seen her once since she went home: that is to say, on the night when he still stuck close to Bounderby, as already related.

There was one dim unformed fear lingering about his sister's

mind, to which she never gave utterance, which surrounded the graceless and ungrateful boy with a dreadful mystery. The same dark possibility had presented itself in the same shapeless guise, this very day, to Sissy, when Rachael spoke of some one who would be confounded by Stephen's return, having put him out of the way. Louisa had never spoken of harbouring any suspicion of her brother, in connexion with the robbery; she and Sissy had held no confidence on the subject, save in that one interchange of looks when the unconscious father rested his gray head on his hand; but it was understood between them, and they both knew it. This other fear was so awful, that it hovered about each of them like a ghostly shadow; neither daring to think of its being near herself, far less of its being near the other.

And still the forced spirit which the whelp had plucked up, throve with him. If Stephen Blackpool was not the thief, let him show himself. Why didn't he?

Another night. Another day and night. No Stephen Blackpool. Where was the man, and why did he not come back?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE Sunday was a bright Sunday in autumn, clear and cool, when early in the morning Sissy and Rachael met, to walk in the country.

As Coketown cast ashes not only on its own head but on the neighbourhood's too — after the manner of those pious persons who do penance for their own sins by putting other people into sackloth — it was customary for those who now and then thirsted for a draught of pure air, which is not absolutely the most wicked among the vanities of life, to get a few miles away by the railroad, and then begin their walk, or their lounge in the fields. Sissy and Rachael helped themselves out of the smoke by the usual means, and were put down at a station about midway between the town and Mr. Bounderby's retreat.

Though the green landscape was blotted here and there with heaps of coal, it was green elsewhere, and there were trees to see, and there were larks singing (though it was Sunday), and there were pleasant scents in the air, and all was overarched by a bright blue sky. In the distance one way, Coketown showed as a black mist; in another distance, hills began to rise; in a third, there was a faint change in the light of the horizon, where it shone upon the far-off sea. Under their feet, the grass was fresh; beautiful shadows of branches flickered upon it, and speckled it; hedgerows were luxuriant; everything was at peace. Engines at pits' mouths, and lean old horses that had worn the circle of their daily labour into the ground, were alike quiet; wheels had ceased for a short space to turn; and the great wheel of earth

seemed to revolve without the shocks and noises of another time.

They walked on, across the fields and down the shady lanes, sometimes getting over a fragment of a fence so rotten that it dropped at a touch of the foot, sometimes passing near a wreck of bricks and beams overgrown with grass, marking the site of deserted works. They followed paths and tracks, however slight. Mounds where the grass was rank and high, and where brambles, dock-weed and such-like vegetation, were confusedly heaped together, they always avoided; for dismal stories were told in that country of the old pits hidden beneath such indications.

The sun was high when they sat down to rest. They had seen no one, near or distant, for a long time; and the solitude remained unbroken. "It is so still here, Rachael, and the way is so untrodden, that I think we must be the first who have been here all the summer."

As Sissy said it, her eyes were attracted by another of those rotten fragments of fence upon the ground. She got up to look at it. "And yet I don't know. This has not been broken very long. The wood is quite fresh where it gave way. Here are footsteps too. — O Rachael!"

She ran back, and caught her round the neck. Rachael had already started up.

"What is the matter?"

"I don't know. There is a hat lying in the grass."

They went forward together. Rachael took it up, shaking from head to foot. She broke into a passion of tears and lamentations: Stephen Blackpool was written in his own hand on the inside.

"O the poor lad, the poor lad! He has been made away with. He is lying murdered here!"

"Is there — has the hat any blood upon it?" Sissy faltered.

They were afraid to look; but they did examine it, and found no mark of violence, inside or out. It had been lying there some days, for rain and dew had stained it, and the mark of its shape was on the grass where it had fallen. They looked fearfully about them, without moving, but could see nothing more. "Rachael," Sissy whispered, "I will go on a little by myself."

She had unclasped her hand, and was in the act of stepping forward, when Rachael caught her in both arms with a scream that resounded over the wide landscape. Before them, at their very feet, was the brink of a black ragged chasm, hidden by the thick grass. They sprang back, and fell upon their knees, each hiding her face upon the other's neck.

"O, my good God! He's down there! Down there!" At first this, and her terrific screams, were all that could be got from

Rachael, by any tears, by any prayers, by any representations, by any means. It was impossible to hush her; and it was deadly necessary to hold her, or she would have flung herself down the shaft.

"Rachael, dear Rachael, good Rachael, for the love of Heaven not these dreadful cries! Think of Stephen, think of Stephen, think of Stephen!"

By an earnest repetition of this entreaty, poured out in all the agony of such a moment, Sissy at last brought her to be silent, and to look at her with a tearless face of stone.

"Rachael, Stephen may be living. You wouldn't leave him lying maimed at the bottom of this dreadful place, a moment, if you could bring help to him!"

"No no no!"

"Don't stir from here, for his sake! Let me go and listen."

She shuddered to approach the pit; but she crept towards it on her hands and knees, and called to him as loud as she could call. She listened, but no sound replied. She called again and listened; still no answering sound. She did this, twenty, thirty, times. She took a clod of earth from the broken ground where he had stumbled, and threw it in. She could not hear it fall.

The wide prospect, so beautiful in its stillness but a few minutes ago, almost carried despair to her brave heart, as she rose and looked all round her, seeing no help. "Rachael, we must lose not a moment. We must go in different directions, seeking aid. You shall go by the way we have come, and I will go forward by the path. Tell any one you see, and every one, what has happened. Think of Stephen, think of Stephen!"

She knew by Rachael's face that she might trust her now. After standing for a moment to see her running, wringing her hands as she ran, she turned and went upon her own search; she stopped at the hedge to tie her shawl there as a guide to the place, then threw her bonnet aside, and ran as she had never run before.

Run, Sissy, run, in Heaven's name! Don't stop for breath. Run, run! Quickening herself by carrying such entreaties in her thoughts, she ran from field to field, and lane to lane, and place to place, as she had never run before; until she came to a shed by an engine-house, where two men lay in the shade asleep on straw.

First to wake them, and next to tell them, all so wild and breathless as she was, what had brought her there, were difficulties; but they no sooner understood her than their spirits were on fire like hers. One of the men was in a drunken slumber, but on his comrade's shouting to him that a man had fallen down the Old Hell Shaft, he started out to a pool of dirty water, put his head in it, and came back sober.

With these two men she ran to another half-a-mile further, and with that one to another, while they ran elsewhere. Then a horse was found; and she got another man to ride for life or death to the railroad, and send a message to Louisa, which she wrote and gave him. By this time a whole village was up; and windlasses, ropes, poles, buckets, candles, lanterns, all things necessary, were fast collecting and being brought into one place, to be carried to the Old Hell Shaft.

It seemed now hours and hours since she had left the lost man lying in the grave where he had been buried alive. She could not bear to remain away from it any longer—it was like deserting him — and she hurried swiftly back, accompanied by half-a-dozen labourers, including the drunken man whom the news had sobered, and who was the best man of all. When they came to the Old Hell Shaft, they found it as lonely as she had left it. The men called and listened as she had done, and examined the edge of the chasm, and settled how it had happened, and then sat down to wait until the implements they wanted should come up.

Every sound of insects in the air, every stirring of the leaves, every whisper among these men, made Sissy tremble, for she thought it was a cry at the bottom of the pit. But the wind blew idly over it, and no sound arose to the surface, and they sat upon the grass, waiting and waiting. After they had waited some time, straggling people who had heard of the accident began to come up; then the real help of implements began to arrive. In the midst of this, Rachael returned; and with her party there was a surgeon, who brought some wine and medicines. But the expectation among the people that the man would be found alive, was very slight indeed.

There being now people enough present, to impede the work, the sobered man put himself at the head of the rest, or was put there by the general consent, and made a large ring round the Old Hell Shaft, and appointed men to keep it. Besides such volunteers as were accepted to work, only Sissy and Rachael were at first permitted within this ring; but, later in the day, when the message brought an express from Coketown, Mr. Gradgrind and Louisa, and Mr. Bounderby, and the whelp, were also there.

The sun was four hours lower than when Sissy and Rachael had first sat down upon the grass, before a means of enabling two men to descend securely was rigged with poles and ropes. Difficulties had arisen in the construction of this machine, simple as it was; requisites had been found wanting, and messages had had to go and return. It was five o'clock in the afternoon of the bright autumnal Sunday, before a candle was

sent down to try the air, while three or four rough faces stood crowded close together, attentively watching it: the men at the windlass lowering as they were told. The candle was brought up again, feebly burning, and then some water was cast in. Then the bucket was hooked on; and the sobered man and another got in with lights, giving the word "Lower away!"

As the rope went out, tight and strained, and the windlass creaked, there was not a breath among the one or two hundred men and women looking on, that came as it was wont to come. The signal was given and the windlass stopped, with abundant rope to spare. Apparently so long an interval ensued with the men at the windlass standing idle, that some women shrieked that another accident had happened! But the surgeon who held the watch, declared five minutes not to have elapsed yet, and sternly admonished them to keep silence. He had not well done speaking, when the windlass was reversed and worked again. Practised eyes knew that it did not go as heavily as it would if both workmen had been coming up, and that only one was returning.

The rope came in tight and strained; and ring after ring was coiled upon the barrel of the windlass, and all eyes were fastened on the pit. The sobered man was brought up, and leaped out briskly on the grass. There was an universal cry of "Alive or dead?" and then a deep, profound hush.

When he said "Alive!" a great shout arose, and many eyes had tears in them.

"But he 's hurt very bad," he added, as soon as he could make himself heard again, "Where 's doctor? He 's hurt so very bad Sir, that we donno how to get him up."

They all consulted together, and looked anxiously at the surgeon, as he asked some questions, and shook his head on receiving the replies. The sun was setting now; and the red light in the evening sky touched every face there, and caused it to be distinctly seen in all its wrapt suspense.

The consultation ended in the men returning to the windlass, and the pitman going down again, carrying the wine and some other small matters with him. Then the other man came up. In the meantime, under the surgeon's directions, some men brought a hurdle, on which others made a thick bed of spare clothes covered with loose straw, while he himself contrived some bandages and slings from shawls and handkerchiefs. As these were made, they were hung upon an arm of the pitman who had last come up, with instructions how to use them; and as he stood, shown by the light he carried, leaning his powerful loose hand upon one of the poles, and sometimes glancing down

the pit and sometimes glancing round upon the people, he was not the least conspicuous figure in the scene. It was dark now, and torches were kindled.

It appeared from the little this man said to those about him, which was quickly repeated all over the circle, that the lost man had fallen upon a mass of crumbled rubbish with which the pit was half choked up, and that his fall had been further broken by some jagged earth at the side. He lay upon his back with one arm doubled under him, and according to his own belief had hardly stirred since he fell, except that he had moved his free hand to a side pocket, in which he remembered to have some bread and meat (of which he had swallowed crumbs), and had likewise scooped up a little water in it now and then. He had come straight away from his work, on being written to, and had walked the whole journey; and was on his way to Mr. Bounderby's country-house after dark, when he fell. He was crossing that dangerous country at such a dangerous time, because he was innocent of what was laid to his charge, and couldn't rest from coming the nearest way to deliver himself up. The Old Hell Shaft, the pitman said, with a curse upon it, was worthy of its bad name to the last; for though Stephen could speak now, he believed it would soon be found to have mangled the life out of him.

When all was ready, this man, still taking his last hurried charges from his comrades and the surgeon after the windlass had begun to lower him, disappeared into the pit. The rope went out as before, the signal was made as before, and the windlass stopped. No man removed his hand from it now. Every one waited with his grasp set, and his body bent down to the work, ready to reverse and wind in. At length the signal was given, and all the ring leaned forward.

For, now, the rope came in, tightened and strained to its utmost as it appeared, and the men turned heavily, and the windlass complained. It was scarcely endurable to look at the rope, and think of its giving way. But ring after ring was coiled upon the barrel of the windlass safely, and the connecting chains appeared, and finally the bucket with the two men holding on at the sides —a sight to make the head swim, and oppress the heart — and tenderly supporting between them, slung and tied within, the figure of a poor, crushed, human creature.

A low murmur of pity went round the throng, and the women wept aloud, as this form, almost without form, was moved very slowly from its iron deliverance, and laid upon the bed of straw. At first none but the surgeon went close to it. He did what he could in its adjustment on the couch, but the best that he could do was to cover it. That gently

done, he called to him Rachael and Sissy. And at that time the pale, worn, patient face was seen looking up at the sky, with the broken right hand lying bare on the outside of the covering garments, as if waiting to be taken by another hand.

They gave him drink, moistened his face with water, and administered some drops of cordial and wine. Though he lay quite motionless looking up at the sky, he smiled and said, "Rachael."

She stooped down on the grass at his side, and bent over him until her eyes were between his and the sky, for he could not so much as turn them to look at her.

"Rachael, my dear."

She took his hand. He smiled again and said, "Don't let 't go."

"Thou'rt in great pain, my own dear Stephen?"

"I ha' been, but not now. I ha' been — dreadful, and dree, and long, my dear — but 'tis ower now. Ah Rachael, aw a muddle! Fro' first to last, a muddle!"

The spectre of his old look seemed to pass as he said the word.

"I ha' fell into th' pit, my dear, as have cost wi'in the knowledge o' old fok now livin hundreds and hundreds o' men's lives — fathers, sons, brothers, dear to thousands an thousands, an keepin 'em fro want and hunger. I ha' fell into a pit that ha' been wi' th' fire-damp crueller than battle. I ha' read on't in the public petition, as onny one may read, fro' the men that works in pits, in which they ha' pray'n an pray'n the law-makers for Christ's sake not to let their work be murder to 'em, but to spare 'em for th' wives and children that they loves as well as gentlefok loves theirs. When it were in work, it killed wi'out need; when 'tis let alone, it kills wi'out need. See how we die an no need, one way an another — in a muddle — every day!"

He faintly said it, without any anger against any one. Merely as the truth.

"Thy little sister, Rachael, thou hast not forgot her. Thou'rt not like to forget her now, and me so nigh her. Thou know'st — poor, patient, suff'rin, dear — how thou did'st work for her, seet'n all day long in her little chair at thy winder, and she died, young and misshapen, awlung o' sickly air as had'n no need to be, an awlung o' working people's miserable homes. A muddle! Aw a muddle!"

Louisa approached him; but he could not see her, lying with his face turned up to the night sky.

"If aw th' things that tooches us, my dear, was not so muddled, I should'n ha' had'n need to coom heer. If we was not in a muddle among ourseln, I shouldn ha' been by my own fellow weavers and workin brothers, so mistook. If Mr. Bounderby had ever knowd me right — if he 'd ever know'd me at aw — he would'n ha' took'n offence wi' me. He would'n' ha' suspect'n' me. But look up yonder, Rachael! Look aboove!"

Following his eyes, she saw that he was gazing at a star.

"It ha' shined upon me," he said reverently, "in my pain and trouble down below. It ha' shined into my mind. I ha' lookn at 't an thowt o' thee, Rachael, till the muddle in my mind have cleared awa, above a bit, I hope. If soom ha' been wantin in unnerstanin me better, I, too, ha' been wantin in unnerstanin them better. When I got thy letter, I easily believen that what the yoong lady sen an done to me, an what her brother sen an done to me was one, an that there were a wicked plot betwixt 'em. When I fell, I were in anger wi' her, an hurryin on t' be as onjust t' her as others was t' me. But in our judgments, like as in our doins, we mun bear and forbear. In my pain an trouble lookin up yonder, — wi' it shinin on me — I ha' seen more clear, and ha' made it my dyin prayer that aw th' world may on'y come toogether more, an get a better unnerstanin o' one another, than when I were in't my own weak seln."

Louisa hearing what he said, bent over him on the opposite side to Rachael, so that he could see her.

"You ha' heard?" he said after a few moments silence. "I ha' not forgot yo, ledy."

"Yes, Stephen, I have heard you. And your prayer is mine."

"You ha' a father. Will yo tak a message to him?"

"He is here," said Louisa, with dread. "Shall I bring him to you?"

"If yo please."

Louisa returned with her father. Standing hand-in-hand, they both looked down upon the solemn countenance.

"Sir, yo will clear me an mak my name good wi' aw men. This I leave to yo."

Mr. Gradgrind was troubled and asked how?

"Sir," was the reply; "yor son will tell yo how. Ask him. I mak no charges: I leave none ahint me: not a single word. I ha' seen an spok'n wi' yor son, one night. I ask no more o' yo than that, yo clear me — an I trust to yo to do't."

The bearers being now ready to carry him away, and the surgeon being anxious for his removal, those who had torches or lanterns, prepared to go in front of the litter. Before it was raised, and while they were arranging how to go, he said to Rachael, looking upward at the star:

"Often as I coom to myseln, and found it shinin on me down there in my trouble, I thowt it were the star as guided to Our Saviour's home. I awmust think it be the very star!"

They lifted him up, and he was overjoyed to find that they were about to take him in the direction whither the star seemed to him to lead.

"Rachael, beloved lass! Don't let go my hand. We may walk toogether t' night, my dear!"

"I will hold thy hand, and keep beside thee, Stephen, all the way."

"Bless thee! Will soombody be pleased to coover my face!"

They carried him very gently along the fields, and down the lanes, and over the wide landscape; Rachael always holding the hand in hers. Very few whispers broke the mournful silence. It was soon a funeral procession. The star had shown him where to find the God of the poor; and through humility, and sorrow, and forgiveness, he had gone to his Redeemer's rest.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Before the ring formed round the Old Hell Shaft was broken, one figure had disappeared from within it. Mr. Bounderby and his shadow had not stood near Louisa, who held her father's arm, but in a retired place by themselves. When Mr. Gradgrind was summoned to the couch, Sissy, attentive to all that happened, slipped behind that wicked shadow — a sight in the horror of his face, if there had been eyes there for any sight but one — and whispered in his ear. Without turning his head, he conferred with her a few moments, and vanished. Thus the whelp had gone out of the circle before the people moved.

When the father reached home, he sent a message to Mr. Bounderby's, desiring his son to come to him directly. The reply was, that Mr. Bounderby having missed him in the crowd, and seen nothing of him since, had supposed him to be at Stone Lodge.

"I believe, father," said Louisa, "he will not come back to town to-night." Mr. Gradgrind turned away, and said no more.

In the morning, he went down to the Bank himself as soon as it was opened, and seeing his son's place empty (he had not the courage to look in at first), went back along the street to meet Mr. Bounderby on his way there. To whom he said that, for reasons he would soon explain, but entreated not then to be asked for, he had found it necessary to employ his son at a distance for a little while. Also, that he was charged with the duty of vindicating Stephen Blackpool's memory, and declaring the thief. Mr. Bounderby, quite confounded, stood stock still in the street after his father-in-law had left him, swelling like an immense soap-bubble, without its beauty.

Mr. Gradgrind went home, locked himself in his room, and kept it all that day. When Sissy and Louisa tapped at his door, he said, without opening it, "Not now, my dears; in the evening." On their return in the evening, he said, "I am not able yet — to-morrow." He ate nothing all day, and had no candle after dark; and they heard him walking to and fro late at night.

But, in the morning he appeared at breakfast at the usual hour, and took his usual place at the table. Aged and bent, he looked, and quite bowed down; and yet he looked a wiser man, and a bet-

ter man, than in the days when in this life he wanted nothing but Facts. Before he left the room, he appointed a time for them to come to him; and so, with his gray head drooping, went away.

"Dear father," said Louisa, when they kept their appointment, "you have three young children left. They will be different, *I* will be different yet, with Heaven's help."

She gave her hand to Sissy, as if she meant with her help too.

"Your wretched brother," said Mr. Gradgrind. "Do you think he had planned this robbery, when he went with you to the lodging?"

"I fear so, father. I know he had wanted money very much, and had spent a great deal."

"The poor man being about to leave the town, it came into his evil brain to cast suspicion on him?"

"I think it must have flashed upon him while he sat there, father. For, I asked him to go there with me. The visit did not originate with him."

"He had some conversation with the poor man. Did he take him aside?"

"He took him out of the room. I asked him afterwards, why he had done so, and he made a plausible excuse; but, since last night, father, and when I remember the circumstances by its light, I am afraid I can imagine too truly what passed between them."

"Let me know," said her father, "if your thoughts present your guilty brother in the same dark view as mine."

"I fear, father," hesitated Louisa, "that he must have made some representation to Stephen Blackpool—perhaps in my name, perhaps in his own—which induced him to do in good faith and honesty, what he had never done before, and to wait about the Bank those two or three nights before he left the town."

"Too plain!" returned the father. "Too plain!"

He shaded his face, and remained silent for some moments. Recovering himself, he said:

"And now, how is he to be found? How is he to be saved from justice? In the few hours that I can possibly allow to elapse before I publish the truth, how is he to be found by us, and only by us? Ten thousand pounds could not effect it."

"Sissy has effected it, father."

He raised his eyes to where she stood, like a good fairy in his house, and said in a tone of softened gratitude and grateful kindness, "It is always you, my child!"

"We had our fears," Sissy explained, glancing at Louisa, "before yesterday; and when I saw you brought to the side of the litter last night, and heard what passed (being close to Rachael all the time), I went to him when no one saw, and said to him, 'Don't look at me. See where your father is. Escape at once, for his sake and your own!' He was in a tremble before I whisper-

ed to him, and he started and trembled more then, and said, 'Where can I go? I have very little money, and I don't know who will hide me!' I thought of father's old circus. I have not forgotten where Mr. Sleary goes at this time of year, and I read of him in a paper only the other day. I told him to hurry there, and tell his name, and ask Mr. Sleary to hide him till I came. 'I'll get to him before the morning', he said. And I saw him shrink away among the people."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed his father. "He may be got abroad yet."

It was the more hopeful, as the town to which Sissy had directed him was within three hours' journey of Liverpool, whence he could be swiftly dispatched to any part of the world. But, caution being necessary in communicating with him — for there was a greater danger every moment of his being suspected now, and nobody could be sure at heart but that Mr. Bounderby himself, in a bullying vein of public zeal, might play a Roman part — it was consented that Sissy and Louisa should repair to the place in question, by a circuitous course, alone; and that the unhappy father, setting forth in an opposite direction, should get round to the same bourne by another and wider route. It was further agreed that he should not present himself to Mr. Sleary, lest his intentions should be mistrusted, or the intelligence of his arrival should cause his son to take flight anew; but, that the communication should be left to Sissy and Louisa to open; and that they should inform the cause of so much misery and disgrace, of his father's being at hand and of the purpose for which they had come. When these arrangements had been well considered and were fully understood by all three, it was time to begin to carry them into execution. Early in the afternoon, Mr. Gradgrind walked direct from his own house into the country, to be taken up on the line by which he was to travel; and at night the remaining two set forth upon their different course, encouraged by not seeing any face they knew.

The two travelled all night, except when they were left, for odd numbers of minutes, at branch-places up illimitable flights of steps, or down wells — which was the only variety of those branches — and, early in the morning, were turned out on a swamp, a mile or two from the town they sought. From this dismal spot they were rescued by a savage old postilion, who happened to be up early, kicking a horse in a fly; and so were smuggled into the town by all the back lanes where the pigs lived: which, although not a magnificent or even savoury approach, was, as is usual in such cases, the legitimate highway.

The first thing they saw on entering the town was the skeleton of Sleary's Circus. The company had departed for another town

more than twenty miles off, and had opened there last night. The connexion between the two places was by a hilly turnpike-road, and the travelling on that road was very slow. Though they took but a hasty breakfast, and no rest (which it would have been in vain to seek under such anxious circumstances), it was noon before they began to find the bills of Sleary's Horseriding on barns and walls, and one o'clock when they stopped in the market-place.

A Grand Morning Performance by the Riders, commencing at that very hour, was in course of announcement by the bellman as they set their feet upon the stones of the street. Sissy recommended that, to avoid making inquiries and attracting attention in the town, they should present themselves to pay at the door. If Mr. Sleary were taking the money, he would be sure to know her, and would proceed with discretion. If he were not, he would be sure to see them inside; and, knowing what he had done with the fugitive, would proceed with discretion still.

Therefore they repaired with fluttering hearts, to the well-remembered booth. The flag with the inscription SLEARY'S HORSERIDING, was there; and the Gothic niche was there; but Mr. Sleary was not there. Master Kidderminster, grown too maturely turfy to be received by the wildest credulity as Cupid any more, had yielded to the invincible force of circumstances (and his beard), and, in the capacity of a man who made himself generally useful, presided on this occasion over the exchequer — having also a drum in reserve, on which to expend his leisure moments and superfluous forces. In the extreme sharpness of his look-out for base coin, Mr. Kidderminster, as at present situated, never saw anything but money; so Sissy passed him unrecognised, and they went in.

The Emperor of Japan, on a steady old white horse stencilled with black spots, was twirling five wash-hand basins at once, as it is the favourite recreation of that monarch to do. Sissy, though well acquainted with his Royal line, had no personal knowledge of the present Emperor, and his reign was peaceful. Miss Josephine Sleary in her celebrated graceful Equestrian Tyrolean Flower-Act, was then announced by a new clown (who hummorously said Cauliflower Act), and Mr. Sleary appeared, leading her in.

Mr. Sleary had only made one cut at the Clown with his long whip-lash, and the Clown had only said, "If you do it again, I'll throw the horse at you!" when Sissy was recognised both by father and daughter. But they got through the Act with great self-possession; and Mr. Sleary, saving for the first instant, conveyed no more expression into his locomotive eye than into his fixed one. The performance seemed a little long to Sissy and Louisa, particularly when it

stopped to afford the Clown an opportunity of telling Mr. Sleary (who said "Indeed, Sir!" to all his observations in the calmest way, and with his eye on the house), about two legs sitting on three legs looking at one leg, when in came four legs, and laid hold of one leg, and up got two legs, caught hold of three legs, and threw them at four legs, who ran away with one leg. For, although an ingenious Allegory relating to a butcher, a three-legged stool, a dog, and a leg of mutton, this narrative consumed time, and they were in great suspense. At last, however, little fair-haired Josephine made her curtsey amid great applause; and the Clown, left alone in the ring, had just warmed himself, and said, "Now *I*'ll have a turn!" when Sissy was touched on the shoulder, and beckoned out.

She took Louisa with her; and they were received by Mr. Sleary in a very little private apartment, with canvas sides, a grass floor, and a wooden ceiling all aslant, on which the box company stamped their approbation as if they were coming through. "Thethilia," said Mr. Sleary, who had brandy and water at hand, "it doth me good to thee you. You wath alwayth a favourite with uth, and you've done uth credith thinth the old timeth I'm thure. You mutht thee our people, my dear, afore we thpeak of bithnith, or they'll break their hearth — ethpethially the women. Here'th Jothphine hath been and got married to E. W. B. Childerth, and thee hath got a boy, and though he'th only three yearth old, he thtickth on to any pony you can bring againtht him. He'th named The Little Wonder Of Thcolathtic Equitation; and if you don't hear of that boy at Athley'th, you 'll hear of him at Parith. And you recollect Kidderminthter, that wath thought to be rather thweet upon yourthelf? Well. He'th married too. Married a widder. Old enough to be hith mother. Thee wath Tight-rope, thee wath, and now thee'th nothing — on accounth of fat. They 've got two children, tho we're thtrong in the Fairy bithnith and the Nurthery dodge. If you wath to thee our Children in the Wood, with their father and mother both a dyin' on a horthe — their uncle a rethieving of 'em ath hith wardth, upon a horthe — themthelvth both a goin' a blackberryin' on a horthe — and the Robinth a coming in to cover 'em with leavth, upon a horthe — you 'd thay it wath the completetht thing ath ever you thet your eyeth on! And you remember Emma Gordon, my dear, ath wath a'motht a mother to you? Of courthe you do; I needn't athk. Well! Emma, thee lotht her huthband. He wath throw'd a heavy back-fall off a Elephant in a thort of a Pagoda thing ath the Thultan of the Indieth, and he never got the better of it; and thee married a thecond time — married a Cheethemonger ath fell in love with her from the front —

and he'th a Overtheer and makin' a fortun!"

These various changes, Mr. Sleary, very short of breath now, related with great heartiness, and with a wonderful kind of innocence, considering what a bleary and brandy-and-watery old veteran he was. Afterwards he brought in Josephine, and E. W. B. Childers (rather deeply-lined in the jaws by daylight), and The Little Wonder of Scholastic Equitation, and, in a word, all the company. Amazing creatures they were in Louisa's eyes, so white and pink of complexion, so scant of dress, and so demonstrative of leg; but it was very agreeable to see them crowding about Sissy, and very natural in Sissy to be unable to refrain from tears.

"There! Now Thethilia hath kithd all the children, and hugged all the women, and thaken handth all round with all the men, clear, every one of you, and ring in the band for the thecond part!" said Sleary.

As soon as they were gone, he continued in a low tone. "Now, Thethilia, I don't athk to know any thecreth, but I thuppothe I may conthider thith to be Mith Thquire?"

"This is his sister. Yes."

"And t'other one'th daughter. That'h what I mean. Hope I thee you well, mith. And I hope the Thquire'th well?"

"My father will be here soon," said Louisa, anxious to bring him to the point. "Is my brother safe?"

"Thafe and thound!" he replied. "I want you jutht to take a peep at the Ring, mith, through here. Thethilia, you know the dodgeth; find a thpy-hole for yourthelf."

They each looked through a chink in the boards.

"That'h Jack the Giant Killer — piethe of comic infant bithnith," said Sleary. "There'th a property-houthe, you thee, for Jack to hide in; there'th my Clown with a thauthepan-lid and a thpit, for Jack'th thervant; there'th little Jack himthelf in a thplendid thoot of armour; there'th two comic black thervanth twithe ath big ath the houthe, to thtand by it and to bring it in and clear it; and the Giant (a very expenthive bathket one), he an't on yet. Now, do you thee 'em all?"

"Yes," they both said.

"Look at 'em again," said Sleary, "look at 'em well. You thee 'em all? Very good. Now, mith;" he put a form for them to sit on; "I have my opinionth, and the Thquire your father hath hith. I don't want to know what your brother'th been up to; ith better for me not to know. All I thay ith, the Thquire hath thtood by Thethilia, and I'll thtand by the Thquire. Your brother ith one o' them black thervanth."

Louisa uttered an exclamation, partly of distress, partly of satisfaction.

"Ith a fact," said Sleary, "and

even knowin it, you couldn't put your finger on him. Let the Thquire come. I thall keep your brother here after the performanth. I thant undreth him, nor yet wath hith paint off. Let the Thquire come here after the performanth, or come here yourthelf after the performanth, and you thall find your brother, and have the whole plathe to talk to him in. Never mind the lookth of him, ath long ath he'th well hid."

Louisa, with many thanks and with a lightened load, detained Mr. Sleary no longer then. She left her love for her brother, with her eyes full of tears; and she and Sissy went away until later in the afternoon.

Mr. Gradgrind arrived within an hour afterwards. He too had encountered no one whom he knew; and was now sanguine, with Sleary's assistance, of getting his disgraced son to Liverpool in the night. As neither of the three could be his companion without almost identifying him under any disguise, he prepared a letter to a correspondent whom he could trust, beseeching him to ship the bearer off, at any cost, to North or South America, or any distant part of the world to which he could be the most speedily and privately dispatched. This done, they walked about, waiting for the Circus to be quite vacated: not only by the audience, but by the company and by the horses. After watching it a long time, they saw Mr. Sleary bring out a chair and sit down by the side-door, smoking; as if that were his signal that they might approach.

"Your thervant, Thquire," was his cautious salutation as they passed in. "If you want me you'll find me here. You muthn't mind your thon having a comic livery on."

They all three went in; and Mr. Gradgrind sat down, forlorn, on the Clown's performing chair in the middle of the ring. On one of the back benches, remote in the subdued light and the strangeness of the place, sat the villainous whelp, sulky to the last, whom he had the misery to call his son.

In a preposterous coat, like a beadle's, with cuffs and flaps exaggerated to an unspeakable extent; in an immense waistcoat, knee-breeches, buckled shoes, and a mad cocked hat; with nothing fitting him, and everything of coarse material, moth-eaten, and full of holes; with seams in his black face, where fear and heat had started through the greasy composition daubed all over it; anything so grimly, detestably, ridiculously shameful as the whelp in his comic livery, Mr. Gradgrind never could by any other means have believed in, weighable and measurable fact though it was. And one of his model children had come to this!

At first the whelp would not draw any nearer, but persisted in remaining up there by himself. Yielding at length, if any conces-

REGIA MONACENSIS

sion so sullenly made can be called yielding, to the entreaties of Sissy — for Louisa he disowned altogether — he came down, bench by bench, until he stood in the sawdust, on the verge of the circle, as far as possible, within its limits from where his father sat.

"How was this done?" asked the father.

"How was what done?" moodily answered the son.

"This robbery," said the father, raising his voice upon the word.

"I forced the safe myself over night, and shut it up ajar before I went away. I had had the key that was found, made long before. I dropped it that morning, that it might be supposed to have been used. I didn't take the money all at once. I pretended to put my balance away every night, but I did'nt. Now you know all about it."

"If a thunderbolt had fallen on me," said the father, "it would have shocked me less than this!"

"I don't see why," grumbled the son. "So many people are employed in situations of trust; so many people, out of so many, will be dishonest. I have heard you talk, a hundred times, of its being a law. How can *I* help laws? You have comforted others with such things, father. Comfort yourself!"

The father buried his face in his hands, and the son stood in his disgraceful grotesqueness, biting straw: his hands, with the black partly worn away inside, looking like the hands of a monkey. The evening was fast closing in; and, from time to time, he turned the whites of his eyes restlessly and impatiently towards his father. They were the only parts of his face that showed any life or expression: the pigment upon it was so thick.

"You must be got to Liverpool, and sent abroad."

"I suppose I must. I can't be more miserable anywhere," whimpered the whelp, "than I have been here, ever since I can remember. That 's one thing."

Mr. Gradgrind went to the door, and returned with Sleary, to whom he submitted the question, How to get this deplorable object away?

"Why, I've been thinking of it, Thquire. There'th not muth time to lothe, tho you mutht thay yeth or no. Ith over twenty mileth to the rail. Thereth a coath in half an hour, that goeth *to* the rail, 'purpothe to cath the mail train. That train will take him right to Liverpool."

"But look at him," groaned Mr. Gradgrind. "Will any coach —"

"I don't mean that he thould go in the comic livery," said Sleary. "Thay the word, and I 'll make a Jothkin of him, out of the wardrobe, in five minutes."

"I don't understand," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"A Jothkin — a Carter. Make up your mind quick, Thquire. There 'll be beer to feth. I 've

never met with nothing but beer ath 'll ever clean a comic black-amoor."

Mr. Gradgrind rapidly assented; Mr. Sleary rapidly turned out from a box, a smock frock, a felt hat, and other essentials; the whelp rapidly changed clothes behind a screen of baize; Mr. Sleary rapidly brought beer, and washed him white again.

"Now," said Sleary, "come along to the coath, and jump up behind; I 'll go with you there, and they 'll thuppothe you one of my people. Thay farewell to your family, and tharp'th the word!" With which he delicately retired.

"Here is your letter," said Mr. Gradgrind. "All necessary means will be provided for you. Atone, by repentance and better conduct, for the shocking action you have committed, and the dreadful consequences to which it has led. Give me your hand, my poor boy, and may God forgive you as I do!"

The culprit was moved to a few abject tears by these words and their pathetic tone. But, when Louisa opened her arms, he repulsed her afresh.

"Not you. I don't want to have anything to say to you!"

"O Tom, Tom, do we end so, after all my love!"

"After all your love!" he returned, obdurately. "Pretty love! Leaving old Bounderby to himself, and packing my best friend Mr. Harthouse off, and going home, just when I was in the greatest danger. Pretty love that! Coming out with every word about our having gone to that place, when you saw the net was gathering round me. Pretty love that! You have regularly given me up. You never cared for me."

"Tharp'th the word!" said Sleary at the door.

They all confusedly went out: Louisa crying to him that she forgave him, and loved him still, and that he would one day be sorry to have left her so, and glad to think of these her last words, far away: when some one ran against them. Mr. Gradgrind and Sissy, who were both before him while his sister yet clung to his shoulder, stopped and recoiled.

For, there was Bitzer, out of breath, his thin lips parted, his thin nostrils distended, his white eyelashes quivering, his colourless face more colourless than ever, as if he ran himself into a white heat, when other people ran themselves into a glow. There he stood, panting and heaving, as if he had never stopped since the night, now long ago, when he had run them down before.

"I 'm sorry to interfere with your plans," said Bitzer, shaking his head, "but I can't allow myself to be done by horseriders. I must have young Mr. Tom; he mustn't be got away by horseriders; here he is in a smock frock, and I must have him!"

By the collar, too, it seemed.

For, so he took possession of him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

They went back into the booth, Sleary shutting the door to keep intruders out. Bitzer, still holding the paralysed culprit by the collar, stood in the Ring, blinking at his old patron through the darkness of the twilight.

"Bitzer," said Mr. Gradgrind, broken down, and miserably submissive to him, "have you a heart?"

"The circulation, Sir," returned Bitzer, smiling at the oddity of the question, "could'nt be carried on without one. No man, Sir, acquainted with the facts established by Harvey relating to the circulation of the blood, can doubt that I have a heart."

"Is it accessible," cried Mr. Gradgrind, "to any compassionate influence?"

"It is accessible to Reason, Sir," returned the excellent man. "And to nothing else."

They stood looking at each other; Mr. Gradgrind's face as white as the pursuer's.

"What motive — even what motive in reason — can you have for preventing the escape of this wretched youth," said Mr. Gradgrind, "and crushing his miserable father? See his sister here. Pity us!"

"Sir," returned Bitzer, in a very business-like and logical manner, "since you ask me what motive I have in reason, for taking young Mr. Tom back to Coketown, it is only reasonable to let you know. I have suspected young Mr. Tom of this bank-robbery from the first. I had had my eye upon him before that time, for I knew his ways. I have kept my observations to myself, but I have made them; and I have got ample proofs against him now, besides his running away, and besides his own confession, which I was just in time to overhear. I had the pleasure of watching your house yesterday morning, and following you here. I am going to take young Mr. Tom back to Coketown, in order to deliver him over to Mr. Bounderby. Sir, I have no doubt whatever that Mr. Bounderby will then promote me to young Mr. Tom's situation. And I wish to have his situation, Sir, for it will be a rise to me and will do me good."

"If this is solely a question of self-interest with you —" Mr. Gradgrind began.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, Sir," returned Bitzer; "but I am sure you know that the whole social system is a question of self-interest. What you must always appeal to, is a person's self-interest. It 's your only hold. We are so constituted. I was brought up in that catechism when I was very young, Sir, as you are aware."

"What sum of money," said Mr. Gradgrind, "will you set against your expected promotion?"

"Thank you, Sir," returned Bitzer, "for hinting at the proposal; but I will not set any sum against it. Knowing that your clear head would propose that alternative, I have gone over the claculations in my mind; and I find that to compound a felony, even on very high terms indeed, would not be as safe and good for me as my improved prospects in the Bank."

"Bitzer," said Mr. Gradgrind, stretching out his hands as though he would have said, See how miserable I am! "Bitzer, I have but one chance left to soften you. You were many years at my school. If, in remembrance of the pains bestowed upon you there, you can persuade yourself in any degree to disregard your present interest and release my son, I entreat and pray you to give him the benefit of that remembrance."

"I really wonder, Sir," rejoined the old pupil in argumentative manner, "to find you taking a position so untenable. My schooling was paid for; it was a bargain; and when I came away, the bargain ended."

It was a fundamental principle of the Gradgrind philosophy, that everything was to be paid for. Nobody was ever on any account to give anybody anything, or render anybody help without purchase. Gratitude was to be abolished, and the virtues springing from it were not to be. Every inch of the whole existence of mankind, from birth to death, was to be a bargain across a counter. And if we didn't get to Heaven that way, it was not a politico-economical place, and we had no business there.

"I don't deny," added Bitzer, "that my schooling was cheap. But that comes right, Sir. I was made in the cheapestmarket, and have to dispose of myself in the dearest."

He was a little troubled here, by Louisa and Sissy crying.

"Pray don't do that," said he, "it's of no use doing that: it only worries. You seem to think that I have some animosity against young Mr. Tom; whereas I have none at all. I am only going, on the reasonable grounds I have mentioned, to take him back to Coketown. If he was to resist, I should set up the cry of Stop Thief! But, he won't resist, you may depend upon it."

Mr. Sleary, who, with his mouth open and his rolling eye as immovably jammed in his head as his fixed one, had listened to these doctrines with profound attention, here stepped forward.

"Thquire, you know perfectly well, and your daughter knowth perfectly well (better than you, becauthe I thed it to her), that I didn't know what your thon had done, and that I didn't want to know — I thed it wath better not, though I only thought, then, it wath thome thkylarking. However, thith young man having made it known to be a robbery of a bank, why, that'h a theriouth

thing; muth too theriouth a thing for me to compound, ath thith young man hath very properly called it. Conthequently, Thquire, you muth'nt quarrel with me if I take thith young man'th thide, and thay he'th right and there'th no help for it. But I tell you what I 'll do, Thquire; I 'll drive your thon and thith young man over to the rail, and prevent expothure here. I can't conthent to do more, but I 'll do that."

Fresh lamentations from Louisa, and deeper affliction on Mr. Gradgrind's part, followed this desertion of them by their last friend. But, Sissy glanced at him with great attention; nor did she in her own breast misunderstand him. As they were all going out again, he favoured her with one slight roll of his movable eye, desiring her to linger behind. As he locked the door, he said excitedly:

"The Thquire thtood by you, Thethilia, and I 'll thtand by the Thquire. More than that: thith ith a prethiouth rathcal, and belongth to that bluthtering Cove that my people nearly pitht out o' winder. It 'll be a dark night; I 've got a horthe that 'll do anything but thpeak; I've got a pony that 'll go fifteen mile an hour with Childerth driving of him; I 've got a dog that 'll keep a man to one plathe four-and-twenty hourth. Get a word with the young Thquire. Tell him, when he theeth our horthe begin to danthe, not to be afraid of being thpilt, but to look out for a pony-gig coming up. Tell him when he theeth that gig clothe by, to jump down, and it 'll take him off at a rattling pathe. If my dog leth thith young man thtir a peg on foot, I give him leave to go. And if my horthe ever thtirth from that thpot where he beginth a danthing, till the morning — I don't know him! — Tharp'th the word!"

The word was so sharp, that in ten minutes Mr. Childers, sauntering about the market place in a pair of slippers, had his cue, and Mr. Sleary's equipage was ready. It was a fine sight, to behold the learned dog barking round it, and Mr. Sleary instructing him, with his one practicable eye, that Bitzer was the object of his particular attentions. Soon after dark they all three got in and started; the learned dog (a formidable creature) already pinning Bitzer with his eye, and sticking close to the wheel on his side, that he might be ready for him in the event of his showing the slightest disposition to alight.

The other three sat up at the inn all night in great suspense. At eight o'clock in the morning Mr. Sleary and the dog re-appeared: both in high spirits.

"All right, Thquire!" said Mr. Sleary, "your thon may be aboard-a-thip by thith time. Childerth took him off, an hour and a half after we left here, latht night. The horthe danthed the Polka till he wath dead beat (he would have walthed, if he hadn't been in harneth), and then I gave

him the word and he went to thleep comfortable. When that prethiouth young Rathcal thed he'd go for'ard afoot, the dog hung on to hith neck-hankercher with all four legth in the air and pulled him down and rolled him over. Tho he come back into the drag, and there he that, 'till I turned the horthe'th head, at halfpatht thixth thith morning."

Mr. Gradgrind overwhelmed him with thanks, of course; and hinted as delicately as he could, at a handsome remuneration in money.

"I don't want money mythelf, Thquire; but Childerth ith a family man, and if you wath to like to offer him a five-pound note, it mightn't be unactheptable. Likewithe if you wath to thtand a collar for the dog, or a thet of bellth for the horthe, I thould be very glad to take 'em. Brandy and water I alwayth take." He had already called for a glass, and now called for another. "If you wouldn't think it going too far, Thquire, to make a little thpread for the company at about three and thixth ahead, not reckoning Luth, it would make 'em happy."

All these little tokens of his gratitude, Mr. Gradgrind very willingly undertook to render. Though he thought them far too slight, he said, for such a service.

"Very well, Thquire; then, if you 'll only give a Horthe-riding, a bethpeak, whenever you can, you 'll more than balanthe the account. Now, Thquire, if your daughter will ethcuthe me, I thould like one parting word with you."

Louisa and Sissy withdrew into an adjoining room; Mr. Sleary, stirring and drinking his brandy and water as he stood, went on:

"Thquire, you don't need to be told that dogth ith wonderful animalth."

"Their instinct," said Mr. Gradgrind, "is surprising."

"Whatever you call it — and I 'm bletht if *I* know what to call it"—said Sleary, "it ith athtonithing. The way in with a dog 'll find you — the dithtanthe he 'll come!"

"His scent," said Mr. Gradgrind, "being so fine."

"I 'm bletht if I know what to call it," repeated Sleary, shaking his head, "but I have had dogth find me, Thquire, in a way that made me think whether that dog hadn't gone to another dog, and thed, 'You don't happen to know a perthon of the name of Thleary, do you? Perthon of the name of Thleary, in the Horthe-Riding way — thtout man — game eye?' And whether that dog mightn't have thed, 'Well, I can't thay I know him mythelf, but I know a dog that I think would be likely to be acquainted with him.' And whether that dog mightn't have thought it over, and thed, 'Thleary, Thleary! O yeth, to be thure! A friend of mine menthioned him to me at one time. I can get you hith addreth directly.' In conthequenth of my being afore the public, and going about tho

muth, you thee, there mutht be a number of dogth acquainted with me, Thquire, that *I* don't know!"

Mr. Gradgrind seemed to be quite confounded by this speculation.

"Any way," said Sleary, after putting his lips to his brandy and water, "ith fourteen month ago, Thquire, thinthe we wath at Chethter. We wath getting up our Children in the Wood one morning, when there cometh into our Ring, by the thtage door, a dog. He had travelled a long way, he wath in very bad condithon, he wath lame, and pretty well blind. He went round to our children, one after another, as if he wath a theeking for a child he know'd; and then he come to me, and throwd hithelf up behind, and thtood on hith two fore-legs, weak ath he wath, and then he wagged hith tail and died. Thquire, that dog wath Merrylegth."

"Sissy's father's dog!"

"Thethilia'th father'th old dog. Now, Thquire, I can take my oath, from my knowledge of that dog, that that man wath dead — and buried — afore that dog come back to me. Joth'phine and Childerth and me talked it over a long time, whether I thould write or not. But we agreed, 'No. There'th nothing comfortable to tell; why unthettle her mind, and make her unhappy?' Tho, whether her father bathely detherted her; or whether he broke hith own heart alone, rather than pull her down along with him, never will be known, now, Thquire, till — no, not till we know how the dogth findth uth out!"

"She keeps the bottle that he sent her for, to this hour; and she will believe in his affection to the last moment of her life," said Mr. Gradgrind.

"It theemth to prethent two thingth to a perthon, don't it, Thquire?" said Mr. Sleary, musing as he looked down into the depths of his brandy and water: "one, that there ith a love in the world, not all Thelf-interetht after all, but thomething very different; t'other, that it hath a way of ith own of calculating or not calculating, whith thomehow or another ith at leatht ath hard to give a name to, ath the wayth of the dogth ith!"

Mr. Gradgrind looked out of window, and made no reply. Mr. Sleary emptied his glass and recalled the ladies.

"Thethilia my dear, kith me and good bye! Mith Thquire, to thee you treating of her like a thithter, and a thithter that you trutht and honour with all your heart and more, ith a very pretty thight to me. I hope your brother may live to be better detherving of you, and a greater comfort to you. Thquire, thake handth, firtht and latht! Don't be croth with uth poor vagabondth. People mutht be amuthed. They can't be alwayth a learning, nor yet they can't be alwayth a working; they an't made for it. You *mutht* have uth, Thquire. Do the withe thing and the kind thing too, and

make the betht of uth; not the wurtht!

"And I never thought before," said Mr. Sleary, putting his head in at the door again to say it, "that I wath tho muth of a Cackler!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It is a dangerous thing to see anything in the sphere of a vain blusterer, before the vain blusterer sees it himself. Mr. Bounderby felt that Mrs. Sparsit had audaciously anticipated him, and presumed to be wiser than he. Inappeasably indignant with her for her triumphant discovery of Mrs. Pegler, he turned this presumption, on the part of a woman in her dependent position, over and over in his mind, until it accumulated with turning like a great snowball. At last he made the discovery that to discharge this highly-connected female — to have it in his power to say, "She was a woman of family, and wanted to stick to me, but I wouldn't have it, and got rid of her" — would be to get the utmost possible amount of crowning glory out of the connexion, and at the same time to punish Mrs. Sparsit according to her deserts.

Filled fuller than ever, with this great idea, Mr. Bounderby came in to lunch, and sat himself down in the dining-room of former days, where his portrait was. Mrs. Sparsit sat by the fire, with her foot in her cotton stirrup, little thinking whither she was posting.

Since the Pegler affair, this gentlewoman had covered her pity for Mr. Bounderby with a veil of quiet melancholy and contrition. In virtue thereof, it had become her habit to assume a woful look; which woful look she now bestowed upon her patron.

"What 's the matter now, Ma'am?" said Mr. Bounderby, in a very short, rough way.

"Pray, Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit, "do not bite my nose off."

"Bite your nose off, Ma'am!" repeated Mr. Bounderby. "*Your* nose!" meaning, as Mrs. Sparsit conceived, that it was too developed a nose for the purpose. After which offensive implication, he cut himself a crust of bread, and threw the knife down with a noise.

Mrs. Sparsit took her foot out of her stirrup, and said, "Mr. Bounderby, Sir!"

"Well, Ma'am?" retorted Mr. Bounderby. "What are you staring at?"

"May I ask, Sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, "have you been ruffled this morning?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"May I inquire, Sir," pursued the injured woman, "whether *I* am the unfortunate cause of your having lost your temper?"

"Now, I 'll tell you what, Ma'am," said Bounderby, "I am not come here to be bullied. A female may be highly connected, but she can't be permitted to bother and badger a man in my

position, and I am not going to put up with it." (Mr. Bounderby felt it necessary to get on; foreseeing that if he allowed of details, he would be beaten).

Mrs. Sparsit first elevated, then knitted, her Coriolanian eyebrows; gathered up her work into its proper basket; and rose.

"Sir," said she, majestically. "It is apparent to me that I am in your way at present. I will retire to my own apartment."

"Allow me to open the door, Ma'am."

"Thank you, Sir; I can do it for myself."

"You had better allow me, Ma'am," said Bounderby, passing her, and getting his hand upon the lock; "because I can take the opportunity of saying a word to you, before you go. Mrs. Sparsit, Ma'am, I rather think you are cramped here, do you know? It appears to me, that, under my humble roof, there 's hardly opening enough for a lady of your genius in other people's affairs."

Mrs. Sparsit gave him a look of the darkest scorn, and said with great politeness, "Really, Sir?"

"I have been thinking it over, you see, since the late affairs have happened, Ma'am," said Bounderby; "and it appears to my poor judgment —"

"Oh! Pray, Sir," Mrs. Sparsit interposed, with sprightly cheerfulness, "don't disparage your judgment. Everybody knows how unerring Mr. Bounderby's judgment is. Everybody has had proofs of it. It must be the theme of general conversation. Disparage anything in yourself but your judgment, Sir," said Mrs. Sparsit, laughing.

Mr. Bounderby, very red and uncomfortable, resumed:

"It appears to me, Ma'am, I say, that a different sort of establishment altogether, would bring out a lady of *your* powers. Such an establishment as your relation, Lady Scadgers's, now. Don't you think you might find some affairs there, Ma'am, to interfere with?"

"It never occurred to me before, Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit; "but now you mention it, I should think it highly probable."

"Then suppose you try, Ma'am," said Bounderby, laying an envelope with a cheque in it, in her little basket. "You can take your own time for going, Ma'am; but perhaps in the meanwhile, it will be more agreeable to a lady of your powers of mind, to eat her meals by herself, and not to be intruded upon. I really ought to apologise to you — being only Josiah Bounderby of Coketown — for having stood in your light so long."

"Pray don't name it, Sir," returned Mrs. Sparsit. "If that portrait could speak, Sir, — but it has the advantage over the original of not possessing the power of committing itself and disgusting others, — it would testify, that a long period has elapsed since I first habitually addressed it as the picture of a

Noodle. Nothing that a Noodle does, can awaken surprise or indignation; the proceedings of a Noodle can only inspire contempt."

Thus saying, Mrs. Sparsit, with her Roman features like a medal struck to commemorate her scorn of Mr. Bounderby, surveyed him fixedly from head to foot, swept disdainfully past him, and ascended the staircase. Mr. Bounderby closed the door, and stood before the fire; projecting himself after his old explosive manner into his portrait — and into futurity.

Into how much of futurity? He saw Mrs. Sparsit fighting out a daily fight, at the points of all the weapons in the female armoury, with the grudging, smarting, peevish, tormenting Lady Scadgers, still laid up in bed with her mysterious leg, and gobbling her insufficient income down by about the middle of every quarter, in a mean little airless lodging, a mere closet for one, a mere crib for two; but did he see more? Did he catch any glimpse of himself making a show of Bitzer to strangers, as the rising young man, so devoted to his master's great merits, who had won young Tom's place, and had almost captured young Tom himself, in the times when by various rascals he was spirited away? Did he see any faint reflection of his own image making a vain-glorious will, whereby five-and-twenty Humbugs past five and fifty years of age, each taking upon himself the name, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown, should for ever dine in Bounderby Hall, for ever lodge in Bounderby Buildings, for ever attend a Bounderby chapel, for ever go to sleep under a Bounderby chaplain, for ever be supported out of a Bounderby estate, and for ever nauseate all healthy stomachs with a vast amount of Bounderby balderdash and bluster? Had he any prescience of the day, five years to come, when Josiah Bounderby of Coketown was to die of a fit in the Coketown street, and this same precious will was to begin its long career of quibble, plunder, false pretences, vile example, little service and much law? Probably not. Yet the portrait was to see it all out.

Here was Mr. Gradgrind on the same day, and in the same hour, sitting thoughtful in his own room. How much of futurity did *he* see? Did he see himself, a white-haired decrepid man, bending his hitherto inflexible theories to appointed circumstances; making his facts and figures subservient to Faith, Hope, and Charity; and no longer trying to grind that Heavenly trio in his dusty little mills? Did he catch sight of himself, therefore much despised by his late political associates? Did he see them, in the era of its being quite settled that the national dustmen have only to do with one another, and owe no duty to an abstraction called a People, "taunting the honourable gentleman" with this

and with that and with what not, five nights a-week, until the small hours of the morning? Probably he had that much fore-knowledge, knowing his men.

Here was Louisa on the night of the same day, watching the fire as in days of yore, though with a gentler and a humbler face. How much of the future might arise before *her* vision? Broadsides in the streets, signed with her father's name, exonerating the late Stephen Blackpool, weaver, from misplaced suspicion, and publishing the guilt of his own son, with such extenuation as his years and temptation (he could not bring himself to add, his education) might beseech; were of the Present. So, Stephen Blackpool's tombstone, with her father's record of his death, was almost of the Present, for she knew it was to be. These things she could plainly see. But how much of the Future?

A working woman, christened Rachael, after a long illness once again appearing at the ringing of the Factory bell, and passing to and fro at the set hours, among the Coketown Hands; a woman of a pensive beauty, always dressed in black, but sweet-tempered and serene, and even cheerful; who, of all the people in the place, alone appeared to have compassion on a degraded, drunken wretch of her own sex, who was sometimes seen in the town secretly begging of her, and crying to her; a woman working, ever working, but content to do it, and preferring to do it as her natural lot, until she should be too old to labour any more? Did Louisa see this? Such a thing was to be.

A lonely brother, many thousands of miles away, writing, on paper blotted with tears, that her words had too soon come true, and that all the treasures in the world would be cheaply bartered for a sight of her dear face? At length this brother coming nearer home, with hope of seeing her, and being delayed by illness; and then a letter in a strange hand, saying, "he died in hospital, of fever, such a day, and died in penitence and love of you: his last word being your name?" Did Louisa see these things? Such things were to be.

Herself again a wife — a mother — lovingly watchful of her children, ever careful that they should have a childhood of the mind no less than a childhood of the body, as knowing it to be even a more beautiful thing, and a possession, any hoarded scrap of which, is a blessing and happiness to the wisest? Did Louisa see this? Such a thing was never to be.

But, happy Sissy's happy children loving her; all children loving her; she, grown learned in childish lore; thinking no innocent and pretty fancy ever to be despised; trying hard to know her humbler fellow-creatures, and to beautify their lives of machinery and reality with those imaginative graces and delights,

without which the heart of infancy will wither up, the sturdiest physical manhood will be morally stark death, and the plainest national prosperity figures can show, will be the Writing on the Wall, — she holding this course as part of no fantastic vow, or bond, or brotherhood, or sisterhood, or pledge, or covenant, or fancy dress or fancy fair; but, simply as a duty to be done, — did Louisa see these things of herself? These things were to be.

Dear reader! It rests with you and me, whether, in our two fields of action, similar things shall be or not! Let them be! We shall sit with lighter bosoms on the hearth, to see the ashes of our fires turn gray and cold.

THE END.

CHIPS.

PRIMOGUET.

THE departure of the French fleet from the harbour of Brest has been nearly as interesting an event to the English as the sailing of our own fleet from Spithead. Several magnificent vessels of war were towed out into the open sea by a steamer named the Primoguet. Among them were the ninety-gun ship, the Jean Bart, and afterwards the glorious ninety-gun ship, the Duguesclin. Almost every one knows who Jean Bart, the famous sailor of Dunkirk, was, and most people who have crossed the Channel in that direction have seen the gallant French hero's bust set up in the principal square of that somewhat dull, but very important maritime town; and as for the Breton hero Duguesclin, he is as well known as the Black Prince himself; but in England, very few, when they read the name given to the steamer of four hundred horse-power which has done so much useful service, can tell who Primoguet was.

Primoguet was a gallant captain of Brittany, who defended the fleet from the attacks of the English, at the time when Henry the Eighth of England, joined with the Emperor Maximilian of Austria, was on bad terms with Louis the Twelfth of France, who had united the province of Brittany to the mother-country, by his marriage with the Duchess Anne, widow of his predecessor, Charles the Eighth.

Anne, Duchess of Brittany, came into possession of her sovereignty at the age of fourteen; she was full of spirit, courage, and dignity, as well as beauty and accomplishments, and had a firm will and dauntless mind, but she was too weak to contend against France, and was forced to become twice the queen of the country to which she brought Brittany as her dower. She adored her Breton home and her Breton people, and was proud of the power of her navy: to her may be ascribed the honour of having first furnished a navy to France; and she it was who, at her own expense, built some of

the finest ships which had ever appeared in the French seas, her husband, Louis the Twelfth, being straitened in his means in consequence of the expenses of his Italian wars, for he was busy at this time in conquests over the Venetians, the Milanese, and the Pope.

The Queen had instituted an order for ladies, called the Cordelière, which was famous in her time, for several reasons: the chief was, that no lady could be admitted into it whose character did not stand on the very highest pinnacle of female excellence, for Anne of Brittany had so purified the court during her two reigns, that such virtue and propriety was never before known in France as during her time; and to be one of her maids of honour was enough to prove that lions, according to an ancient belief, would at once lie down tame at the feet of these Unas. All the nobles of the period strove, and clamoured, and petitioned to be allowed to choose wives from amongst this band of beautiful perfections, and it was Queen Anne who regulated all the marriages of her ladies of the Cordelière.

The word was a talisman throughout France; and even now, carved on many a palace wall at Amboise, at Tours, at Loches, and elsewhere, may be seen the Queen's cognisance, as famous in its way as the salamander of Francis the First. When, therefore, Anne commanded one of the most magnificent and powerful vessels that had ever been built in the docks of Brest, to be sent forth to aid her husband's navy, she christened it "La Cordelière," and gave the command of it to one of her chief captains, the bold and gallant Breton, Herué Primoguet.

The English had been committing many wanton ravages on the coast, and hitherto the French fleet, commanded by a celebrated captain named Prégent, had vainly sought to chastise them, although they had ventured far into the English seas with the hope and intention of doing so. The English admiral, and his ships — elated with success — came boldly down upon his adversaries, and it was then that Captain Primoguet and his gallant Cordelière first encountered him: a desperate engagement ensued, but the English vessels were numerous, and the Cordelière and her companions, could not stand against so many, and were unwillingly obliged to sail away, pursued hotly by the English admiral to the very entrance of the bay of Brest.

Primoguet was deeply mortified at this, and swore that, as soon as his vessels were repaired, he would lead them forth again, and either bring the English admiral's ship, the Regent, prisoner into port, or perish in the attempt.

It was on St. Laurence's day, in the year fifteen hundred and thirteen, that Primoguet sailed

out of port, directing his course to where he hoped to find the Regent, which he was not long in doing. No sooner did the two fleets come in sight of each other, than they prepared for a desperate affray. There was, however, a great inequality in the forces; for the French had but twenty vessels, all small, except the Cordelière; and the English had no less than eighty, most of them of infinitely larger size. This, however, did not deter the French from attacking; and it soon became known that the English admiral was so severely wounded that he was carried away and landed on the English coast, where he shortly afterwards died of the injuries he had received. The combat went on more furiously than ever, and several English vessels were disabled or sunk: at length the Regent, and the Cordelière approached each other near enough to grapple. The crews of both vessels fought with the utmost fury, but at length that of the Regent, finding that there was no other hope of saving their ship, from their topmast cast fire into the Cordelière, which almost instantly burst into flames.

The French sailors, seeing that there was no possibility of extinguishing the fire, and aware that there was no other chance for life, threw themselves into the sea in the hope of escaping by swimming; but Captain Primoguet, — resolving that, if his gallant Cordelière must be destroyed, the Regent should share her fate, — turned the burning side of his vessel to the wind in such a manner that the flames must reach the enemy. This terrific manœuvre took effect, and both ships were enveloped in the same conflagration.

In sight of the rest of the fleet, whose hostilities were suspended as they gazed in agonised commiseration on this terrible catastrophe, the vessels burnt on to the water's edge. Primoguet lingered as long as possible on the topmast head, till, finding it giving way, he cast himself, "all armed as he was," says the historian, D'Argentré, "into the boiling sea, and was drowned in spite of all efforts to save him, his heavy armour preventing his swimming."

THE ART OF BOREING.

There are many indications which seem to augur that we shall do greater deeds in tunnel-making by and by than our railway engineers have yet accomplished. The Romans, we know, anticipated us not only in the principle, but in the actual execution of tunnels like our Thames Tunnel; for there was re-discovered, about ten years ago, a tunnel under a narrow arm of the sea at Marseilles: this tunnel, whose existence had long been suspected, is said to be both larger and wider than the Thames Tunnel. Various writers, ancient

or modern, speak of another tunnel, four thousand Greek feet in length, bored through a mountain as a channel whereby water could be conveyed to Samos; of another three-quarters of a mile in length, near Naples, forming part of the old road from Naples to Pozzuoli; of another, a mile long, for draining the Alban Lake; of another, nearly three miles in length, to serve as a drainage-channel from the Lake of Celano to the river Siris, in the Neapolitan states.

So far as mere digging is concerned, the tough old Romans well understood the art of tunnel-making; it is only by means of new machines that we can hope to excel them. Railways have almost driven canals out of our thoughts; but in the days of Brindley and his successors the great bores in the shape of canal tunnels were neither few nor uninteresting. There are the Blisworth tunnel on the Grand Junction Canal, three thousand yards in length; and the Sapperton tunnel on the Thames and Severn Canal, nearly two miles and a half in length; and the Thames and Medway tunnel, now forming part of the North Kent railway, upwards of two miles in length; and the Pensax tunnel, on the Leominster Canal, about the same length; and the yet longer Marsden tunnel, on the Huddersfield Canal, more than three miles in length. What our railway tunnels are like, and what are their relative lengths, and what were the troubles and difficulties incident to their formation, railway literature has fully informed us. We know all about the Kilsby tunnel, which cost three hundred thousand pounds; and about the Box tunnel, pierced in all its vast extent through solid rock; and about the Dover tunnels, honeycombing Shakespeare's cliff, and its neighbouring chalk hills; and about the three or four tunnels which grope their way beneath proud Liverpool; and about the summit tunnel on the Lancashire and Yorkshire line, and the still larger summit tunnel on the Manchester and Sheffield railway, which had quite a special social history in respect to the lives and welfare of the navvies employed in digging it; and about the Glasgow tunnels, which boldly cut across, one under the other, at the outskirts of the city.

The general mode in which the tunnels are made is this:—The men make a cutting at each end, until they come butt up against the hill to be tunneled; and then they dig or blast and dig, until they have finished their great bore. They make shafts up to the surface, perhaps to let in light, perhaps to let out rubbish, but, more likely, to aid in ventilating the excavated passage.

The circumstance which leads us to think that greater tunnels will be made than have hitherto been made, is, that men are trying to invent machines that shall aid in the work. Hitherto it has been

altogether hand-work. We are afraid to say how many hundred thousand cubic yards of "stuff" have had to be removed in making our largest tunnels: and it is not necessary to say that the time and labour thus consumed must be enormous. The point to ascertain is, whether there can be a machine invented which can dig when the soil is soft and earthy, and another which can quarry when the soil is hard and rocky. There was a digging and excavating machine introduced a few years ago, in which a kind of enormous scuttle was urged by steam power to scoop a path for itself through a hill or mountain; perhaps, it did not answer, for we have lost sight of it during the last few years.

The Americans seem determined not to continue to bore tunnels in the manner adopted in the old country. A new machine was adopted, a year or so ago, by the North American Coal Company, near Pottsville, in Pennsylvania, for boring down to a seam of bituminous coal called the Big White Ash Vein. The bore-hole was four or five inches in diameter, and was bored at the rate of about two feet in an hour. The machine was so arranged that ten drills could be worked in a certain space at one time by any motive power; and the débris was washed up by a current of water from a pump worked by the same engine. The sinking or boreing of artesian wells seems to be one main object of the inventor of this machine; but the drills appear to be capable of working horizontally also, for the American scientific journals talk of a cutting bored by this machine in the face of a granite rock, twenty four feet in diameter.

Another new American borer is described as having been invented and fabricated at Hartford. There is, in the first place, a steam-engine of sixty-horse power; this moves four piston rods horizontally; these rods move four stout half-circle plates, and these plates are set with revolving blades. The four blades are set upon a revolving plate ten feet in diameter; and the movements of the whole are such that the revolving knives or cutters, each running a quarter of a circle, cut a circular ring seventeen feet in diameter, and also cut a hole in the centre. We are not quite certain whether a third machine has not been invented, still more recently, from which wonders are anticipated in relation to the boring of railway tunnels through solid rock.

Of all bores, one of the strangest, if it ever come to anything, will be the purposed tunnel or tube to be laid along the bed of a river or sea, or at any rate to be immersed in the water of the river or sea — not like the Thames Tunnel, with water above it only, but with water above and below, and on either side of it. There is an enterprising individual who bids

us act as follows. Make, says he, at your factory, or where you will, a tunnel or tube of strong plates of iron; strengthen it at intervals with girders of considerable thickness; adjust all the parts one to another, but take them in pieces to the water-side; get your diving-workers or working-divers ready clothed in diving dresses, to prepare the bed or bottom of the river or sea for the reception of the tube; join all the pieces to make a perfect tube; float this tube to its proper place; sink it by letting in water; then pump out the water; and lastly, finish your roadway or railway through this subaqueous tunnel. All this seems very easy upon paper, perhaps—and indeed, easy or not, it will not do, in the present age, to talk about the impossibility of any schemes; but the Coming Man is the most likely man we know, to run along a railway at the bottom of the sea.

But what a work will the Alpine tunnel be, should capital aid, and should war not impede the bold plan of the engineer! Glancing at a map of the region which separates Italy from France and Switzerland, it is at once apparent how formidable are the difficulties which an engineer must contend against, in any attempt to connect the railway system of central Europe with that of Italy. A crescent of mountains on the west, and a line of mountains on the north, seem to forbid all passage. The maritime Alps join the Apennines near Genoa, and the two together cut off Genoa, Nice, and Piedmont; — all three being portions of the Kingdom of Sardinia. It was hard work to establish a railway connexion between Turin and Genoa, by cutting and tunneling through and across this mountain barrier; and then, when so far done, what to do next? When in Piedmont, how to find a path for the locomotive into France or Switzerland? There are Mont Viso, and Mont Geneva, and Mont Cenis, and the Little Saint Bernard, and Mont Blanc, and the continuous ridge of which these mountains constitute the conspicuous summits, presenting a formidable barrier along the western margin of Piedmont; while there are the Great Saint Bernard, and Mont Cervin, and Mont Rosa, and the Simplon, and the Grimsel, and the Saint Gothard, and the Saint Bernard, forming, with their connecting ridges a still more forbidding barrier on the north. Thus, if all Italian and German jealousies could cease; if Sardinian Piedmont and Austrian Lombardy could become one in feeling, and could establish ways of travel that would be available for both; the mountain obstacles would still have to be contended against. The Splugen, the Stelvio, the Ortler Spitz, the Brenner, the Gross Glokner, and the portions of the Alps which connect them, would still intervene between Italy on the one hand, and

Switzerland and Central Europe on the other.

Among various routes proposed for crossing these Alpine obstructions, one which has occupied attention for two or three years past, has been brought forward by the Chevalier Mans. He selects a point between Mont Cenis and Mont Geneva, in that part of the Alps which separates Piedmont from Savoy. Once let this ridge be tunnelled by a railway, and the great difficulty will be over; for, there is tolerably level country to Susa and Turin on the one hand, and to Chamberry and France on the other. At present a railway is under construction, from Turin to Susa; and a mountain railway of thirty miles would connect Susa in Piedmont with Modena in Savoy. This mountain railway will have one tunnel of three thousand yards, and three or four others of minor character; but the great enterprise will be the summit tunnel, eight miles long, and more than one mile below the surface of the Alpine ridge at that part. M. Mans foresees that, excavated in the ordinary way, such a tunnel would require so large an amount of time and labour as would frustrate the whole affair; and he has invented an excavating machine to quicken his progress. According to the descriptions which have reached England, this excavating machine consists of a frame, in which are set a number of very broad chisels. The chisels are so arranged as to cut into the face of the rock, so as to make five horizontal grooves and two vertical channels. These grooves and channels will isolate four blocks of rock, attached only by their hinder surfaces to the parent rock, whence they may readily be separated by hammer-driven wedges. The blocks will be ponderous masses; for their length will be seven feet, their breadth three feet, and their thickness eighteen inches. The machine is half as broad as the tunnel; it will cut in one half, while the severed stone is being removed from the other half by trucks upon a tramway. The actual working of the chisels is effected by a series of shocks caused by the impulse of coiled springs, so that each chisel works a hole for itself; and a lateral movement of all the chisels connects all the chisel holes into a continuous groove or channel. A water-wheel or steam engine produces power which draws back the chisels and compresses the springs; and the power of the springs then drives the chisels violently against the rock. This alternation takes place a hundred and fifty times in a minute.

Chevalier Mans would begin at both ends of the tunnel, and quarry towards the centre, each machine doing its own four miles of work. He can obtain no vertical shafts to admit air, on account of the vast depth; but he thinks he can devise a plan for blowing air into the excavations, sufficient to ventilate them. He

asks for five years of time, and a million and a half sterling of money. Whether he will obtain either the one or the other, the future must show. Our own Robert Stephenson, when passing through Italy on his way to Egypt, went to see the excavating machine experimentally at work, and is said to have so far approved of it as to recommend a trial of its efficiency on an extended scale. The difficulties are great for a second-rate kingdom to grapple with — especially under the dark clouds of war and intestine commotion; but there is this advantage, — that the portion of the Alps selected by Chevalier Mans happens to be, on both its flanks and for many miles distant, wholly within the dominions of the King of Sardinia.

TREASURES.

LET me count my treasures,
All my soul holds dear,
Given me by dark spirits
Whom I used to fear.

Through long days of anguish,
And sad nights, did Pain
Forge my shield, Endurance,
Bright and free from stain!

Doubt, in misty caverns,
'Mid dark horrors sought,
Till my peerless jewel,
Faith, to me she brought.

Sorrow (that I wearied
Should remain so long),
Wreathed my starry glory,
The bright Crown of Song!

Strife, that racked my spirit
Without hope or rest,
Left the blooming flower,
Patience, on my breast.

Suffering, that I dreaded,
Ignorant of her charms,
Laid the fair child, Pity,
Smiling, in my arms.

So I count my treasures,
Stored in days long past;
And I thank the givers,
Whom I know at last!

TATTYBOYS RENTS.

IN Tattyboys Rents the sun shines, and the rain rains, and people are born, live, die, and are buried and forgotten, much as they do in Rents of greater renown. And I do not think that the obscurity of the Tattyboysians, and the lack of fame of their residence, causes them much grief, simply because I believe that they are unconscious of both. That happy conformation of the human mind which leads us firmly and complacently to believe that the whole world is ceaselessly occupied with our own little tinpot doings — that serenity of self-importance which lends such a dignity of carriage to little Mr. Claypipkin, as he sails down the street in company with big, burly Mr. Brazenpot — these, I dare say, set my friends in the locality that gives a name to this paper, quite at their ease in regard to the place they occupy, in the estimation of the universe, and engender a comfortable certainty that the eyes of Europe (that celebrated visionary) are continually fixed upon Tattyboys Rents.

To tell the plain truth about

them, nevertheless, the Rents are alarmingly obscure. Beyond the postman, the tax-collectors, and those miracles of topographical erudition who deliver County Court summonses, and serve notices for the Insolvent Court, I doubt if there are a hundred persons in London, exclusive of the inhabitants themselves, who know anything about Tattyboys Rents, or even whereabouts they are. It is believed that the names of the magnates of the Rents are inscribed in that golden book of commerce, the Post-office London Directory, but the place itself finds no mention there. By internal evidence and much collation of the work in question, it is surmised that Tattyboys Rents is not even the proper name of the score of houses so called, and that it is legally known — no not known, for it isn't known — but that it should be designated as — Little Blitsom Street. Plugg, of the water-rates, says that in his youth he well remembers a small stone tablet on the corner wall of number nineteen, running thus, "Little Blitsom Street, 1770," — and old Mrs. Brush, the charwoman, who, in the days of King James the First, would infallibly have been burnt for a witch, but is now venerated as the oldest inhabitant, minds the time "when a ferocious band of miscreants," whether forgers, burglars, or murderers, is not stated, were captured in Tattyboys Rents by that bold runner, Townshend, and his red-waistcoated acotholites, and by him conveyed before Sir Richard Birnie: the wretches being known as the "Little Blitsom Street Gang." Mogg's Map of the Metropolis, with the later charts of Richard and Davis, passes the Rents by, in contemptuous silence. Blitsom Street and long, dirty Turk's Lane, into which it leads, are both set down in fair characters, but beyond a nameless little space between two blocks of houses, there is nothing to tell you where Tattyboys Rents may be. It is no good asking the policeman anything about them. I have my doubts even whether he knows; but even granting his sapience, I have my suspicions that unless he knew your position and character well, he would affect entire ignorance on the subject. He has his private reasons for doing so. Tattyboys Rents are far too snugly situated, peaceable, and well-behaved, for its whereabout to be divulged to strangers — possibly of indifferent character. Therefore my advice to you is, if you understand navigation, which I do not, to take your observations by the sun and moon, and, by the help of your "Hamilton Moore," chronometers, quadrant, compass steering due north, and a guinea case of mathematical instruments, work out Tattyboys Rents' exact place on the chart, — and then go and find it. Or, "another way," as the cookery-book says, follow Turk's Lane, till you come to Blitsom

Street, up which wander till you stumble, somehow, into Tattyboys Rents.

Which last you are very likely to do literally, for the only approach to the Rents is by a flight of steps, very steep and very treacherous, their vicinity being masked by a grove of posts, and the half-dozen idlers whom you are always sure to find congregated round Chapford's beer-shop. And it has often happened that, of the few strangers who have travelled in Tattyboys Rents, the proudest and sternest: men who would have scorned to perform the ceremony of the Ko-tou in China, and would have scouted the idea of salaaming to the Great Mogul: have made their first entrance into the Rents with the lowliest obeisances, with bended knees and foreheads touching the pavement.

If Miss Mary Russell Mitford had not written, years ago, Our Village, it is decidedly by that name that I should have called this article. For, Tattyboys Rents are not only a village as regards their isolation, and the unsophisticated nature of their inhabitants, but they resemble those villages, few and far between, now-a-days, where is no railway station — cross-country villages, where the civilising shriek of the engine-whistle is never heard; where the building mania in any style of architecture is unfelt; where the inhabitants keep themselves to themselves, and have a supreme contempt for the inhabitants of all other villages, hamlets, townships, and boroughs whatsoever; where strangers are barely tolerated and never popular; where improvements, alterations, and innovations, are unanimously scouted; where the father's customs are the son's rule of life, and the daughters do what their mothers did before them. The Metropolitan Buildings Act is a dead letter in Tattyboys Rents, for nobody ever thinks of building — to say nothing of rebuilding or painting — a house. The Common Lodging-House Act goes for nothing, for there are no common lodging-houses, and the lodgers, where there are any, are of an uncommon character. No one fears the Nuisances Removals Act, for everybody has his own particular nuisance, and is too fond of it to move for its removal. The Health of Towns Act has nothing in common with the health of Tattyboys Rents, for fevers don't seem to trouble themselves to come down its steep entrance steps, and the cholera has, on three occasions, given it the cut direct. It is of no use bothering about the drainage, for nobody complains about it, and nobody will tell you whether it is deficient or not. As to the supply of water, there is a pump at the further extremity of the Rents that would satisfy the most exigent hydropathist; and, touching that pump, I should like to see the bold stranger female who would dare to draw a jugful of

water from it, or the stranger boy who would presume to lift to his lips the time-worn and water-rusted iron ladle attached by a chain to that pump's nozzle. Such persons as district surveyors and inspectors of nuisances have been heard of in Tattyboys Rents, but they are estimated as being in influence and authority infinitely below the parish beadle. There was a chimney on fire once at number twelve, and with immense difficulty an engine was lifted into the Rents, but all claims of the Fire Brigade were laughed to scorn, and the boys of the Rents made such a fierce attack on the engine, and manifested so keen a desire to detain it as a hostage, that the helmeted men with the hatchets were glad to make their escape as best they could.

The first peculiarity that will strike you on entering the Rents is the tallness of the houses. The blackness of their fronts and the dinginess of their windows will not appear to you as so uncommon, being a characteristic of Blitsom Street, Turk's Lane, and the whole of the neighbourhood. But, Tattyboys houses are very tall indeed, as if, being set so closely together, and being prevented by conservative tendencies from spreading beyond the limits of the Rents, they had grown taller instead, and added unto themselves stories instead of wings. I can't say much, either, for their picturesque aspect. Old as the Rents are, they are not romantically old. Here are no lean-to roofs, no carved gables, no overhanging lintels, no dormer or lattice windows. The houses are all alike — all tall, grimy, all with the mathematical dirty windows, flights of steps (quite innocent of the modern frivolities of washing and hearthstoning), tall narrow doors, and areas with hideous railings. One uncompromisingly tasteless yet terrible mould was evidently made in the first instance for all the lion's head knockers: one disproportioned spear-head and tassel for all the railings. I can imagine the first Tattyboys, a stern man of inflexible uniformity of conduct and purpose, saying grimly to his builder: "Build me a Rents of so many houses, on such and such a model," and the obedient builder turning out so many houses like so many bricks, or so many bullets from a mould, or pins from a wire, and saying, "There, Tattyboys, there are your Rents." Then new, painted, swept, garnished, with the mathematical windows all glistening in one sun-beam, the same lion's head knockers grinning on the same doors, the regularity of Tattyboys Rents must have been distressing: the houses must all have been as like each other as the beaux in wigs and cocked hats, and the belles in hoops and hair powder, who lived when Tattyboys Rents were built; but age, poverty, and dirt, have given as much variety of expression to these houses now,

as hair, whiskers, wrinkles, and scars give to the human face divine. Some of the lion-headed knockers are gone, and many of the spear-headed railings. Some of the tall doors stand continually open, drooping gracefully on one hinge. The plain fronts of the houses are chequered by lively cartoons, pictorially representing the domestic mangle, the friendly cow that yields fresh milk daily for our nourishment, the household goods that can be removed (by spring vans) in town or country; the enlivening ginger beer which is the favourite beverage (according to the cartoon) of the British Field Marshal, and the lady in the Bloomer costume. Variety is given to the windows by many of their panes being broken, or patched with parti-coloured paper and textile fabrics; and by many of the windows themselves being open the major part of the day, disclosing heads and shoulders of various conformations, with a foreground of tobacco pipes and a background of shirt-sleeves. Pails, brooms, and multifarious odds and ends, take off from the uniformity of the areas, while the area gates (where there are any left) swing cheerfully to and fro. Groups of laughing children bespangle the pavement, and diversify the door-steps; and liveliness, colour, form, are given to the houses and the inhabitants by dirt, linen on poles, half-torn-off placards, domestic fowls, dogs, decayed vegetables, oyster tubs, pewter pots, broken shutters, torn blinds, ragged doormats, lidless kettles, bottomless saucepans, shattered plates, bits of frayed rope, and cats whose race is run, and whose last tile has been squatted on.

Tattyboys originally intended the houses in his Rents to be all private mansions. Of that there can be no doubt: else, why the areas, why the doorsteps and the lion-headed knockers? But, that mutability of time and fashion which has converted the monastery of the Crutched Friars into a nest of sugar-brokers' counting-houses, and the Palace of Henry the Eighth and Cardinal Wolsey into a hair-dresser's shop, has dealt as hardly with the private houses in Tattyboys Rents. The shopkeeping element has not yet wholly destroyed the aristocratic aspect of the place; still, in very many instances, petty commerce has set up its petty wares in the front-parlour windows, and the chapman has built his counters and shelves on the ground-floors of gentility.

I have spoken so often of Tattyboys Rents, that the question might aptly be asked, Who was Tattyboys? When did it occur to him to build Rents? By what fortunate inheritance, what adventitious accession of wealth, what prosperous result of astute speculations, was he enabled to give his name to, and derive quarterly rents from, the two blocks of houses christened after him? So dense is the obscurity

that surrounds all the antecedents of the locality, that I do not even know the sex of the primary Tattyboys.

The estates, titles, muniments, and manorial rights (whatever they may be) of the clan Tattyboys are at present enjoyed by a black beaver bonnet and black silk cloak of antediluvian design and antemundane rustiness, supposed to contain Miss Tattyboys. I say supposed, for though the cloak and the bonnet are patent in the Rents on certain periodical occasions, the ancient female (she *must* be old) whom they enshroud is facially as unknown as the first Odalisque of the Harem to Hassan the cobler, or as the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan was to the meanest of his adorers. No man hath seen Miss Tattyboys, not even Mr. Barwise, her agent; nay, nor old Mr. Fazzle, the immensely rich bachelor of number thirteen; but many have heard her stern demands for rent, and her shrill denunciations of the "carryings on" of her tenants. It is said that Miss Tattyboys resides at Hoxton, and that she keeps her own cows. Men say that she discounts bills and is the proprietor of a weekly newspaper. It is certain that she is in frequent communication with Mr. Kemp, the officer of the Sheriffs' Court; and many are the proclamations of outlawry made against sprigs of nobility, with tremendously long and aristocratic names at the "suit of Bridget Tattyboys." Likewise, she arrested the honourable Tom Scaleybridge, M. P., at the close of the last session, but was compelled to release him immediately afterwards, he claiming his privilege. There are many solicitors of my acquaintance, who, in their mysteriously musty and monied private offices, have battered tin boxes with half effaced inscriptions relative to "Tattyboys Estate, 1829;" "Tattyboys Trust, 1832;" "Tattyboys *versus* Patcherly;" and "Miss Bridget Tattyboys." She is mixed up with an infinity of trusts, estates, and will cases. She is the subject of dreary law-suits in which the nominal plaintiff is the real defendant, and the defendant ought not to be a party to the suit at all. Time is always being given to speak to her, or communicate with her, or to summons her to produce papers, which she never will produce. Law reports about her cases begin with "So far back as eighteen hundred and ten;" "it will be remembered that;" "this part heard case;" and the daily newspapers occasionally contain letters denying that she made a proposition to A, or sued B, or was indebted to C: signed by Driver, Chizzle, and Wrench, solicitors for Miss Tattyboys. She got as far as the House of Lords once, in an appeal case against Coger Alley Ram Cunder Loll, of Bombay; but how this litigious old female managed to get out, physically or literally, to Hindostan, or into difficulties with a Parsee

indigo broker, passes my comprehension. A mysterious old lady this.

Meanwhile, Miss Bridget Tattyboys is the litigious landlady of Tattyboys Rents. There is no dubiety about her existence *there*. Only be a little behind hand with your rent, and you will soon be favoured with one of Mr. Barwise's "Sir, I am instructed by Miss Tattyboys;" and close upon that will follow Mr. S. Scrutor, Miss Tattyboys' broker, with his distraint, and his levy, and his inventory, and all the ceremonies of selling up. I should opine that Miss Tattyboys is deaf, for she is remarkable in cases of unpaid rent for not listening to appeals for time, and not hearing of a compromise. Gilks, the chandler's shopkeeper of number nine, whose wife is always in the family way, and himself in difficulties, once "bound himself by a curse" to seek out Miss Tattyboys at Hoxton, to beard her in her very den, and appeal to her mercy, her charity, her womanhood, in a matter of two quarters owing. He started one morning, with a determined shirt-collar, and fortified by sundry small libations at the Cape of Good Hope. He returned at nightfall with a haggard face, disordered apparel, and an unsteady gait; was inarticulate and incoherent in his speech; shortly afterwards went to bed; and to this day cannot be prevailed upon by his acquaintances, by the wife of his bosom even, to give any account of his interview, if interview he had, with the Megæra of Hoxton. Mrs. Gilks, a wary woman, who has brought, and is bringing, up a prodigious family, has whispered to Mrs. Spileburg, of the Cape of Good Hope, that, on the morning after Gilks's expedition, examining his garments, as it is the blessed conjugal custom to do, she found, imprinted in chalky dust, on the back of his coat, *the mark of a human foot!* What could this portend? Did Gilks penetrate to Hoxton, and was he indeed *kicked* by Miss Tattyboys? or did he suffer the insulting infliction at the foot of some pampered menial? Or, coming home despairing, was he led to the consumption (and the redundancy of coppers, and the paucity of silver, in his pockets would favour this view of the case) of more liquid sustenance of a fermented nature than was good for him? And was he in this state kicked by outraged landlord or infuriated pot companion? Gilks lives, and makes no sign. Pressed on the subject of Miss Tattyboys, he reluctantly grumbles that she is an "old image," and this is all.

Dear reader (and the digression may be less intolerable seeing that it takes place in what is but a digression itself), I do wonder what Miss Tattyboys is like. Is she really the stern, harsh, uncompromising female that her acts bespeak her? Does she sit in a rigid cap, or still accoutred in the black bonnet and

veil in a dreary office-like parlour at Hoxton, with all her documents docketed on a table before her, or glaring from pigeonholes, shelves, and cupboards? Or is she a jolly, apple-faced, little woman, in a cheery room with birds and plants and flowers, liking a cosy glass and a merry song: a Lady Bountiful in the neighbourhood, a Dorcas to the poor, the idol of all the dissenting ministers around? Perhaps. Who knows? Ah! how unlike we all are to what we seem! How the roar of the lion abroad softens into the bleating of the lamb at home! How meekly the fierce potent shoolmaster of the class-room holds out his knuckles for the ruler in the study! He who is the same in his own home of homes as he is abroad, is a marvel.

Miss Tattyboys has a carriage and a horse, but for certain reasons upon which I briefly touched in allusion to the parish engine, her visits to the Rents are made perforce on foot. Monday mornings, black Mondays emphatically, are her ordinary visiting days; and on such mornings you will see her dusky form looming at Mr. Fazzle's door, or flitting through the Rents as she is escorted to her carriage by Barwise, her agent. Communications may be made direct to her, but they always come somehow through Barwise. He may be described as the buffer to the Tattyboys train; and run at her ever so hard, Barwise receives the first collision, and detracts from its force. If Gilks wants time, or Chapford threatens to leave unless his roof is looked to, or Mrs. Chownes asks again about that kitchen range, or Spileberg expresses a savage opinion that his house will tumble in next week, and that there 'll be murder against somebody, Barwise interposes, explains, promises, refuses, will see about it. Which Barwise never does. You try to get at Miss Tattyboys, but you can't, though you are within hand and earshot of her. The portentous black veil flutters in the wind; you are dazzled and terrified by her huge black reticule bursting with papers; you strive to speak; but Miss Tattyboys is gone, and all you can do is to throw yourself upon Barwise, who throws you over.

The carriage of the landlady of the Rents is an anomalous vehicle on very high springs, of which the body seems decidedly never to have been made for the wheels, which on their part appear to be all of different sizes, and shriek while moving dreadfully. Much basket-work enters into the composition of Miss Tattyboys's carriage, also much rusty leather, and a considerable quantity of a textile fabric resembling bed-ticking. There are two lamps, one of which is quite blind and glassless, and the other blinking and knocked on one side in some bygone collision, to a very squinting obliquity. A complication of straps and rusty

iron attaches this equipage to a very long-bodied, short-legged black horse, not unlike a turnspit dog, which appears to be utterly disgusted with the whole turnout, and drags it with an outstretched head and outstretched legs, as though he *were* a dog, and the carriage were a tin kettle tied to his tail. There has been blood and bone once about this horse doubtless; but the blood is confined at present to a perpetual raw on his shoulder, artfully veiled from the Society's constables by the rags of his dilapidated collar, and the bone to a lamentably anatomical development of his ribs. To him, is Jehu, a man of grim aspect and of brickdust complexion, whose hat and coat are as the hat and coat of a groom, but whose legs are as the legs of an agricultural labourer, inasmuch as they are clad in corduroy, and terminate with heavy shoes, much clayed. He amuses himself while waiting for his mistress with aggravating the long-bodied horse with his whip on his blind side (he is wall-eyed) and with reading a tattered volume, averred by many to be a hymn-book, but declared by some to be a Little Warbler, insomuch as smothered refrains of "right tooral lol looral" have been heard at times from his dreary coachbox. It is not a pleasant sight this rusty carriage with the long horse, and the grim coachman jolting and staggering about Blitsom Street. It does not do a man good to see the black bonnet and veil inside, with the big reticule and the papers, and overshadowed by them all, as though a cypress had been drawn over her, a poor little weazened diminutive pale-faced little girl, in a bonnet preposterously large for her, supposed to be Miss Tattyboys's niece, also to be a something in Chancery, and the "infant" about whose "custody" there is such a fluster every other term, the unhappy heiress of thousands of disputed pounds.

I cannot finally dismiss Miss Tattyboys without saying a word about Barwise, her agent. Barwise as a correspondent is hated and contemned, but Barwise as a man is popular and respected. His letters are dreadful. When Barwise says he will "write to you," you are certain (failing payment) of being sued. Barwise's first letters first begin, "It is now some time since;" his second missives commence with the awful words, "Sir, unless;" and after that, he is sure to be "instructed by Miss Tattyboys," and to sell you up. It is horrible to think that Barwise not only collects Miss Tattyboys's rents; but that he collects debts for anybody in the neighbourhood, takes out the abhorred "gridirons," or County Court summonses, is an auctioneer, appraiser, valuer, estate, house, and general agent. Dreadful thought for Barwise to have a general agency over you! Yet Barwise is not horrible to view, being a sandy man of pleasant mien, in a long brown

coat. He is a capital agent, too, to employ, if you want to get in any little moneys that are due to you; and then it is astonishing how you find yourself egging Barwise on, and telling him to be firm, and not to hear of delay. I think there is but one sentiment that can surpass the indignation a man feels at being forced to pay anything he owes — and that is the indignation with which he sets about forcing people to pay, who owe him anything.

Barwise sings a good song, and the parlour of the Cape of Good Hope nightly echoes to his tuneful muse. I don't believe he ever went farther seaward than Greenwich, but he specially affects nautical ditties, and his plaintive "Then farewell my trim-built wherry," and "When my money was all spent," have been found occasionally exasperating to parties whose "sticks" he has been instrumental in seizing the day before. On festive occasions I have however heard his health proposed, and the laudatory notes of "For he's a jolly good fellow!" go round.

There are three notable institutions in Tattyboys Rents. I am rather at a loss which first to touch upon. These are the posts, the children, and the dogs — and all three as connected with the steps. Suppose, in reverse order of rank, I take the brute creation first. Tattyboys Rents if it were famous for anything, which it is not, should be famous for its dogs. They are remarkable, firstly, for not having any particular breed. Gilks, the chandler's shopkeeper, had a puppy which was "giv' to him by a party as was always mixed up with dogs," which he thought, at first, would turn out a pointer, then a terrier, then a spaniel; but was miserably disappointed in all his conjectures. He had gone to the expense of a collar for him, and the conversion of an emptied butter firkin into a kennel, and, in despair, took him to Chuffers, the greengrocer, and dog's meat vender, in Blitsom Street, and solemnly asked his opinion upon him. "There hain't a hinch of breed in him," was the dictum of Chuffers, as he contemptuously bestowed a morsel of eleemosynary paunch upon the low-bred cur. Charley (this was the animal's name), grew up to be a gaunt dog of wolf-like aspect, an incorrigible thief, a shameless profligate, a bully and a tyrant. He was the terror of the children and the other dogs; and as if that unhappy Gilks had not already sufficient sorrows upon his head, had the inconceivable folly and wickedness to make an attack one Monday morning upon the sacred black silk dress of Miss Tattyboys. You may imagine that Barwise was down upon Gilks the very next day, like a portcullis. Charley henceforth disappeared. Gilks had a strange affection for him, and still cherished a fond belief that he would turn out something in the tho-

rough-bred line some day; but the butter-firkin was removed to the back yard, and Charley was supposed to pass the rest of his existence in howling and fighting with his chain in that town-house amid brickbats, cabbage-stalks and clothes-pegs, having in addition a villegiatura or country-house in an adjacent dust-bin, into which the length of his chain just allowed him to scramble, and in the which he sat among the dust and ashes, rasping himself occasionally (for depilatory purposes) against a potsherd.

There is a brown dog of an uncertain shade of mongrelity who (they are all such characters these dogs that I think they deserve a superior pronoun) belongs to nobody in particular, and is generally known in the Rents as the Bow-vow. As such it is his avocation and delight to seek the company of very young children (those of from eighteen months to two years of age are his preference) whose favour and familiarity he courts, and whom he amuses by his gambols and good-humour. The bow-wow is a welcome guest on all door-steps, and in most entrance halls. His gymnastics are a never-failing source of amusement to the juvenile population, and he derives immense gratification from the terms of endearment and cajolement addressed by the mothers and nurses to their children, all of which expressions this feeble-minded animal takes to be addressed to himself, and at which he sniggers his head and wags his stump of a tail tremendously. I have yet to learn whether this brown, hairy, ugly dog is so fond of the little children, and frisks round them, and rolls them over with such tender lovingness, and suffers himself to be pulled and pinched and poked by his playmates all with immovable complacency — I say, I have yet to learn whether he does all this through sheer good-humour and fondness for children, or whether he is a profound hypocrite, skilled in the ways of the world, and knowing that the way to Mother Hubbard's cupboard, when there are any bones in it, is through Mother Hubbard's heart. I hope, for the credit of dog nature and for my own satisfaction, loving it, that the first is the cause.

The only dog in the Rents that can claim any family or breed is an animal by the name of Buffo, who was, in remote times, a French poodle. I say *was;* for the poodleian appearance has long since departed from him, and he resembles much more, now, a very dirty, shaggy, white bear, seen through the small end of an opera-glass. He was the property, on his first introduction to the Rents of one Monsieur Phillips — whether originally Philippe or not, I do not know — who, it was inferred from sundry strange paraphernalia that he left behind him on his abrupt departure from his residence, was something in the magician, not to say conjuror and mountebank line. Buffo was

then a glorious animal, half shaved, as poodles should be, with fluffy rings round his legs, and two tufts on his haunches, and a coal-black nose, and a pink skin. He could mount and descend a ladder; he could run away when Monsieur Phillips hinted that there was a "policeman coming;" he could limp on one leg; he could drop down dead, dance, climb up a lamp-post at the word of command. It was even said that he had been seen in James Street, Covent Garden, on a ragged piece of carpet, telling fortunes upon the cards, and pointing out Monsieur Phillips as the greatest rogue in company. Monsieur Phillips, however, one morning suddenly disappeared, leaving sundry weeks' rent owing to his landlord, Chapford, of the beershop; his only effects being the strange implements of legerdemain I have noticed, and the dog Buffo, whom he had placed at livery, so to state, at least at a fixed weekly stipend for his board and lodging. I need not say that in a very short time the unfortunate dog "eat his head right off;" the amount of paunch he had consumed far exceeding his marketable value. Chapford, after vainly debating as to the propriety of turning the magician's cups into half-pint measures, and his balls into bagatelle balls, sold them to Scrutor, the broker, and Buffo himself to Joe (surname unknown) who is a helper up Spavins' yard, the livery and bait stables, in Blitsom Street. Joe "knowed of a lady down Kensington who was werry nuts upon poodles;" and Buffo previous to his introduction to the lady amateur, was subjected to sundry dreadful operations of farriery, in the way of clipping, staining, and curtailing, which made him from that day forward a dog of sullen and morose temper. He soon came back from Kensington in disgrace, the alleged cause of his dismissal being his having fought with and killed a gray cockatoo. He was re-sold to Mrs. Lazenby, old Mr. Fazzle's housekeeper; but he had either forgotten or was too misanthropic to perform any of his old tricks, regarded policemen unmoved, and passed the whole pack of cards with profound disdain. A report, too, founded on an inadvertent remark of Chapford, that he (Buffo) had once been on the stage, and had been fired out of a cannon by the clown in a pantomime, succeeded in ruining him in the opinion of the Rents, who hold all "play-actors" in horror: he passed from owner to owner, and was successively kicked out and discarded by all, and now hangs about Chapford's, a shabby, used-up, degraded, broken-down beast.

Is there anything more pitiable in animal nature than a thoroughly hard-up dog? Such a one I met two Sundays back in a shiningly genteel street in Pimlico. He was a cur, most wretchedly attenuated, and there in Pimlico

he sat, with elongated jaws, his head on one side, his eyes wofully upturned, his haunches turned out, his feet together, his tail subdued, his ribs rampant: an utterly worn out, broken down, ruined old dog. If he had taken a piece of chalk, and written "I am starving," fifty times on the pavement in the most ornamental caligraphy, it could not have excited more sympathy than the unutterable expression of his 'oblique misery, propped up sideways against a kitchen railing. I had no sooner stopped to accost him, than, taking it for granted that I was going to kick him or beat him because he was miserable, he shambled meekly into the gutter, where he stood shivering; but I spoke him fair, and addressing him in what little I knew of the Doggee language, strove to reassure him. But how could I relieve him? What could I do for him? It was a stern uncompromising shining British Sunday; there was no back slum nigh; no lowly shop, whither I could convey him to regale on dog's meat. Moreover it was church time, and I could not even purchase licensed victuals for his succour. It was no good giving him a penny. I might as well have given him a tract. He was unmistakeably mangy, and I could not convey him home; and I knew of no dog-hospital. So I exhorted him to patience and resignation, and left him reluctantly; persuaded that the greatest charity I could have extended to him would have been to blow his brains out.

You are not to think that these I have mentioned are all the dogs of which Tattyboys Rents can boast. Many more are they, big dogs and little dogs: from that corpulent Newfoundland dog of Scrutor's, the broker, whose sagacity is so astounding as to lead to his being trusted with baskets and cash, to purchase bread and butcher's meat — the which he does faithfully, bringing back change with scrupulous exactitude — and whose only fault is his rapid rate of locomotion, and defective vision, which lead him to run up against and upset very nearly everybody he meets in his journeys — to Bob Blather, the barber's, cock-tail terrier, which can kill a "power of rats," and has more than once been matched in Bell's Life (familiarly called by the sporting part of the Rents, The Life) to do so. I may say to the honour of the dogs of Tattyboys Rents, that they seldom stray beyond its limits; and that if any strange dog descend the steps leading thereunto, they invariably fall upon, and strive to demolish him with the utmost ferocity.

The children of the Rents are so much like other street children that they preserve the same traditions of street games and songs common to other localities. They are remarkable, however, for a certain grave and sedate demeanour which I have never failed to observe in children who

are in the habit of sitting much upon flights of steps. Such steps are the sands of life, and the sea of the street rolls on before them. The steps of Tattyboys Rents are to the children there a place of deliberation, recreation, observation, and repose. There, is to-morrow's lesson studied; there, does the baby learn a viva-voce lesson in walking; there, is the dirt pie made, and the sharp pointed "cat" constructed; there, does the nurse child rest, and the little maid achieve her task of sewing; there, are tops wound, and marbles gambled for, and juvenile scandals promulgated; there, is the quarrel engendered, and the difference adjusted. It is good to see this La Scala of Tattyboys Rents on a sunshiny day; its degrees sown with little people, whose juvenile talk falls cheerfully on the ear after the ruder conversation at the posts. The posts are immediately behind the steps, forming a grove of egress, — a sort of forest of Soignies, behind the Mont Saint Jean of the Rents, — into Blitsom Street. At the posts, is Wapford's beershop; pots are tossed for at the posts, and bets are made on horseraces. Many a married woman in the Rents "drats" the posts, at whose door she lays the Saturday night vagaries of her "master;" forgetting how many of her own sex are postally guilty, and how often she herself has stood a gossiping at the posts.

And so, from the Pump at one extremity to the Posts at the other, I have glanced fitfully at Tattyboys Rents. There are other and queerer characters resident in its dingy old houses; if you have any curiosity to know further about them, I may gratify it in good time.

NATURE'S CHANGES OF DRESS.

The infinite variety of costume in which Nature decks herself originate in ninety-two thousand nine hundred and thirty chief designs, and every one of these designs is capable of countless variation. Her numberless shades, her harmonious blendings of colour, her rich treasury of shapes and modes, are hardly glanced at by the languid eye of Fashion. Fashion may, in common with the rest of the world, have heard of the "earth's apparel," but she scarcely knows how the whole is arranged, or where each of Nature's modes most prevails.

In every zone the earth wears a different livery; in every country Nature bedecks herself after a different fashion. Bnt, everywhere her garb is many-coloured and multiform. The turbaned Indian and the chimney-pot-hatted Englishman, are not more widely dissimilar in costume than Nature's dress in India is unlike Nature's dress in England. Her modes are more lasting than the fashions of human kind, for Nature counts life by centuries; we by seconds. They are less ca-

pricious, although infinitely more numerous. For, on a grand scale, Nature follows a definite plan in the ordering and arrangement of her apparel: not perhaps easily seen until we glance with comprehensive eye from the pole to the equator. We then perceive that the method of Nature is directly opposed to the method of man.

As the tribes of men approach the broiling tropics, they divest themselves of heavy and cumbrous clothing, and resort to simple, thin attire. But it is exactly where the tropical sun glows most fiercely, that Nature clothes herself in a dense tapestry of vegetation. In the north, where we muffle our pinched forms in layers of clothing, the earth hardily bares its breast to winter. In the south, where to us even the lightest jacket is oppressive, Nature invests herself in a thick and gorgeous mantle. Where moisture is a rare visitant, and where, when it does visit the earth, it comes either in torrents from the sky, or in periodical overflows from rivers, the vegetation is of massive spongy texture, with gaping mouths and capacious organs, capable of receiving and retaining large supplies of water. A slow rate of evaporation from the stores thus laid up, cools the surrounding atmosphere; and descending in dew, refreshes the parched soil; or, vivifying it, rescues it from barrenness. Perhaps tailors may take a hint from Nature's arrangement of her apparel in the tropics, and furnish us with refrigerating coats for warm climates. Something might perhaps be done in the way of an evaporating coat — a delicious invention which would have the effect of cooling the wearer in proportion to the drought and heat of the atmosphere without. Botanically speaking, such an arrangement would, as we have seen, be strictly natural. If, however, any delighted Indian, who may chance to read these pages, should feel inclined, in the fulness of his trust in the wisdom of Nature, practically to adopt her method, and, inducting himself within a wet sheet, bask in the heat of the sun, let him report his experience; but first, let him consult his doctor.

The laws which regulate the distribution of plants over the surface of the earth, and the predominance of certain forms in special localities, — the sumptuary laws of nature, as we may well call them, since they determine everywhere the nature of the earth's apparel, — are peremptory and severe. If we examine the separate elements of the mass of vegetation which everywhere adorns the earth, we are not long before we recognise, in every zone, forms with which we do not meet elsewhere. In every latitude we find plants to which that special territory is assigned as their domain, beyond which their passport will not carry them, out of which they dare not

travel, unless the art and skill of man find them artificial homes. The Gulf-stream may carry the tropic seed to the coasts of Norway, — the bird or insect may bear the vegetable germ from Indian woods to plant it in a northern soil; but offended Nature avenges the transgression of her changeless laws. The seed never germinates, but is blighted by the asperities of a new and more rigorous clime. Thus the grape does not cheer the gloomy northmen; the vine being forbidden to pass beyond the latitude of Berlin. A line extended across Norway and intersecting the east coast of Sweden, bounds the northward travels of wheat. Beyond the barrier which intersects Drontheim, cold winds strike death on all wheaten crops. But, farther north, even in climates which the birch can no longer endure, hardy John Barleycorn thrives, and gladdens the hearts of men with honest cake and stout ale. Thus his praises are sung in regions where the more effeminate wheat is unknown.

The most potent viceroy whom Nature has appointed to preside over the distribution of plant-forms, and determine the fashion of the earth's vegetable clothing in every zone, is Heat. Heat rules the world of plants with iron sway. Before his red-hot sceptre, all vegetation bows. Accordingly as he distributes his bounteous rays the forms of vegetation are developed. He marks out the earth in regions, and in each he bids one general type of forms to prevail; each has its own fashion. Within these definite limits certain plants are confined by his will. As we journey from the poles to the equator, we pass successively through these belts of vegetation, strictly subjected to the influence of the laws of Heat. Passing rapidly from the icy arctic region, clothed only by the red snow-plant, — a simple vegetable-cell, — we enter a region of silky mosses, grey withered lichens, and low-stemmed alpine plants with tufts of foliage and of flowers. Next we plunge into a forest-region of dusky gnarled pines and tall needle-leaved firs, whose spreading trunks or mouldering mosses are swathed in a shroud of dull, sedge-like ferns. Traversing a variegated Flora, we reach — across the Drontheim line, where wheat begins — a region in which flourish the oak with its picturesque boldness of branching, the yet more noble chestnut covered with masses of foliage, the lime, and the elm. In this region, smiling meadows alternate with shadowy woods; and the industry of man has covered the face of the earth with rich and fruitful cornfields. Scaling the Alps, we descend into a zone of trees whose shining leaves the winter does not nip; around whose trunks climb the vine-boughs; and where, in summer, the beautiful rock-rose replaces the sweet-scented hyacinth of spring. This is the land where

Through the dark green leaves the gold oranges glow.

More fortunate in our power of return than those martyrs of our race whose ambition to unfold the mysteries of the Niger has hurried them to an early grave, we stretch across the African Desert, and enter the zone where the tropic sun vivifying the earth, moist with the heavy vapour of the ocean, imparts vigour to a matchless race of plants. Here, the slender date lifts its tall head on high, and mighty climbers twine around huge sycamores. The lichen of the north that sits so modestly in russet garb on rock or tree and calls no man's attention to itself, is exchanged for the parasite with gorgeous blossoms that entwine itself with the grasp of a boa-constrictor round some hapless trunk, until it happens to a tree in the tropics as it has happened in all climates to men, that the strong parasite attains the mastery and kills the stem by which it rose. Here, too, the leafless spurge prepares nutritious milk, or poisonous sap — the one hardly distinguishable from the other, except by careful analysis. The baobab displays gigantic masses of wood that have endured six thousand years; and the dragon-tree, "embosomed in infinite silence," recounts with speechless tongue the experiences of fifty centuries of time.

We have passed through the six regions of heat's dominions, in which an ever-increasing warmth [illegible]perature continually gives birth to a richer and more luxuriant vegetation. A more condensed but more laborious view of the compelling influence of heat might be obtained in toiling up the colossal mountains of the tropics; from whose summit man is enabled to contemplate alike all the families of plants and the stars of the firmament. Here, the different climates, instead of being spread over the earth's surface, are ranged one above the other; and heat, watching over the accomplishment of its eternal ordinances, arbitrarily limits the succession of the forms of vegetation; imprisoning each within its proper zone of elevation, as on plain land they were confined within parallels of latitude. From these heights the eye wanders over all the climatal regions of vegetation piled one above the other; surveying at a single glance the feathery palm, the tree-fern with lace-like foliage, the oak, the alpine rose, the yellow wavy grass-fields, and the grey lichen. At their base flourish the banana of the south and the orange: the lofty peaks are clothed with lichens or with eternal snow.

It is here that we most clearly recognise the imperial sway of heat over the vegetable kingdom. It was on the rocky walls and declivities of the Cordillera, that Humboldt first read the laws of heat indelibly inscribed, and demonstrated to us its potent influence in effecting the climatal distribution of organic forms, and in

altering the aspect of nature. It was a considerable step towards more perfect comprehension of this subject, when he connected with imaginary lines those points on the earth which enjoy the same mean temperature, and found that such "lines of equal heat" coincide with lines drawn to indicate the boundaries within which wheat, maize, rice, the vine, the olive, and other plants, are capable of successful cultivation. These lines of equal heat are far from being parallel to the equator; for local influences strongly affect the temperature of every part of the globe; but, to them closely cling the boundaries of vegetation, loyal to the laws of heat, and widely wandering from the parallels of latitude to follow accurately these devious lines which heat has traced for them; scorning the regular tracks which geographers have laid down. Nor does the plant dare to transgress this limitary legislation.

This is the primal contract: these the laws
Imposed by Nature: and by Nature's Cause.

Heat, however, is not the sole potentate by whose will the fashions of the earth's apparel are determined. Minor tyrants enforce equally stringent limitations; narrowing yet more the sphere of plant-existence, and the circle within which plant-migration is possible. One of these subregents, is soil. The plant indigenous to the chalky cliff, borne on the wings of the storm to a rocky granite headland, will as surely perish as the tropic shrub transported to an arctic clime. The cause is found in the part which soil plays in ministering to the life of Plant. Nature has ordained that while heat shall control with undisputed sway the chemical changes by which the plant assimilates its food, and converts into nourishment the raw material of its growth, the soil shall supply to each some earthy salt or mineral, different in every class of plants, but not the less essential to the life of the individual. Thus the plant is placed in this respect at the mercy of soil. For, while one plant must obtain a certain amount of lime, another requires potash, and a third silica. But, the soil does not everywhere yield to the plant these necessary conditions of its existence; and thus it is enabled despotically to impose a check on the progress of the plant over the surface of the earth. Some classes of plants can only live on turf soils, others in chalk soils, a third in land abounding in soda. It is especially those plants which require an unusual ingredient, or a large proportion of a not uncommon salt, that are most curtailed in their wanderings by the power of soil. Thus tobacco, requiring twenty per cent of lime and magnesia is confined to a very few places; and so the great sugar-producing species — abounding in iodine and soda, can flourish only in the sea. In the variety of its chemical character, soil finds

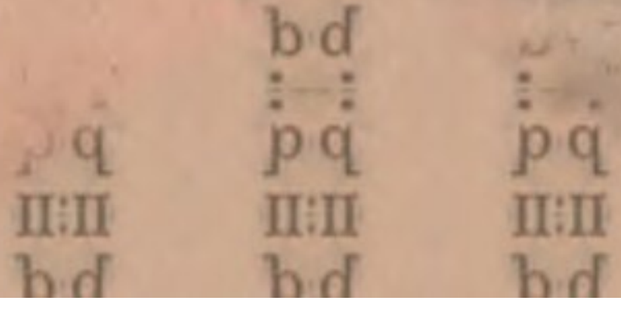
the means of binding to special districts all the forms of vegetation. Additional resources are furnished by the differing mechanical conditions of the earth. These have rendered it possible for soil to ordain to some plants a residence on broken rocks; to others a dwelling in loose powdery sand, or rich clayed mould. Hence old Virgil sang,

"Not every plant on every soil may grow,
The sallow-haunts, the watery ground and low,
The marshes, alders: Nature seems t' ordain
The rocky cliff for the wild ash's reign,
The baleful yew to northern blasts assigns,
To shores the myrtles; and to mounts, the vines."

Heat issues its orders that each class of plants shall confine their journeyings within fixed limits. The soil promulgates the decree, that even in its wanderings through the permitted space, the plant shall visit only certain localities. Heat sways the fashion of the earth's vegetable mantle in large regions of the earth. Soil determines how each portion shall be arranged, and where each floral decoration shall be fixed, bringing together plants of a similar nature, and arranging them in what botanists have termed social bands.

These laws remain for ever changeless in their action. Since the beginning of the world they have coerced all vegetable nature beneath a sway alike salutary and irresistible. Obedient to the laws of Heat, vegetation has throughout all earthly time advanced with the increase of temperature, receded with its decrease. How great the changes thus effected, recorded history can tell. But a few centuries ago Iceland still enjoyed a moderate degree of heat, and then still shared in the culture of grain; but, with the departure of heat, wheaten crops have also fled, and with difficulty are some scanty ears of barley now cultivated. Clover, as if for compensation, flying from the dry summers of the south, has taken refuge in the moister north. Northern Germany has seen in the last eighteen centuries a most propitious change. The labour of man appears to have gradually conciliated the goodwill of Heat, by levelling forests and draining swamps, and cultivating the ground; and, in a spot where Tacitus asserts that not even a cherry, much less a grape, would grow, the generous vine supplies a happier race with rich draughts of noble Rudesheimer.

This, with many other cheering facts, should preserve in us the faith that it is within the vocation and powers of man, by availing himself of the all-powerful influences of heat and soil, to save Greenland from becoming an uninhabited waste of ice, or Palestine from degenerating into a desert, — everywhere, indeed, to resist the abasement of nature.



MY CAVASS AND I.

My Cavass is eminently a fine gentleman. The Greeks say that he walks like a lady in an interesting condition. I should be rather inclined to describe his gait as a tragedy stalk, like that of a tragedian of very great power at the Victoria Theatre; but this is merely a difference of opinion. A Cavass is a sort of body-guard or man-at-arms off duty, who is the indispensable appendage of an official personage in the great kingdom to which I am accredited. I have a Cavass, therefore, because I am an official personage. I am Her Britannic Majesty's deputy assistant sub-vice consular agent at the island of Barataria. My former profession was that of dancing-master at a ladies' school. It was at my school that Lord Charles Luckidown, eldest son of the almost pauperised Earl of Strawtherby, met his wife, the then Miss Plumbus, eldest daughter of Plumbus, the great tea-man of the firm of Plumbus, Chops, and Twigging, who died worth one million and a half sterling. This was why I was appointed, by the interest of Lord Charles, out of gratitude, when he got into Parliament, as deputy-assistant sub-vice consular agent to the island above-mentioned; and why the pasha and barbarians of the place are made to tremble at my nod. It is also, probably, why I am not averse to nodding as often as an occasion turns up which admits of my doing so.

It is an instructive and refreshing sight to see me walk abroad with my Cavass. He carries a stout stick, and he uses it with singular diligence and vivacity on the heads of all who come between the wind and my nobility. Being representative of a friendly power, I love to show the importance of my government, of my mission, and of myself. This is why I am preceded by a Cavass with a stout stick, whenever I appear among the base, common, and popular of Barataria. My Cavass and I are about on a par in our knowledge and fitness for the consular service, and we entertain very much the same idea of the duties which have devolved upon us. We cherish a conviction that they may be briefly summed up in a frequent and vigorous use of the stout stick. We are not fond of arguing. We consider truth and discussion as a mere useless disturbance of our opinions on this or on any other subject; and it is but justice to us to add, that our opinions are those of the majority of Levant consuls.

I am not a Levant consul, but I am a sort of apology for one; and I live in the halo of that glory which surrounds my august and potent chief. My Cavass and I have almost absolute power over the liberties and comfort of the whole population of Barataria, and it comprises nearly

eighty thousand souls. This power was secured in a very striking and agreeable manner by my predecessor (Lord Fitz-toady Stewart's favourite sister's son) in a dispute about the right of a Maltese sailor to knock somebody down, and to receive compensation for the damage done to his knuckles on the occasion. The pasha did not seem to be clear-witted on the subject; for, although he is a gentle dignified old person enough, he is rather slow. My predecessor, therefore, whose name was Podger, took advantage of the arrival of a British man-of-war to enlighten his understanding, and to quicken his motions. Podger and the commander condescended to pay a visit to the governor in person. "Tell him," roared Podger to his dragoman, who fortunately could not speak English; "tell him he is a brute, a beast, a lout, a barbarian, a brigand, a cheat, a scoundrel; and that unless he pays for my subject's knuckles, which have been injured by the jaw-bone of the miscreant who is cursed by his rule, we will batter his town about his ears. Tell him this; tell him this!" And then Podger, aware of his interpreter's deficiency, made a sound as if of cannon, and thrust his beard (a remarkably fine beard) within a short space of the pasha's nose. That reverend old gentleman, comprehending the actions of the deputy-assistant vice-consular Podger better than his words, began to tremble. He had strength enough to gasp out a request, however, that his life might be spared; and a humble asseveration that he would do anything or anybody it might please Podger to have done. By means of the word "para," however (which signifies money), and the frequent use of his beard, and some complicated digital arithmetic, the pasha was made at last to understand that Podger insisted on receiving compensation for "his subject's" knuckles in money. It is needless to add that money was paid; and I should like to hear of the quiet, gentle, dignified old pasha ever bringing anything to a wrangle again with a representative of any future assistant sub-vice-consular agent of Her Britannic Majesty, at the Island of Barataria.

Indeed, what with the consequence assumed by me and my Cavass, as well as the consuls, and the assistants, and sub-vices, of the other protecting powers, together with each special and particular Cavass of each and every of these extremely amiable foreign officials, the pasha of Barataria has mighty little consequence of his own left. He is generally obliged to sing small, to use a mild and familiar expression. He is considered rather in the light of a bell-rope for angry consular agents to pull at than anything else; and whenever they want anything which ought not to be granted, he is pulled

until he tingles sufficiently to cause what is wanted to be brought.

My Cavass and I are perfectly above the jurisdiction of the barbarians among whom we live. We pay neither taxes nor respect to anybody, and treat the world in general from the extreme height of our grandeur with condign indignity. There is nobody who could be found bold enough to make any observation to us; for we are our own parliament, judges, jury, police, and executioners. We cannot hang, to be sure; but our power only stops short of hanging people; although, if once we were to get seriously out of humour, we might scourge, and cuff, and make things so desperately uncomfortable to the people in general, as to occasion a wholesale transportation.

My Cavass and I are accustomed to be treated with distinction in consequence of these powers and attributes. When we deign to go and show off our ill-temper to the local authorities, we insist that horses and proper attendants shall be sent to fetch us. When we are visited by meaner people, we expect that they will acknowledge the happiness of being admitted into our sublime presence by taking off their shoes, and raising the dust from our shoes to their foreheads. We do not indeed receive tribute in money; but we take it out in adoration. Upon the whole, perhaps, my Cavass and I are rather more locally absolute than the Emperor of Russia; and woe to the abandoned wretch who declines to koo-too to us. We mark him down in our black books, and he may understand thenceforth that it would be inconvenient to him to have any affair to settle with Her Britannic Majesty's deputy-assistant vice-consular agency.

My Cavass has another important prerogative from which I am unhappily debarred. It is that of making British subjects. When any of the natives of Barataria desire to cease the payment of taxes to their own government, and the disagreeable ceremony of submission to the laws of their land, they are apt to present themselves at the D.A. S.V.C. office, and to express their wish for a passport. I cannot speak Turkish, nor Greek, nor Italian, nor anything else but English and a few words of dog French, which my Cavass understands. I therefore refer to this functionary with the interrogatory, "Anglaise sudjit?" "O Dios!" replies my Cavass, laying his two hands by turn on his heart and his head. I understand this as an affirmative answer. Some papers are then presented to me which I cannot read. One of them I suppose to be a certificate of the applicant's baptism in some British possession. I know that there are no means by which such a document can be recognised with certainty, even if genuine. I know

that it bears no stamp nor official mark of any kind as it ought to do. I am therefore more or less indifferent; and create by my sign manual the law-breaker a subject of Her Majesty, exempt from his native taxes, his native bastinado, and may be from his native bowstring. Thus another British subject is made, and another national affront is offered to a weary and helpless ally of Her Britannic Majesty. I believe that British-subject-making forms a recognised portion of the revenues of my Cavass.

For the rest, my Cavass and I are by no means bad sort of people. I was an excellent dancing-master, and a very decent member of society before I was sent to Barataria vice Podger (promoted, in consequence of his father having lent money to young Fitztoady, who was a wild lad before he came into the peerage). More power than is good for them has turned the heads of all official personages in Barataria; it has also turned mine. Perhaps if my head had been a little stronger, it would not have been turned quite so much; but it would probably have been turned more stiffly, so it does not much matter. I am not too inflated or too stupid to see that I am merely a person whose official existence in a responsible post should be impossible; in other respects I am a nonentity. If I had been otherwise, the dignified official, who appoints all the servants on this establishment, would never have thought of me for a moment. My respected chief desires, like another Atlas, to carry the world entirely upon his own shoulders. And if, though a hale old gentleman, he is not quite strong enough for such a burden, this fact is more perceptible to others than to himself. One thing is also quite certain, that he would sooner let his burden fall and smash it, as he has done before now, than receive any sort of assistance, advice, or counsel from his nearest blood or official connexion. I am not the less a mighty man at Barataria; and I know that so long as I do nothing which ought to be done, I shall preserve the regard and goodwill of my diplomatic sovereign. I know that by neglecting all serious duties, I have everything to hope from his patronage; while if I were ever to display the smallest activity, he would infallibly ruin me.

My Cavass is conscious of these sentiments on my part; and he therefore carefully keeps from me all persons who are likely to break in, with troublesome projects or information, upon that tranquillity which is essential to the dignity of a deputy-assistant, subvice-consular agent of Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The consequence is that I know no more of what is going on within ten yards of my house, than I do of the immediate affairs

of Bokhara or Samarcand. My chief is fond of finding things out for himself; and if I were once to break in upon his animated labours by an indiscreet communication, I might as well be officially dead. The affairs of the world have been going on (I hear) also far too pleasantly lately for correct information to be of use to anybody; and there is nothing I admire more in my august superior than his determined and consistent antipathy to new ideas.

And now, respected public, farewell until quarter-day. You have read enough about me and my Cavass to understand that we are an ornament to the good old sleepy service to which we be.-long. We aim at the highest merit which that service recognises; the merit — officially speaking — of doing nothing. I can lay my hand on my heart and declare most conscientiously that, in that respect, I do my duty thoroughly. Hence, I am in hourly expectation of having my services — that is my forbearance — rewarded with promotion. My Cavass lives in a similar hope. You will therefore pay proper respect to us. But there your business with us ends. We are willing indeed to receive your money, but we wish to hear nothing further about you. A word in your ear, therefore: — If ever you should make a tour in the East, I would very strongly advise you as a prudent man to keep out of the way of me and my Cavass.

THE CANKERED ROSE OF TIVOLI.

Allandale and other places are in this country celebrated for their roses. Who has not heard of a rose with violet eyes or a lily breast, or teeth of pearl, or even taper fingers? In musical botany such flowers are frequently described; there is no doubt about them. I speak here of a rose belonging to a sister art, a rose belonging to the botany of painters. This flower has a sickly odour strongly impregnated with the fumes of wine, is of a dark brown colour, tall, and has a coarse bold handsomeness of feature. It is not a lovely woman, but an ugly man: at least a man morally ugly — Philip Roos — who, being a German or a Dutchman, settled at Tivoli, and, naturalised among the people of the sunny south, had his name converted into soft Italian, and was and is commonly known as the Rose of Tivoli. A century or two ago he was a cheery fellow, and he still lives in his pictures.

The Dutchmen claim him, and may have him if they like; so at least I should say if I were a German; for it is so much a worse thing to be a bad man than it is a good thing to be a good animal painter, that I should like better to repudiate than claim a share in the Roos blood. If he were Dutch by race he was a German by birth, for he was born at Frankfort-on-Maine in the year fifteen hundred and sixty-five.

Because his life is a story I propose to tell it, and without departure by a hair's breadth from the truth. Should this meet the eye of any person who has a humiliating consciousness that he could never paint a cow fit for posterity to look at, let such a person be at ease and sit contented in his easy-chair uncared-for by Europe. For his large contentment let him read this story of the Rose of Tivoli.

The old Rose, Henry, Philip's father, was a painter who had lived at Frankfort and been very careful of his gains. Miserly fathers commonly make spendthrift sons. Old Roos one night being burnt out of his house rushed back into the flames to save some of his treasures. He collected what he could, and took especial care to secure a costly gold-lipped vase of porcelain. On his way out he stumbled. The vase dropped from his hand. The porcelain was broken, but the miser stooped to gather up the gold. Smoke covered him, and he did not rise again. He died for the gold lips of his vase, as younger gentlemen are frequently said to have died for ruby lips on vessels of more precious clay.

That I may not begin my tale too soon, let me add that Philip Roos of Tivoli had not only a father, but also a brother, and that he too was a remarkably odd man. He was not miserly, he was not cheery, but he was magnificent. His name was Nicolas, and he too was a painter. He lived at Frankfort in an enormous house, though he was as poor as any church mouse that inhabits a cathedral. He had an immense train of miserable servants — a set of ragged creatures — who moved to and fro like a large colony of ghosts by whom the edifice was garrisoned. That was the state of Nicolas; he had grand furniture as well as a great mansion; the only vexation was that he and his people generally wanted victuals. When he had sold a picture for a good price and received the money he would come home snuffing the air. His hungry servants knew then by the height of his nose how much he had with him, and there was instantly a running to and fro with the most eager preparation for festivity. Fire was kindled on the cold hearths, lamps were lighted, the artist's wife wore sumptuous attire, and Nicolas enjoyed the luxury of princely pomp until the money was all gone. His establishment then starved, or lived upon their credit, and the ghostly garrison of lacqueys held the fortress against all assaults from the besieging duns. If the siege became too hot the painter worked with zeal and finished a new picture. "The poor creature," says Weyerman, "took up and put down his brush as often as a suitor puts his hat off and on in the antechamber of a prince." Sometimes when matters went very ill with him the distracted magnifico ordered all doors to be shut, and immured himself and

his men alive in the house as in a mausoleum.

The brother of this Nicolas was Philip Roos — the Rose of Tivoli. In his youth he had been encouraged and protected by a liberal and kindly patron, the landgrave of Hesse Cassel, who attached him to his court, encouraged him, and developed rapidly his talent. Further to assist in his development he placed in the young painter's hands a considerable sum of money, and bade him go and become perfect in his art by studying in Italy.

One day when Philip, then aged about thirty, was in the Campagna of Rome, sketching from nature, there drove by an elegant carriage in which was a prosperous old gentleman, with white hairs, a painter who enjoyed great fame and a thriving business, Hyacinth Brandi. The old gentleman stopped his horses and alighted to examine Philip's canvass. That was the first meeting of the Hyacinth with the Rose. Great masters of painting in those days in Rome and Florence habitually spoke to the pupils whom they found sketching about the country, assumed a sociable paternal tone, corrected errors, gave advice, even made alterations on the canvass, and sometimes presented aid in money to such students as were poor. Italy was a studio in which the painters lived together upon terms that became men who were of one liberal profession, members as it were of the same household. Hyacinth Brandi liked Roos's goats so much, and was so much surprised at his rapidity of touch, that as he wanted somebody to paint good animals into some pictures of his own, he hospitably bade the young man to his house.

Philip went willingly. Brandi had commissions by the dozen on his hands, and he had also a charming daughter. Of the charming daughter, and Italian beauty, Philip had a passing glimpse on his first visit, and for her sake when he went up to Brandi's painting room he so recklessly praised everything that he saw as to obtain at once free invitation to the old man's intimacy. He took pains to find out in the course of a few days that Hyacinth's daughter inhabited a wing of the house abutting on an inner garden. One day, therefore, calling when Hyacinth was busy, he said that he would wait his leisure in the garden; and having marched thither, lay under a tree to look out for the windows of the lady. When he had found out which they were, he stationed himself under them, and as soon as Miss Brandi appeared at her casement made her a courteous bow. She was surprised; but, as she saw that it was a handsome young man who bowed, she smiled as she shut the window and departed. From that point the Rose proceeded in due time to conversations and to the winning of the lady's heart. She had agreed to marry him. A

cruel father then discovered these proceedings, forbad Philip admission to his house, and shut up his daughter in a nunnery. In his anger he repeated twenty times a day that "she was not reared for a painter of beasts."

Philip Roos was a German and a Protestant, but as he was not at all particular about his religion, it occurred to him that he could do nothing better than renounce his errors, and throwing himself upon the bosom of the Church, Miss Brandi's mother, ask of the mother what the father had denied him — the young lady's hand in marriage. He went therefore one morning to the house of the cardinal-vicar, and represented himself as a man awakened to a sense of his own heresy; the prelate was charmed, and, claiming him for his own convert, gave him instruction and enjoyed the honour of presenting him as his own gift to the holy Church. Then the painter told the cardinal the story of his love, and asked for help. On the day following, the cardinal called on the Pope, the Pope asked who was the father of the young lady.

"Brandi the painter."

"Very well," he said, "then they are both painters. There is no disparity of condition; I can see no obstacle."

Hyacinth was sent for to the Vatican; it was no matter to the Pope whether Roos painted men or beasts or stones, the young convert d[illegible]d his reward, and Brandi, compelled to restrain his pride, gave up his daughter.

On the day after the wedding, Philip Roos sent back to the old man all the girl's clothes, even to her shoes and stockings, saying that the painter of beasts wanted none of his frippery, and that her beauty was his wife's sufficient ornament. Brandi, who was a very rich man, thereupon disinherited his daughter, and left her entirely to her husband's care.

He had taken her to a strange dwelling near Tivoli, at some distance from Rome. The house was formed out of the ruins of an ancient monument, and was situated in a sort of zoological garden that was full of birds, and beasts instead of flowers. Inside and outside it was peopled with pet rats and mice, dogs and cats, oxen and asses, goats, vultures, owls, and other such company. These were the painter's models that he kept about him, and it was no pleasant discovery for the poor wife to make during her honeymoon, when it appeared that her husband was not a whit less brutal than his oxen and his goats. He never stayed long with her, for he was a cheery fellow who had both his business and his tavern friends at Rome. The beautiful young wife soon found herself left by the week together in the old ruin, which was much more picturesque than comfortable, bewildered by the incessant concert made out of the crowing of cocks, clucking

of hens, grunting of pigs, barking of dogs, miauing of cats, bleating of goats, screeching of owls, lowing of oxen, all occasionally enriched by the fine tenor notes of the ass, who had the best voice in the company; Weyerman says that any traveller coming upon the young Roman girl, living there all alone with such companions, might have taken her for a Circe surrounded by the victims of her enchantment. The creatures seemed to be all besieging her with cries for restoration to their pristine shapes. Poor girl, the only victim to her charms was herself.

Roos and his servant used to quit her, and set out for Rome, where the master spent rollicking days in taverns, and when money failed dashed off a picture which the man sold to the first purchaser who would give for it enough to keep the merry game alive. His pictures were in this way made so cheap that they lost all respectability and formed but a poor source of subsistence to their author. Yet his genius had no rival then upon the spot, and he might have easily become a wealthy man.

The society of painters from the Netherlands at Rome — a society that called itself the Bent — styled Roos, Mercury, for his rapidity, a quality in which he was equalled by no artist of his time. Count Martenitz, an Austrian ambassador, and General Roos, a Swede, famous for duelling propensities, once disputed on the subject of the speed of hand that characterized Philip Roos the painter. The Count betted a number of gold pieces that Philip would begin and complete a picture while they played a certain game of cards, that usually occupied about thirty minutes; as we might now say, while they played a rubber. The bet was taken, and the painter readily enough submitted to the trial. Easel and brushes were brought into the drawing room and a canvas of the size usually employed for the sketching of a head — *a tela di testa* — was laid upon the easel to be filled. The gentlemen sat down to their cards, and Roos began to paint. Before the game was over he informed them that his work was done. He had covered the canvas with a shepherd and two or three sheep and goats placed in the middle of a landscape. The general paid his lost bet, of which some of the gold pieces went into the hands of the artist, who, within a few hours, managed to transfer them to the pocket of a tavern-keeper.

The same painter once having aspired to execute a grand piece, took a canvas forty feet square. In sixteen days he filled it, having put upon it in that time six hundred figures of animals. In the foreground were horses and oxen of the size of life; others were in the distance, and they were all so well designed and

grouped, and placed in so complete a landscape, that nothing but the united testimony of many people would induce belief that he had not spent many months in the production of the piece; for, notwithstanding his rapidity, his work was good: of course his best pictures were those that he composed with care and much deliberation, but in his most rapid painting he was always accurate in outline, harmonious in colour, and above all remarkable for skill in grouping, and for the variety of effect that he had at his command. His backgrounds were all different. He never repeated himself, and he drew animals of any kind, not being addicted specially to dogs or cows or goats or sheep.

These were the talents that he wasted. They scarcely paid his tavern bills and ill maintained his wife. That ill-fated woman lived as she could, hungrily at Tivoli, not only wanting proper maintenance herself but unable to provide properly for the animals that constantly distracted her with hungry cries. When her husband came to her sometimes for a few days and brought with him a very little money he was deaf to all her pleadings. Then she fell into a melancholy silence, and he found her dull, so that he travelled back the sooner to his jolly company.

The painter's servant took advantage of his master's folly. That shrewd follower had saved a little money and he borrowed more. Then when the Rose of Tivoli got caught in a tavern he painted a picture whereby to effect his escape and sent off his man to sell it "to the first dealer he found who was not too much of a thief;" the man carried it to a room of his own, locked it up and brought back out of his own money, as if from the dealers, whatever price he supposed would be enough to satisfy his master. In that way he not only accumulated a great number of Roos's works, but at the same time withheld them from the market and enhanced their money value. When Roos died he sold off his collection and acquired a little fortune.

Of Philip, as of his brother Nicholas, it was easy to see at a glance whether he had or had not money in his pocket. His contemporaries have recorded that whenever he had an empty pocket he sneaked along the house-walls with a bowed head and a contrite look, and dived into an alley if he saw any one of his acquaintances upon his path. When he had dollars in his pocket he held up his head, poked out his chest, rested a hand upon a hip and snuffed the air. He charged down then upon any comrade whom he saw, shook hands with him and dragged him off whether he would or not, to treat him at a tavern. All this time his wife pined in the old ruin at Tivoli, ceasing to think of him and mourning for her father who

was dead, and had cursed her in his dying hour.

The Landgrave of Hesse Cassel who had sent Philip Roos to Rome, not hearing from him or receiving any pictures, supposed that he was dead too, and coming afterwards, by chance to Rome himself, about the year sixteen hundred and ninety-eight, was vexed to find how ill his patronage had been rewarded. Roos for a time avoided meeting him; but was at last urged to present himself and honestly confess his errors. The landgrave received him kindly, and asked for a picture which the painter vowed that he should have. But, rapid artist as he was, and great as were his obligations to the landgrave, both for social aid and for hard money given to him, he did not spend ten minutes in a picture for him. He sent nothing, and again kept out of his way.

While he was thus wasting his opportunities and powers, Philip Roos on one occasion went to Tivoli, and was met with more than the ordinary clamour from his birds and beasts, who surrounded his house with the urgent, painful cries of creatures that for many hours had not been fed. He ran to his wife's chamber and found her white and still upon her bed, her fatal beauty marred with the few lines that had been left there by a long despair. In her cold right hand there was a piece of paper firmly grasped; it was the last letter written to her by her father; she had died thinking of him, and not of Philip.

The husband was not capable of worthy grief. He plunged into fresh excesses, became prematurely haggard, staggered about the streets enveloped in the odours of the wine shop, and died, at fifty, of decrepitude. The Italians, embarrassed by his German name, called this great painter the Rose of Tivoli. A great painter, but a little man.

After all, perhaps, the immortality of genius, taken alone, is not worth envying. He is both a great man and a happy man who knows how to be as respectable as he is clever; but sever the two qualities, and who would not rather be the honest man of Hackney than such an ever-blooming Rose as that which, by help of the clever little memoir lately compiled from first authorities by M. Alfred Michiels, has been here depicted?

THREE GRACES OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Has any one of our readers ever seen a mind locked up in a case, the key of which cannot be found? Such is the condition of a human being without senses.

But are there such beings? it may be asked. There has been at least one, of which this dreadful conception is nearly a faithful account. There is a girl in Switzerland born blind and deaf, and almost entirely without the

senses of smell and taste, and, originally, even that of touch. Such at least was her state when first examined by the benevolent persons who wished to improve her condition. Her parents, who were poor, concluded she was an idiot; and, while sufficiently attached to her to desire not to expose her to observation, and the trouble of being meddled with, left her to nature, as they said — which in her case, meant everything that was dreadful and disgusting. At nine years old, when the family were at their meal, she stood near, and a piece of bread being put into her hand, she ate it: and when, instead of bread, a piece of iron was given her, she put it into her mouth, tried to chew it, and after a time let it drop out. When left alone, she lay huddled up, with her fists upon her eyes, and the thumbs closing her ears. It was not easy to make her walk, and she clung to the person next her, uttering shrill cries. Her skin was nearly insensible. On looking further into the case, however, the physician was of opinion that sight might possibly be obtained, sooner or later, by operation for cataract. It appeared also that she was not totally deaf. Sharp sounds, close at hand, evidently gave her great pain, but none were heard at the distance of a few feet. Her hearing had originally been somewhat better than this; and she had even shown some disposition to speak, which, however, seemed to be lost in total deafness (practically speaking) at two years old or under. The parents let her go at last to an asylum, though shedding many tears at the parting.

In three months she took walks. By bathing, fresh air, and exercise, her skin had become nearly as sensitive as other people's: so here was one sense obtained, to proceed upon. For a time, this was rather a grief than a satisfaction to everybody; for she was continually hurting herself, even knocking her head against the bedstead in the night, and uttering the most lamentable cries. The strangest thing she did was dealing with her food like a ruminating animal. She bolted it first, and then, in ten minutes stretched her neck forward, brought up what she had swallowed, and chewed it for an hour. It took a month to cure her of this. It was done by watching the moment, and compelling her to throw her head and body back, and open her mouth. Once conquered, the strange propensity never re-appeared. When the circulation and digestion were brought into a healthy state, her sleep became quiet. She left off knocking her head against the bedstead and screaming in the night. The poor child was now brought into a state of bodily ease. Still, however, her nervous condition was such as to make the surgeon decline operating on the eyes. She showed terror when any effort whatever was required of her; and her sounds of satis-

faction were made only in connexion with eating; — not on account of the taste; for she was insensible to that, but after a meal, when the satisfaction of her hunger was felt. It must have been a happy moment to her guardians when she first laughed. It was in answer to caresses. She soon learned to shake hands, and she hugged the friend who so greeted her, and laughed. But it was still doubtful whether she knew one person from another, — even her own particular nurse from a stranger. It was a whole year before she could be taught to feed herself with a spoon; though before that time her voice had become more human — several notes of the scale having, as it were dropped in between the primary sounds she made when admitted. Her ability to feed herself was accompanied by other improvements, even of the deficient senses themselves, and especially of hearing. She soon followed a voice calling to her at several feet distance. This was her state seven years ago: and, if such progress as this were made in one year, we may hope that now, at the age of nineteen (if she still live) her case may have passed from being that of a human being without senses, to that of one being born to them very late, and having them in an imperfect condition at last.

The earliest case of supposed extreme deficiency of the senses which was fully and properly recorded was that of which Dugald Stewart was the historian; that of James Mitchell, the son of a Scotch clergyman. The boy was born in seventeen hundred and ninety-five, totally deaf, but far from totally blind. He was fond of the light, though he could not distinguish objects; and his custom was to shut himself up in a dark stable, and stand for hours with his eye close to any hole or chink which let in a ray of sunshine. He bit pieces of glass into a proper shape, and held them between his eye and the sunshine, and got a candle all to himself in a dark corner of a room. Moreover, his senses of smell and taste were uncommonly acute, and he obtained a great amount and variety of knowledge by means of them. The vast conception of communication between people and things at a distance was conveyed to him at once by smell (if not even by such light as he was sensible of), and there is nothing so difficult to convey to those who have not his comparative advantages. He knew his family and friends some way off by his sense of smell; could tell whether they came home with wet feet or dry, and, no doubt, whether they had been gathering sweet herbs in the garden, or dressing the horse in the stable-yard. Yet this boy, who had only one sense absolutely deficient, and was cared for and tended with the utmost assiduity by educated people, and visited by philosophers, remained unspeakably ignorant and undeveloped in

comparison with several persons who instead of being totally deficient in only one sense are possessed of only one. He used his small means very actively for amusement; but no one seems to have thought of using them for his education. It was a period when metaphysics were flourishing more than science, and especially in his neighbourhood; and poor James Mitchell accordingly never learned to read or write, or to speak any language at all. He taught those about him a limited language by signs; but they taught him none. When we read the philosopher's account of him, of the guardian sister's language of taps on the head, or hand (which then appeared very clever); and of his utterance being only "uncouth bellowings and boisterous laughter," we think of the three far happier cases of Edward, Laura, and Oliver half a century later, and bless the science that has brought out so much of the statue from its quarry — so much of living mind from its apparently impervious tomb. The night when Edward Meystre's guardian, hearing his uncouth voice, went to his room, and found him with folded hands, saying aloud, "I am thinking of God — I am thinking of God" — his first spontaneous prayer — must have been the sweetest in which ever the lover of his kind laid his head on his pillow.

This case of Meystre is the first of three to which our title applies. Here the total absence of each sense was not from birth. Edward, of whom we are speaking, had a deaf-and-dumb brother, but heard very well himself, as an infant, and began to say "papa" and "mamma," when the small-pox deprived him of his hearing, utterly and absolutely, at the age of eleven months. There was fear for his eyes at the same time; but they escaped, and he saw perfectly well till the age of eight — an immense advantage in regard to his future development. It was a cruel accident that deprived him of sight; and we pity the perpetrator of the carelessness perhaps more than the sufferer. A boy of eleven, Edward's cousin, playing with his father's loaded gun, aimed it at the door of the room, and, at the precise moment when Edward was coming in, discharged the piece, lodging the shot in the poor child's face and eyes. The sufferer rent his mother's heart by clinging to her for long afterwards, saying, in his language of signs, that it was always night. He wanted to have his cousin killed; and his mother, strangely enough, pacified him by telling him the boy was dead and buried. He wanted to be certain, and she took him to a new-made grave. He stamped upon it with his feeble little foot; and such was his moral education! Happily he was taken under a wiser care; and the time arrived, and before very long, when he loved and consoled his poor cousin, and was always glad to meet him —

while informing other people who visited him that he had had *two* eyes, and now had none, adding, turning pale as he made the signs, that it is very pleasant to be able to see.

At this time, his employment was handling and cutting wood in his father's shop — his father being a carpenter. When his father left business, the lad cut wood for the neighbours. It was sad that the one sense which was now to be relied on should be impaired by his hands being hardened and roughened in this way; and, though he was taken into the excellent Blind Asylum at Lausanne (maintained by one beneficent English gentleman) at the age of eighteen, his fingers never acquired the delicacy of touch of the other pupils. There is no evidence that his senses of smell and taste were turned to particular account in his education; but they were not deficient, and James Mitchell's case seems to show that much might have been done by means of them.

In his education there were some marked stages which it is highly interesting and important to know of. His enterprising and benevolent teacher, M. Hirzel, taught him words, by means of raised print — beginning, of course, with nouns. He was made to touch a file, and the word file (in French); and the word was given him now in larger and now in smaller letters, that he might find out that it was the shape of the letters, and not the size that was important.

The next word given was *saw*, and a saw — a thing he was familiar with — was put into his hand. Then came the discovery — during the fourth lesson. His face lighted up. He had found it out! He showed everybody that the one word meant a saw, and the other a file; and it was some days before he recovered his composure. He now went to his lessons with pleasure, and began to want to know the printed names of things, and to like to pick out from the case the letters composing those he knew. It was a joke of his to put together the letters at random, and ask what they meant. Such were his early lessons. His favourite amusement was at the turning-lathe, where he became so expert that he quizzed the new pupils (all blind) for any irregularity in their work: plaiting straw, or whatever it might be.

The indefatigable teacher actually thought he would try to teach him to speak. To speak! A person totally deaf and blind! How could it be set about? It was accomplished, with infinite trouble, in which the teacher was sustained by the hope of success, and the pupil by the only inducement found strong enough — the promise of cigars — a luxury which, we trust, no one will think of grudging to a creature so bereaved. By feeling the teacher's breath, his chest, his throat, his lips, and by having his own mouth

put into the proper form for the vowels, by prisms and rings of different sizes, the art of articulation was learned; and it brought on the next great event in Edward's experience. Being taught the easy name (Arni) of one of the blind pupils, he found that that boy always came to him when he called the name. He found that he could communicate with people at a distance by means of speech, and now knew what speech was for. No doubt Arni was wanted very often indeed, till more names were learned; and probably Arni was glad when the others had their turn to be called. This happened soon, for Edward now spoke a good deal, uttering aloud, of his own accord, the words he learned to read. He went on pretty easily through "The mason makes the wall," "The baker makes the bread," and so forth, and to know that the word wall may mean walls in general; and it was not very difficult to teach him "To-day," "Yesterday," and "To-morrow." By that time, the third great event was at hand. The weather, from being very cold, had become mild, and Edward's tutor took him out to feel the buds, leaves, and blossoms of plants, and made him observe the warmth of the sunshine, and that there was no snow, and gave him the name "Spring," and then taught him, "Leaves come out in spring." He caught a glimpse of the use of the abstract term, and in great agitation turned the phrase to "In spring, leaves come out." He looked brighter than ever when he said with his fingers that "One word means many things," and he actually capered with joy. It was curious to watch his apprehension of another abstraction. He told a falsehood once, — said he had had no wine, when the housekeeper had given him a glass, pleading that she ought to have been questioned and blamed, as she gave him the wine. Great pains were taken to impress him with the meaning and consciousness of the lie; but it was uncertain with what effect. A few days after, the pupils told him at bed time that there was snow. In the morning, he went out to ascertain for himself, being fond of verifying statements. The snow was melted; whereupon he cried out very loud, "Lie! no snow." Thus it was clear enough that he knew his fault, and the name of it.

The fourth great event was the clear formation of the religious ideas that were presented to him; and this kind of teaching began as soon as the affair of the lie showed him to be capable of moral training. It is probable that his recollections of light and all the beauties that it reveals determined his first superstition. While strongly disposed to fetishism in general — venerating the wind, for instance, because it was not tired after blowing strongly for several days, — his particular disposition was to worship the sun. The first religious sentiment that he expressed

was that it does not do to shake one's fist at the sun. He was deeply impressed, when told by his companions, that the Maker of the sun was like a man, only so wise and powerful as men cannot imagine. As a necessary consequence of this way of teaching him, he was uneasy about what might become of everything when God was asleep. To remedy this, his teacher took him quietly round the house when the inmates were asleep, and made him softly touch their heads, and told him (by the finger speech) that they were now as if they were dead, being unable to think: whereas, God was always thinking. He now, of course, took up the idea that the dead could dream; but he became deeply impressed with the dignity of being able to think. When he wanted to play with the pupils whom he found at prayers, and then to know why they joined their hands, he was told that they prayed, and that praying was thinking of God. It was after this that his teacher heard that strange and heart-moving sound from the dark bed-side, — the loud uncouth voice saying over and over, "I am thinking of God!" One consequence of his new notion of the dignity of thought was his feeling about the deaths of persons of different ages. He felt the corpse of a child of two years old, and asked a woman in the room if she cried for its death; but, without waiting for an answer, he added that that was not possible, for the child was too young to be able to think much, or therefore to be worth crying for.

These results are surely wonderful for a period of eighteen months. This desolate creature could, in that time, speak, read, think, and inquire; he was a subject of moral discipline, and was capable of an energetic industry. His work at the turning-lathe was excellent, and he had employments enough to fill up his time innocently and cheerfully. A cheering thought and image to all who had heard of him, what must he have been to his guardian, the patient M. Hirzel! His family were proud of him, even to the deaf and dumb brother, and he lost none of his attachment to them.*

Even greater progress has been made in the development of the American girl, Laura Bridgman, whose case is happily so well known as not to need to be here detailed at length. In her case, too, the sense of touch was the only resource at first; and in

* This youth is an old acquaintance of mine, and I presented him with the cigars he smoked — he has a great delight in smoking — for some months when I lived at Lausanne. For a long time after I left that place, he always associated my name with a cigar. Being there, last October, after an absence of five or six years, I went to see my old friend. M. Hirzel could not then, by any means, induce him to associate me in the right manner with a cigar, though Edward was painfully anxious to understand. I left some money for him, to be expended in the old way; and I believe he has gradually smoked me back into his remembrance. "C. D."

her case, too, there was the advantage (how great we cannot know) of her having enjoyed sight and hearing till she was two years old. At the age of eight, Dr. Howe, who was to her what M. Hirzel was to Edward Meystre, took her under his charge in the Blind Asylum, at Boston, Massachusetts, and taught her as much as Edward was taught, except that actual speech was not attempted. Poor child! When informed that the sounds she made were too loud and frequent, she asked, "Why, then, has God given me so much voice?" The pathetic, unconscious hint was taken, and she was then permitted for a certain time every day to exercise her lungs freely, — making as much noise as she pleased, in a room where she could disturb nobody. When alone and watched without her knowing it, she soliloquises in the finger speech; and, what appears still more strange, she uses it in her dreams. The governess who visits her bedside, can tell, by watching the motions of the hand, what she is dreaming about. She writes freely now, and her mind communicates very largely with others. Her diary, which she writes in a clear free hand, without the guidance of lines, tells how her days pass, — among books and work, — books in raised print, and neat sewing or knitting of her own, and lessons in geography, history, and algebra, among other things; and about her walks, her visitors, the letters she receives and writes, and the news from all parts of the world that her friends report to her. She is regular in all her doings, neat in her dress, always busy in one way or another, exceedingly inquiring and intelligent, and remarkably merry. Her turn has come — even hers — for benefiting a fellow-being. Oliver, a boy in her own plight was brought to the institution as she had been, and she assists materially in his education, and must be an inestimable companion to him.

There was once seen, we believe in France, an awful and heart-breaking spectacle, when, for purposes of philosophical observation, the inmates of a blind school and a deaf and dumb asylum were brought together. At first, they tried to communicate — the deaf and dumb being permitted to feel the lips and throats of the blind; but a dreadful scene ensued. Their strong and scarcely disciplined passions became furiously excited by the difficulty of communication, which each supposed to be the fault of the other, and they sprang at each other's throats like wild beasts, and fought so desperately that there was great difficulty in parting them. The two classes spoke of each other afterwards with bitter hatred. How different is now the scene, when the merely blind pupils help and serve Laura and Edward, and are beloved by them; and when Laura, with flushed cheeks and trembling

fingers, labours to convey some of her knowledge and her intellectual pleasures to Oliver, and succeeds, and he is happy in consequence! How are times changed since the helpless were cast out to perish!

A TRUE KNIGHT.

THOUGH he lived and died among us
  Yet his name may be enrolled
With the knights whose deeds of daring
  Ancient chronicles have told.

Still a stripling, he encountered
  Poverty, and struggled long,
Gathering force from every effort,
  Till he knew his arm was strong.

Then his heart and life he offered
  To his radiant mistress, Truth;
Never thought, or dream, or faltering,
  Marred the promise of his youth.

And he rode forth to defend her,
  And her peerless worth proclaim;
Challenging each recreant doubter
  Who aspersed her spotless name.

First upon his path stood Ignorance,
  Hideous in his brutal might,
Hard the blows and long the battle
  Ere the monster took to flight.

Then, with light and fearless spirit,
  Prejudice he dared to brave,
Hunting back the lying craven
  To her black sulphureous cave.

Followed by his servile minions,
  That old Giant Custom rose,
Yet he too at last was conquered
  By the good Knight's weighty blows.

Then he turned, and flushed with victory,
  Struck upon the brazen shield
Of the world's great king, Opinion,
  And defied him to the field.

Once again he rose a conqueror,
  And though wounded in the fight,
With a dying smile of triumph
  Saw that Truth had gained her right.

On his failing ear re-echoing
  Came the shouting round her throne;
Little cared he that no future
  With her name would link his own.

Spent with many a hard-fought battle,
  Slowly ebbed his life away,
And the crowd that flocked to greet her
  Trampled on him where he lay.

Gathering all his strength, he saw her
  Crowned, and reigning in her pride:
Looked his last upon her beauty,
  Raised his eyes to God, and died.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

A GREEK GIRL.

SHE is a baggy damsel with a quaint sly face, and her principal occupation is that of a maid of all work.

But she is dressed to-day; it is St. Somebody's feast, and everybody is idling away their time in consequence. It was St. Whatshisname's day the day before yesterday, and it will be St. Whoist's day the day after to-morrow. Though our balloon clad young acquaintance is idling it is with a busy idleness; for she has been occupied ever since eight o'clock this morning in carrying about fruit, jellies, and sweetmeats, with strong raw spirits in gilded glasses, and little cups of unstrained coffee. A very singular and amusing picture she makes, as she stands bolt upright, tray in hand before her father's guests. She is pretty. Yes, there is no doubt of that; but she has done almost everything possible to disfigure herself. Though certainly not seventeen, with the rich clear complexion of the

Greeks, she is rouged up to the very eyes. Where she is not rouged, she is whitened. Her eyebrows are painted, and she has even found means to introduce some black abomination under her eyelids to make the eyes look larger. Her hair would be almost a marvel if left to itself: but she has twisted it, and plaited it, woven gold coins into it, and tied it up with dirty handkerchiefs and gummed and honied it, till every tress has grown distorted and angry. Her ears are in themselves as sly and coquettish a pair of ears as need be; and they peep out beneath her tortured locks as if they would rather like to have a game at bo-peep than otherwise: but they are literally torn half an inch longer than they should be by an enormous pair of Mosaic earrings bought of a pedlar. Her hands might have been nice once, for they are still small; but they are as tough as horn and as red as chaps can make them, with sheer hard work, scrubbing and washing about the house. All Greek women I think have been mere housewives since the time of Andromache. Her figure is, if possible, more generally baggy than her trousers. It bulges out in the most extraordinary bumps and fulness. A short jacket — as much too small for her as the brigand attire of Mr. Keeley of the Theatre-Royal Adelphi — does not make this general plumpness less remarkable; and she has a superfluity of clothes, which reminds one of the late King Christophe's idea of full dress. Numerous, however, as are the articles of wearing apparel she has put on, they all terminate with the trousers, which are looped up just below the knee. The rest of the leg and feet are bare, and hard, and plump, and purple, and chapped almost beyond belief, even in the fine piercing cold of a Greek February.

Her mind is a mere blank. Her idea of life is, love making, cleaning the house, serving coffee, and rouging herself on festival days. She cannot read or write, or play the piano; but she can sing and dance. She can talk too, though never before company. No diplomatist can touch her in intrigue or invention. Not even Captain Absolute's groom could tell a falsehood with more composure. She does not know what it is to speak the truth; and, to use a Greek saying, she is literally kneaded up with tricks. The Greek girl has no heart, no affections. She is a mere lump of flesh and calculation. Her marriage is quite an affair of buying and selling. It is arranged by her friends. They offer to give a house (that is indispensable), and so much to whoever will take her off their hands. By and by, somebody comes to do so; the priests are called, there is a quaint strange ceremony, and he is bound, by fine, to perform his promise. This fine is usually ten per cent. on the fortune

which was offered him with the lady.

I have said she can talk, but she can only talk of and to her neighbours; and she spends her evenings chiefly in sitting singing in the doorway, and watching them. This she does herself; but she has a little ally (a chit of a girl about seven years old, and looking forty, that you meet in the houses of all the islanders), who is on the look-out all day. No one ever enters a Greek house but the neighbourhood knows it. All down the street, and in the next, and everywhere, those little girls are watching and flitting about on cunning errands as stealthily and swift as cats. Her father and mother will tell you that her own cousins never saw her alone or spoke a dozen consecutive words to her; but I rather fancy she has some acquaintance of her own; and she is generally on terms of rather startling friendship with the young man servant, who forms almost part of the family in all Greek houses. On summer nights too, when good people should be asleep, you will see closely hooded figures flitting about noiselessly, like black ghosts. They are Greek girls. What they are about nobody knows. Perhaps, looking for the moon, which will not rise for some hours. At every dark corner of a wall, also, you will see young gentlemen sitting in the deep shadow with wonderful perseverance. If you go very near and they do not see you, you may hear them singing songs, but low as the humming of a bee: so low, that they do not disturb even the timid owl who sits cooing amid the ruins of the last fire over the way. The Greek girl knows an amazing quantity of songs, and all of the same kind. They are about equal in point of composition to the worst of our street ballads: full of the same coarse wit and low trickery. They are sung to dreary monotonous airs; and always through the nose. Never had the national songs of a people so little charm or distinctive character. You seek the strong, sweet language of the heart in vain among them. They have neither grace nor fancy.

With all this, the Greek girl is pious. She would not break any of the severe fasts of her church, even for money; though they condemn her to dry bread and olives for six weeks at a time: nor would she neglect going to church on certain days upon any account. She has a faith in ceremonies, and in charms, relics, and saints, almost touching; but there her belief ends. She would not trust the word of her own father or the archbishop. She cannot suppose it possible that any one would speak the truth, unless he was obliged; and she judges correctly, according to her own experience. She herself would promise, and take an unmixed delight in deceiving her own mother on a question about a pin's head; but she would scrupulously avoid doing anything she had promised;

and the only way even to prevent her accepting a husband, would be to make her say she would have him beforehand. From that moment her fertile wits would toil night and day to find means of escape. And find them she would, to change her mind the day after she was free.

She has one hope dearer than all the rest. It is that she may one day wear Frank clothes, and see the Greeks at Constantinople. This is no exaggeration; the wrongs of the rayah have eaten into all classes of society in Turkey, until even women lisp, and children prattle vengeance. It is so strong that it has made the Greeks hate one of the prettiest remaining costumes in the world, as a symbol of their most bitter and cruel servitude.

By and by, the Greek girl will grow old. From a household servant, she will then sink into a drudge, and her head will be always bound up as if she had a chronic toothache. You will see her carrying water on washing days, or groaning and squabbling upon others as she cleans the herbs for dinner. She will have become so old even at thirty, that it is impossible to recognise her. Rouge and whitening will have so corroded her face, that it looks like a sleepy apple or a withered medlar. Her eyes are shrivelled into nothing. Her teeth will have been eaten away by rough wine, and noxious tooth powders. She will be bald when she does not wear a towering wig, that only comes out on St. Everybody's days. The plump figure and all its bumps will have shrivelled into a mere heap of aching old bones, and her only pleasures in this life will be scandal and curiosity.

You will find her croaking about, watching her neighbours at the most unseasonable times. She has wonderful perseverance in ferreting out a secret. She will thus know many more things than are true, and tell them with singular readiness and vivacity. She will be the terror of her neighbourhood, and there is no conciliating her. Kindness, good humour—even money, which she prizes as much as she did when a girl, and grasps at it as eagerly—will have no effect on her. She must speak evil and hatch troubles, or she would die. The instinct of self-preservation is strong; so she will go upon her old course, come what may. She will be a terror even to her own daughter.

She has been reduced to this state by having been a thing of bargain and sale so long, that she has learned to consider money as the chief good. She has been subject to insult; to be beaten; to be carried away into the harem of a man she has never seen, and whose whole kind she despises; and has lost all natural feeling. All grace, tenderness, and affection, have been burnt out of her as with a brand. She has been looked upon as a mere tame animal until she has become

little better. She has been doubted until deception has become her glory. She has been imprisoned and secluded until trickery has become her master passion. She has been kept from healthy knowledge and graceful accomplishments, from all softening influences and ennobling thoughts, until her mind has festered. When she is young, she is shut up until she becomes uncomfortable from fat; when she is old, she is worked until she becomes a skeleton. None have any respect or love for her, nor would she be now whorthy of it, if they had.

But I drop the pen in weariness, only saying, that if a Greek girl be such as I have described her, what must a Greek boy be!"

COMPANY MANNERS.

Victor Cousin, the French philosopher, has undertaken a new task within the last few years. Whether as a relaxation from, or a continuation of, his study of metaphysics, I do not know, but he has begun to write the biographies of some of the celebrated French women of the seventeenth century. In making out his list, he is careful to distinguish between authoresses and "femmes d'esprit," ranking the latter infinitely the higher in every point of view. The first of his series is Jacqueline Pascal, the sister of Blaise, known at Port Royal as the Sister Euphemia — a holy, pure, and sainted woman. The second whom the grave philosopher has chosen as a subject for his biography is that beautiful, splendid sinner of the Fronde, the fair-haired Duchess de Longueville. He draws the pure and perfect outlines of Jacqueline Pascal's character with a severe and correct pencil; he paints the lovely duchess with the fond, admiring exaggeration of a lover. The wits of Paris in consequence have written the following epitaph for him: "Here lies Victor Cousin, the great philosopher, in love with the Duchess de Longueville, who died a century-and-a-half before he was born."

Even the friends of this Duchess, insignificant in themselves, become dear and illustrious to Cousin for her fair sake. It is not long since he contributed an article on Madame de Sablé to the Revue des Deux Mondes, which has since been published separately, and which has suggested the thoughts and fancies that I am now going to lay before the patient public. This Madame de Sablé was, in her prime, an habitual guest at the Hôtel Rambouillet, the superb habitation which was the centre of the witty and learned as well as the pompous and pedantic society of Paris, in the days of Louis the Thirteenth. When these gatherings had come to an end after Madame de Rambouillet's death, and before Molière had turned the tradition thereof

into exquisite ridicule, there were several attempts to form circles that should preserve some of the stately refinement of the Hôtel Rambouillet. Mademoiselle Scudery had her Saturdays; but, an authoress herself, and collecting around her merely clever people, without regard to birth or breeding, M. Cousin does not hold the idea of her Saturdays in high esteem. Madame de Sablé, a gentlewoman by birth: intelligent enough doubtless from having been an associate of Menage, Voiture, Madame de Sevigné, and others in the grand hotel (whose meetings must have been delightful enough at the time, though that wicked Molière has stepped between us and them, and we can only see them as he chooses us to do): Madame de Sablé, friend of the resplendent fair-haired Duchess de Longueville: had weekly meetings which M. Cousin ranks far above the more pretentious Saturdays of Mademoiselle Scudery. In short, the last page of his memoir of Madame de Sablé, — where we matter-of-fact English people are apt to put in praise of the morals and religion of the person whose life we have been writing, — is devoted to this acme of praise. Madame de Sablé had all the requisites which enabled her "tenir un salon" with honour to herself and pleasure to her friends.

Apart from this crowning accomplishment, the good French lady seems to have been commonplace enough. She was well-born, well-bred, and the company she kept must have made her tolerably intelligent. She was married to a dull husband, and doubtless had her small flirtations after she early became a widow; M. Cousin hints at them, but they were never scandalous, or prominently before the public. Past middle life, she took to the process of "making her salvation;" and inclined to the Port-Royalists. She was given to liking dainty things to eat, in spite of her Jansenism. She had a female friend that she quarrelled with, off and on, during her life. And (to wind up something like Lady O'Looney, of famous memory) she knew how "tenir un salon." M. Cousin tells us that she was remarkable in no one thing or quality, and attributes to that single simple fact the success of her life.

Now, since I have read these Memoirs of Madame de Sablé, I have thought much and deeply thereupon. At first, I was inclined to laugh at the extreme importance which was attached to this art of "receiving company," — no! that translation will not do — "holding a drawing-room," is even worse, because that implies the state and reserve of royalty; — shall we call it the art of "Sabléing?" But when I thought of my experience in English society; of the evenings dreaded before they came, and sighed over in recollection, because they were so ineffably

dull; I saw that to Sablé well, did require, as M. Cousin implied, the union of many excellent qualities and not-to-be-disputed little graces. I asked some French people if they could give me the recipe, for it seemed most likely to be traditional, if not still extant in their nation. I offer to you their ideas, fragmentary though they be; and then I will tell you some of my own; at last perhaps, with the addition of yours, oh most worthy readers! we may discover the lost art of Sabléing.

Said the French lady: "A woman to be successful in Sabléing must be past youth, yet not past the power of attracting. She must do this by her sweet and gracious manners, and quick, ready tact in perceiving those who have not had their share of attention, or leading the conversation away from any subject which may give pain to any one present." "Those rules hold good in England," said I. My friend went on: "She should never be prominent in anything; she should keep silence as long as any one else will talk; but when conversation flags, she should throw herself into the breach with the same spirit with which I notice that the young ladies of the house, where a ball is given, stand quietly by till the dancers are tired, and then spring into the arena to carry on the spirit and the music till the others are ready to begin again."

"But," said the French gentleman, "even at this time, when subjects for conversation are wanted, she should rather suggest than enlarge — ask questions rather than give her own opinions."

"To be sure," said the lady. "Madame Recamier, whose salons were the most perfect of this century, always withheld her opinions on books, or men, or measures, until all around her had given theirs; then she, as it were, collected and harmonised them, saying a kind thing here, and a gentle thing there, and speaking ever with her own quiet sense, till people the most opposed learnt to understand each other's point of view, which it is a great thing for opponents to do."

"Then the number of the people whom you receive, is another consideration. I should say not less than twelve, nor more than twenty," continued the gentleman. "The evenings should be appointed — say weekly, — fortnightly at the beginning of January, which is our season. Fix an early hour for opening the room. People are caught then in their freshness, before they become exhausted by other parties."

The lady spoke: "For my part, I prefer catching my friends after they have left the grander balls or receptions. One hears then the remarks, the wit, the reason, and the satire which they had been storing up during

their evening of imposed silence, or of ceremonious speaking."

"A little good-humoured satire is a very agreeable sauce," replied the gentleman, "but it must be good-humoured, and the listeners must be good-humoured; above all, the conversation must be general, and not the chat, chat, chat up in a corner, by which the English so often distinguish themselves. You do not go into society to exchange secrets with your intimate friends; you go to render yourselves agreeable to every one present, and to help all to pass a happy evening."

"Strangers should not be admitted," said the lady, taking up the strain. "They would not start fair with the others; they would be ignorant of the allusions that refer to conversations on the previous evenings; they would not understand the—what shall I call it — slang? I mean those expressions having relation to past occurrences, or bygone witticisms common to all those who are in the habit of meeting.

"Madame de Duras and Madame Recamier never made advances to any stranger. Their saloons were the best that Paris has known in this generation. All who wished to be admitted, had to wait and prove their fitness by being agreeable elsewhere; to earn their diploma, as it were, among the circles of these ladies' acquaintances; and, at last, it was a high favour to be received by them."

"They missed the society of many celebrities by adhering so strictly to this unspoken rule," said the gentleman.

"Bah!" said the lady. "Celebrities! what has one to do with them in society? As celebrities, they are simply bores. Because a man has discovered a planet, it does not follow that he can converse agreeably, even on his own subjects; often people are drained dry by one action or expression of their lives — drained dry for all the purposes of a 'salon.' The writer of books, for instance, cannot afford to talk twenty pages for nothing, so he is either profoundly silent, or else he gives you the mere rincings of his mind. I am speaking now of him as a mere celebrity, and justifying the wisdom of the ladies we were speaking of, in not seeking after such people; indeed, in being rather shy of them. Some of their friends were the most celebrated people of their day, but they were received in their old capacity of agreeable men; a higher character, by far. Then," said she, turning to me, "I believe that you English spoil the perfection of conversation by having your rooms as brilliantly lighted for an evening the charm of which depends on what one hears, as for an evening when youth and beauty are to display themselves among flowers and festoons, and every kind of pretty ornament. I would never

have a room affect people as being dark on their first entrance into it; but there is a kind of moonlight as compared to sunlight, in which people talk more freely and naturally; where shy people will enter upon a conversation without a dread of every change of colour or involuntary movement being seen — just as we are always more confidential over a fire than anywhere else — as women talk most openly in the dimly-lighted bedroom at curling-time."

"Away with your shy people," said the gentleman. "Persons who are self-conscious, thinking of an involuntary redness or paleness, an unbecoming movement of the countenance, more than the subject of which they are talking, should not go into society at all. But, because women are so much more liable to this nervous weakness than men, the preponderance of people in a salon should always be on the side of the men."

I do not think I gained more hints as to the lost art from my French friends. Let us see if my own experience in England can furnish any more ideas.

First, let us take the preparations to be made before our house, our room, or our lodgings, can be made to receive society. Of course I am not meaning the preparations needed for dancing or musical evenings. I am taking those parties which have pleasant conversation and happy social intercourse for their affirmed intention. They may be dinners, suppers, tea — I don't care what they are called, provided their end is defined. If your friends have not dined, and it suits you to give them a dinner, in the name of Lucullus, let them dine; but take care that there shall be something besides the mere food and wine to make their fattening agreeable at the time and pleasant to remember, otherwise you had better pack up for each his portions of the dainty dish, and send it separately, in hot-water trays, so that he can eat comfortably behind a door, like Sancho Panza, and have done with it. And yet I don't see why we should be like ascetics; I fancy there is a grace of preparation, a sort of festive trumpet-call, that is right and proper to distinguish the day on which we receive our friends from common days, unmarked by such white stones. The thought and care we take for them to set before them of our best, may imply some self-denial on our less fortunate days. I have been in houses where all, from the scullion maid upward, worked doubletides gladly, because "Master's friends" were coming; and everything must be nice, and good, and all the rooms must look bright and clean, and pretty. And, as "a merry heart goes all the way," preparations made in this welcoming, hospitable spirit never seem to tire anyone half so much as where servants instinctively feel that it has been said in the parlour,

"We must have so-and-so," or, "Oh dear! we have never had the so-and-so's." Yes, I like a little pomp, and luxury, and stateliness, to mark our happy days of receiving friends as a festival; but I do not think I would throw my power of procuring luxuries solely into the eating and drinking line.

My friends would probably be surprised (some wear caps, and some wigs) if I provided them with garlands of flowers, after the manner of the ancient Greeks; but, put flowers on the table (none of your shams, wax or otherwise; I prefer an honest wayside root of primroses, in a common vase of white ware, to the grandest bunch of stiff-rustling artificial rarities in a silver épergne). A flower or two by the side of each person's plate would not be out of the way, as to expense, and would be a very agreeable pretty piece of mute welcome. Cooks and scullion-maids, acting in the sympathetic spirit I have described, would do their very best, from boiling the potatoes well, to sending in all the dishes in the best possible order. I think I would have every imaginary dinner sent up on the Original Mr. Walker's plan; each dish separately, hot and hot. I have an idea that when I go to live in Utopia (not before next Christmas), I will have a kind of hot-water sideboard, such as I think I have seen in great houses, and that nothing shall appear on the table but what is pleasing to the eye. However simple the food, I would do it, and my friends (and may I not add the Giver?) the respect of presenting it at table as well cooked, as eatable, as wholesome as my poor means allowed; and to this end, rather than to a variety of dishes, would I direct my care. We have no associations with beef and mutton; geese may remind us of the Capitol; and peacocks of Juno; a pigeon-pie of "the simplicity of Venus' doves," but who thinks of the leafy covert which has been her home in life, when he sees a roasted hare? Now, flowers as an ornament, do lead our thoughts away from their present beauty and fragrance. I am almost sure Madame de Sablé had flowers in her salon, and as she was fond of dainties herself, I can fancy her smooth benevolence of character, taking delight in some personal preparations made in the morning for the anticipated friends of the evening. I can fancy her stewing sweet-breads in a silver saucepan, or dressing salad with her delicate, plump, white hands; not that I ever saw a silver saucepan. I was formerly ignorant enough to think that they were only used in the Sleeping Beauty's kitchen, or in the preparations for the marriage of Riquet-with-the-Tuft; but I have been assured that there are such things, and that they impart a most delicate flavour, or no flavour to the victuals cooked therein; so I assert again, Madame de Sablé cooked sweetbreads for her friends in a silver saucepan;

but never to fatigue herself with those previous labours. She knew the true taste of her friends too well; they cared for her firstly, as an element in their agreeable evening — the silver saucepan in which they were all to meet; the oil in which their several ingredients were to be softened of what was harsh or discordant — very secondary would be their interest in her sweetbreads.

Of sweetbreads they'll get mony an ane,
Of Sablé ne'er anither.

But part of my care beforehand should go to the homely article of waiting. I should not mind having none at all; a dumb waiter, pepper, salt, bread, and condiments within the reach or by the side of all. Little kindly attentions from one guest to another tend to take off the selfish character of the mere act of eating; and, besides, the guests would (or should) be too well educated, too delicate of tact, to interrupt a burst of wit, or feeling, or eloquence, as a mere footman often does with the perpetual "Sherry, or Madeira?" or with the names of those mysterious entremets that always remind me of a white kid glove that I once ate with Vsechamel sauce, and found very tender and good, under the name of Oreilles de Veau à-la-something, but which experiment I never wish to repeat. There is something graceful and kindly in the little attention by which one guest silently puts by his neighbour all that he may require. I consider it a better opening to ultimate friendship, if my unknown neighbour mutely passes me the salt, or silently understands that I like sugar to my soup, than if he had been introduced by his full name and title, and labelled with the one distinguishing action or book of his life, after the manner of some who are rather showmen than hosts.

But, to return to the subject of waiting. I have always believed that the charm of those little suppers, famous from time immemorial as the delightful P.S. to operas, was that there was no formal waiting, or over-careful arrangement of the table; a certain sweet neglect pervaded all, very compatible with true elegance. The perfection of waiting is named in the story of the White Cat, where, if you remember, the hero prince is waited upon by hands without bodies, as he sits at table with the White Cat, and is served with that delicate fricassee of mice. By hands without bodies, I am very far from meaning hands without heads. Some people prefer female-waiters; foot-women as it were. I have weighed both sides of the subject well in my mind, before sitting down to write this article, and my verdict goes in favour of men; for, all other things being equal, their superior strength gives them the power of doing things without effort, and consequently with less noise than any woman. The quiet ease and solemn soundless movement of

some men-servants is wonderful to watch. Last summer, I was staying in a house served by such list-shod, soft-spoken, velvet-handed domestics. One day, the butler touched a spoon with a fork; — the master of the house looked at him as Jupiter may have looked at Hebe, when she made that clumsy step. "No noise, Sir, if you please;" and we, as well as the servant, were hushed into the solemn stillness of the room, and were graced and genteel, if not merry and sociable. Still, bursts and clashes, and clatters at the side-table, do disturb conversation; and I maintain that for avoiding these, men-servants are better than women. Women have to add an effort to the natural exercise of what strength they possess before they can lift heavy things — sirloins of beef, saddles of mutton, and the like; and they cannot calculate the additional force of such an effort, so down comes the dish and the mutton and all, with a sound and a splash that surprises us even more than the Phillis, who is neat-handed only when she has to do with things that require delicacy and lightness of touch, not struggle of arm.

And, now I think of it, Mademoiselle de Sablé must have taken the White Cat for her model; there must evidently have been the same noiseless ease and grace about the movements of both; the same purring, happy, inarticulate moments of satisfaction, when surrounded by pleasant circumstances, must have been uttered by both. My own mouth has watered before now at the account of that fricassee of mice prepared especially for the White Cat; and M. Cousin alludes more than once to Madame de Sablé's love for "friandises." Madame de Sablé avoided the society of literary women, and so I am sure did the White Cat. Both had an instinctive sense of what was comfortable; both loved home with tenacious affection; and yet I am mistaken if each had not their own little private love of adventure — touches of the gipsy.

The reason why I think Madame de Sablé had this touch in her is because she knew how "tenir un salon." You do not see the connexion between gipsyism and the art of being a good hostess, — of receiving pleasantly. I do; but I am not sure if I can explain it. In the first place, gipsies must be people of quick impulse and ready wit; entering into fresh ideas, and new modes of life with joyous ardour and energy, and fertile in expedients for extricating themselves from the various difficulties into which their wandering life leads them. They must have a lofty disregard for "convenances," and yet a power of graceful adaptation. They evidently have a vivid sense of the picturesque, and a love of adventure, which, if it does not show itself in action, must show itself in sympathy with other's doings. Now, which of these

qualities would be out of place in Madame de Sablé? From what we read of the life of her contemporary, Madame de Sevigné, we see that impromptu expedients were necessary in those times, when the thought of the morning made the pleasure of the evening, and when people snatched their enjoyments from hand to mouth, as it were, while yet six-weeks-invitations were not. Now, I have noticed that in some parties where we were all precise and sensible, ice-bound under some indefinable stiff restraint, some little domestic contre-temps, if frankly acknowledged by the hostess, has suddenly unloosed tongues and hearts in a supernatural manner;

"The upper air bursts into life,"

more especially if some unusual expedient had to be resorted to, giving the whole the flavour and zest of a pic-nic. Toasting bread in a drawing-room, coaxing up a half-extinguished fire by dint of brown sugar, newspapers, and pretty good-for-nothing bellows, turning a packing-case upside down for a seat, and covering in with a stray piece of velvet; these are, I am afraid, the only things that can call upon us for unexpected exertion, now that all is arranged and re-arranged for every party a month beforehand. But I have lived in other times, and other places. I have been in the very heart and depths of Wales; within three miles of the house of the high sheriff of the county, who was giving a state-dinner on a certain day, to which the gentleman with whom I was staying was invited. He was on the point of leaving his house in his little Norwegian carriole, and we were on the point of sitting down to dinner, when a man rode up in hot haste — a servant from the high sheriff's came to beg for our joint off the spit. Fish game, poultry — they had all the delicacies of their own land; but the butcher from the nearest market town had failed them, and at the last moment they had to send off a groom a-begging to their neighbours. My relation departed ignorant of our dinnerless state; but he came back in great delight with his party. After the soup and fish had been removed, there had been a long pause (the joint had got cold on its ride, and had to be re-warmed); a message was brought to the host, who had immediately confided his perplexity to his guests, and put it to the vote whether they would wait for the joint, or have the order of the courses changed, and eat the third before the second. Every one had enjoyed the merry dilemma; the ice was broken, and all went on pleasantly and easily in a party where there was rather a heterogeneous mixture of politics and opinions. Dinner parties in those days and in that part of Wales were somewhat regulated by the arrival of the little sailing vessels, which having discharged their cargo at Bristol or Liverpool, brought back commissioned purchases for the different families. A chest of oranges for Mr.

Williams, or Mr. Wynn, was a sure signal that before many days were over, Mr. Williams or Mr. Wynn would give a dinner party; strike while the iron was hot; eat while the oranges were fresh. A man rode round to all the different houses when any farmer planned such a mighty event as killing a cow, to ask what part each family would take. Visiting acquaintances lived ten or twelve miles from each other, separated by bad and hilly roads; the moon had always to be consulted before issuing invitations; and then the mode of proceeding was usually something like this. The invited friends came to dinner at half-past five or six; these were always those from the greatest distance — the nearer neighbours came later on in the evening. After the gentlemen had left the dining-room, it was cleared for dancing. The fragments of the dinner, prepared by ready cooks, served for supper; tea was ready sometime towards one or two, and the dancers went merrily on till a seven or eight o'clock breakfast, after which they rode or drove home by broad daylight. I was never at one of these meetings, although staying in a house from which many went; I was considered too young; but from what I heard they were really excessively pleasant, sociable gatherings, although not quite entitled to be classed with Madame de Sablé's salons.

To return to the fact that a slightly gipsy and impromptu character, either in the hostess or in the arrangements, or in the amusements, adds a piquancy to the charm: let any one remember the agreeable private teas that go on in many houses about five o'clock. I remember those in one house particularly, as remarkably illustrating what I am trying to prove. These teas were held in a large dismantled school-room, and a superannuated school-room is usually the most doleful chamber imaginable. I never saw this by full daylight, I only know that it was lofty and large, that we went to it through a long gallery library, through which we never passed at any other time, the school-room having been accessible to the children in former days by a private staircase — that great branches of trees swept against the windows with a long plaintive moan, as if tortured by the wind, — that below in the stable-yard two Irish stag-hounds sent up their musical bays to mingle with the outlandish Spanish which a parrot in the room continually talked out of the darkness in which its perch was placed, — that the walls of the room seemed to recede as in a dream, and, instead of them, the flickering firelight painted tropical forests or Norwegian fiords, according to the will of our talkers. I know this tea was nominally private to the ladies, but that all the gentlemen strayed in most punctually by accident, — that the fire was always in that

state when somebody had to poke with the hard blows of despair, and somebody else to fetch in logs of wood from the basket outside, and somebody else to unload his pockets of fir-bobs, which last were always efficacious, and threw beautiful dancing lights far and wide. And then there was a black kettle, long ago too old for kitchen use, that leaked, and ran, and sputtered against the blue and sulphur-coloured flames, and did everything that was improper, but the water out of which made the best tea in the world, which we drank out of unmatched cups, the relics of several school-room sets. We ate thick bread and butter in the darkness with a vigour of appetite which had quite disappeared at the well-lighted eight o'clock dinner. Who eat it I don't know, for we stole from our places round the fireside to the tea-table in comparative darkness in the twilight near the window, and helped ourselves, and came back on tiptoe to hear one of the party tell of wild enchanted spicy islands in the Eastern Archipelago, or buried cities in farthest Mexico; he used to look into the fire, and draw, and paint with words in a manner perfectly marvellous, and with an art which he had quite lost at the formal dinner-time. Our host was scientific; a name of high repute; he too told us of wonderful discoveries, strange surmises, glimpses into something far away and utterly dream-like. His son had been in Norway, fishing; then, when he sat all splashed with hunting, he too could tell of adventures in a natural racy way. The girls, busy with their heavy kettle, and with their tea-making, put in a joyous word now and then. At dinner the host talked of nothing more intelligible than French mathematics; the heir drawled out an infinite deal of nothing about the "Shakespeare and musical glasses" of the day; the traveller gave us latitudes and longitudes, and rates of population, exports and imports, with the greatest precision; and the girls were as pretty, helpless, inane fine ladies as you would wish to see.

Speaking of wood fires, reminds me of Madame de Sablé's fires. Of course they were of wood, being in Paris; but I believe that even if she had lived in a coal country she would have burned wood by instinctive preference, as a lady I once knew always ordered a lump of cannel coal to be brought up if ever her friends seemed silent and dull. A wood-fire has a kind of spiritual, dancing, glancing life about it. It is an elvish companion, crackling, hissing, bubbling: throwing out beautiful jets of vivid many-coloured flame. The best wood-fires I know are those at Keswick. Making lead-pencils is the business of the place; and the cedar chips for scent, and the thinnings of the larch and fir plantations thereabouts for warm

and brilliant light, make such a fire as Madame de Sablé would have delighted in.

Depend upon it too, every seat in her salon was easy and comfortable of its kind. They might not be made of any rare kind of wood, nor covered very magnificently, but the bodies of her friends could rest and repose in them in easy unconstrained attitudes. No one can be agreeable, perched on a chair which does not afford space for proper support. I defy the most accomplished professional wit to go on uttering "mots" in a chair with a stiff hard upright back, or with his legs miserably dangling. No! Madame de Sablé's seats were commodious, and probably varied to suit all tastes; nor was there anything in the shape of a large and cumbrous article of furniture placed right in the middle of her room, so as to prevent her visitors from changing their places, or drawing near to each other, or to the fire, if they so willed it. I imagine likewise that she had that placid, kindly manner which would never show any loss of self-possession. I fancy that there was a welcome ready for all, even though some came a little earlier than they were expected.

I was once very much struck by the perfect breeding of an old Welsh herb-woman, with whom I drank tea, — a tea which was not tea after all, — an infusion of balm and black currant leaves, with a pinch of lime blossom to give it a Pekoe flavour. She had boasted of the delicacy of this beverage to me on the previous day, and I had begged to be allowed to come and drink a cup with her. The only drawback was that she had but one cup, but she immediately bethought her that she had two saucers, one of which would do just as well, indeed better than any cup. I was anxious to be in time, and so I was too early. She had not done dusting and rubbing when I arrived, but she made no fuss; she was glad to see me, and quietly bade me welcome, though I had come before all was as she could have wished. She gave me a dusted chair, sate down herself with her kilted petticoats and working apron, and talked to me as if she had not a care or a thought on her mind but the enjoyment of the present time. By and by, in moving about the room, she slipped behind the bed-curtain, still conversing. I heard the splash of water, and a drawer open and shut; and then my hostess emerged spruce, and clean, and graced, but not one whit more agreeable or at her ease than she had been for the previous half-hour in her working dress.

There are a set of people who put on their agreeableness with their gowns. Here, again, I have studied the subject, and the result is that I find people of this description are more pleasant in society in their secondbest than in their very best dresses. These

last are new; and the persons I am speaking of never feel thoroughly at home in them, never lose their consciousness of unusual finery until the first stain has been made. With their best gowns they put on an unusual fineness of language; they say "commence" instead of "begin;" they enquire if they may "assist" instead of asking if they may "help" you to anything. And yet there are some, very far from vain or self-conscious, who are never so agreeable as when they have a dim half-defined idea that they are looking their best — not in finery, but in air, arrangement, or complexion. I have a notion that Madame de Sablé, with her fine instincts, was aware of this, and that there were one or two secrets about the furniture and disposition of light in her salon which are lost in these degenerate days. I heard, or read, lately, that we make a great mistake in furnishing our reception-rooms with all the light and delicate colours, the profusion of ornament, and flecked and spotted chintzes, if we wish to show off the human face and figure; that our ancestors and the great painters knew better, with their somewhat sombre and heavy-tinted back-grounds, relieving or throwing out into full relief the rounded figure and the delicate peach-like complexion.

I fancy Madame de Sablé's salon was furnished with deep warm soberness of tone; lightened up by flowers, and happy animated people, in a brilliancy of dress, which would be lost now-a-days against our satin walls, and flower-bestrewn carpets, and gilding, gilding everywhere. Then, somehow, conversation must have flown naturally into sense or nonsense, as the case might be. People must have gone to her house well prepared for either lot. It might be that wit would come uppermost, sparkling, crackling, leaping, calling out echoes all around; or the same people might talk with all their might and wisdom, on some grave and important subject of the day, in that manner which we have got into the way of calling "earnest," but which term has struck me as being slightly flavoured by cant, ever since I heard of an "earnest uncle." At any rate, whether grave or gay, people did not go up to Madame de Sablé's salons with a set purpose of being either the one or the other. They were carried away by the subject of the conversation, by the humour of the moment. I have visited a good deal among a set of people who piqued themselves on being rational. We have talked what they called sense, but what I called platitudes, till I have longed, like Southey in the Doctor, to come out with some interminable nonsensical word (Aballibogibouganorribo was his, I think), as a relief for my despair at not being able to think of anything more that was sensible. It would have done me good to

have said it, and I could have started afresh on the rational tack. But I never did. I sank into inane silence, which I hope was taken for wisdom. One of this set paid a relation of mine a profound compliment, for so she meant it to be, "Oh, Miss F.! you are so trite!" But as it is not in every one's power to be rational, and "trite," at all times and in all places, discharging our sense at a given place, like water from a fireman's hose; and as some of us are cisterns rather than fountains, and may have our stores exhausted, why is it not more general to call in other aids to conversation, in order to enable us to pass an agreeable evening?

But I will come back to this presently. Only let me say that there is but one thing more tiresome than an evening when everybody tries to be profound and sensible, and that is an evening when everybody tries to be witty. I have a disagreeable sense of effort and unnaturalness at both times; but the everlasting attempt, even when it succeeds, to be clever and amusing, is the worse of the two. People try to say brilliant rather than true things; they not only catch eager hold of the superficial and ridiculous in other persons, and in events generally, but from constantly looking out for subjects for jokes, and "mots," and satire, they become possessed of a kind of sore susceptibility themselves, and are afraid of their own working selves, and dare not give way to any expression of feeling, or any noble indignation or enthusiasm. This kind of wearying wit is far different from humour, which wells up and forces its way out irrepressibly, and calls forth smiles and laughter, but not very far apart from tears. Depend upon it, some of Madame de Sablé's friends had been moved in a most abundant and genial measure. They knew how to narrate too. Very simple, say you? I say, no! I believe the art of telling a story is born with some people, and these have it to perfection; but all might acquire some expertness in it, and ought to do so, before launching out into the muddled, complex, hesitating, broken, disjointed poor, bald accounts of events, which have neither unity, nor colour, nor life, nor end in them, that one sometimes hears.

But as to the rational parties that are in truth so irrational, when all talk up to an assumed character, instead of showing themselves what they really are, and so extending each other's knowledge of the infinite and beautiful capacities of human nature — whenever I see the grave, sedate faces, with their good but anxious expression, I remember how I was once, long ago, at a party like this; every one had brought out his or her wisdom, and aired it for the good of the company; one or two had, from a sense of duty, and without any special living interest in the

matter, improved us by telling us of some new scientific discovery, the details of which were all and each of them wrong, as I learnt afterwards; if they had been right, we should not have been any the wiser; — and just at the pitch when any more useful information might have brought on congestion of the brain, a stranger to the town, a beautiful, audacious, but most feminine romp, proposed a game, and such a game, for us wise men of Gotham! But she (now long still and quiet after her bright life, so full of pretty pranks) was a creature whom all who looked on loved; and with grave hesitating astonishment we knelt round a circular table at her word of command. She made one of the circle, and producing a feather, out of some sofa pillow, she told us she should blow it up into the air, and whichever of us it floated near, must puff away to keep it from falling on the table. I suspect we all looked like Keeley in the Camp at Chobham, and were surprised at our own obedience to this ridiculous, senseless mandate, given with a graceful imperiousness, as if it were too royal to be disputed. We knelt on, puffing away with the utmost intentness, looking like a set of elderly —

"Fools!" No! my dear Sir. I was going to say elderly cherubim. But making fools of ourselves, was better than making owls, as we had been doing.

I will mention another party where a game of some kind would have been a blessing. It was at a very respectable tradesman's house. We went at half-past four, and found a well-warmed handsome sitting-room, with block upon block of unburnt coal behind the fire; on the table there was a tray with wine and cake, oranges and almonds and raisins, of which we were urged to partake. In half-an-hour came tea; none of your flimsy meals, with wafer bread and butter, and three biscuits and a half. This was a grave and serious proceeding; tea, coffee, bread of all kinds, cold fowl, tongue, ham, potted meats — I don't know what. Tea lasted about an hour, and then the cake and wine tray was restored to its former place. The stock of subjects of common interest was getting low, and, in spite of our good-will long stretches of silence occurred, producing a stillness which made our host nervously attack the fire, and stir it up to a yet greater glow of intense heat; and the hostess invariably rose at such times, and urged us to "eat another maccaroon." The first I revelled in, the second I enjoyed, the third I got through, the fourth I sighed over, the fifth reminded me uncomfortably of that part of Sterne's Sentimental Journey, where he feeds a donkey with maccaroons, — and when, at the sight of the sixth, I rose to come away, a burst of imploring, indignant surprise greeted me: "You are surely

never going before supper!" I stopped. I ate that supper. Hot jugged hare, hot roast turkey, hot boiled ham, hot apple-tart, hot toasted cheese. No wonder I am old before my time. Now these good people were really striving, and taking pains, and laying out money, to make the evening pass agreeably, but the only way they could think of to amuse their guests, was, giving them plenty to eat. If they had asked one of their children they could doubtless have suggested half-a-dozen games, which we could all have played at when our subjects of common interest failed, and which would have carried us over the evening quietly and simply, if not brilliantly. But in many a small assemblage of people, where the persons collected are incongruous, where talking cannot go on through so many hours, without becoming flat or laboured, why have we not oftener recourse to games of some kind.

Wit, Advice, Bout-rimés, Lights, Spanish merchant, Twenty Questions — every one knows these, and many more, if they would only not think it beneath them to be called upon by a despairing hostess to play at them. Of course to play them well requires a little more exertion of intellect than quoting other people's sense and wisdom, or misquoting science. But I do not think it takes as much thought and memory, and consideration, as it does to be "up" in the science of good eating and drinking. A profound knowledge of this branch of learning seems in general to have absorbed all the faculties before it could be brought to anything like perfection. So I do not consider games as entailing so much mental fatigue as a man must undergo before he is qualified to decide upon dishes. I once noticed the worn and anxious look of a famous diner-out, when called upon by his no less anxious host to decide upon the merits of a salad, mixed by no hands, as you may guess, but those of the host in question. The guest, doctor of the art of good living, tasted, paused, tasted again, — and then, with gentle solemnity, gave forth his condemnatory opinion. I happened to be his next neighbour, and slowly turning his meditative fullmoon face round to me, he gave me the valuable information that to eat a salad in perfection some one should be racing from lettuce to shalot, from shalot to endive, and so on, all the time that soup and fish were being eaten; that the vegetables should be gathered, washed, sliced, blended, eaten, all in a quarter of an hour. I bowed as in the presence of a master; and felt, no wonder his head was bald, and his face heavily wrinkled.

I have said nothing of books. Yet I am sure that if Madame de Sablé lived now, they would be seen in her salon as part of its natural indispensable furniture; not brought out, and strewed

here and there when "company was coming," but as habitual presences in her room, wanting which, she would want a sense of warmth and comfort and companionship. Putting out books as a sort of preparation for an evening, as a means for making it pass agreeably, is running a great risk. In the first place, books are by such people, and on such occasions, chosen more for their outside than their inside. And in the next, they are the "mere material with which wisdom (or wit) builds;" and if persons don't know how to use the material, they will suggest nothing. I imagine Madame de Sablé would have the volumes she herself was reading, or those which, being new, contained any matter of present interest, left about, as they would naturally be. I could also fancy that her guests would not feel bound to talk continually, whether they had anything to say or not, but that there might be pauses of not unpleasant silence — a quiet darkness out of which they might be certain that the little stars would glimmer soon. I can believe that in such pauses of repose, some one might open a book, and catching on a suggestive sentence, might dash off again into the full flow of conversation. But I cannot fancy any grand preparations for what was to be said among people, each of whom brought the best dish in bringing himself; and whose own store of living, individual thought and feeling, and mother-wit, would be infinitely better than any cut-and-dry determination to devote the evening to mutual improvement. If people are really good and wise, their goodness and their wisdom flow out unconsciously, and benefit like sunlight. So, books for reference, books for impromptu suggestion, but never books to serve for texts to a lecture. Engravings fall under something like the same rules. To some they say everything; to ignorant and unprepared minds nothing. I remember noticing this in watching how people looked at a very valuable portfolio belonging to an acquaintance of mine, which contained engraved and authentic portraits of almost every possible person; from king and kaiser down to notorious beggars, and criminals; including all the celebrated men, women, and actors whose likenesses could be obtained. To some, this portfolio gave food for observation, meditation and conversation. It brought before them every kind of human tragedy, — every variety of scenery and costume and grouping in the background, thronged with figures called up by their imagination. Others took them up and laid them down, simply saying, "This is a pretty face!" "Oh what a pair of eyebrows!" "Look at this queer dress!"

Yet, after all, having something to take up and to look at, is a relief and of use to persons

who, without being self-conscious, are nervous from not being accustomed to society. Oh Cassandra! Remember when you with your rich gold coins of thought, with your noble power of choice expression, were set down, and were thankful to be set down, to look at some paltry engravings, just because people did not know how to get at your ore, and you did not care a button whether they did or not, and were rather bored by their attempts, the end of which you never found out. While I, with my rattling tinselly rubbish, was thought "agreeable and an acquisition!" You would have been valued at Madame de Sablé's, where the sympathetic and intellectual stream of conversation would have borne you and your golden fragments away with it, by its soft resistless gentle force.

BROKEN LANGUAGE.

The traveller who arrives at the Paris terminus of the Great Northern Railway, in a well-filled train, late at night, knowing nothing of the Gallic tongue, may be strangely puzzled. He is ushered into a large cold room, where he waits for half-an-hour, while the luggage is forwarded from the van to a convenient platform to be searched. It is, however, when the railway official throws the door of this cold room wide open, and declares that Messieurs les Voyageurs may now pick out their respective portmanteaus, that the traveller becomes at once sorely puzzled. By the aid of vigorous pantomime he may be able to convey a sense of his want to a Frenchman who speaks French. Unhappily it is his usual fate to be pounced upon by a biped who speaks a strange language known in certain parts of France as English; but which no Englishman can understand. Anglican-French is not an euphonious tongue; but Gallic-English beats it. The Parisian commissioner will talk this wild language, even to Englishmen who have been long resident in France. Answer him in French, he will still reply in his hybrid jargon. Tell him that you have three bagages, he replies that Monsieur's *lokge* shall be attended to. And then, when he gets excited — when some opposing commissioner crosses his path to lure you from him, how terribly wild is this extraordinary person's tongue! Yet, as I have written, he *will* speak it, for has he not gone through a cours d'Anglais, and should he admit that his English is of little use to the hotel, will he not be dismissed? Lucky is the traveller who escapes from him.

To follow the announcements in the shop windows of Paris, the simple-minded traveller would imagine that an English master would have a sinecure in Paris. Say that he desires to find lodgings. At a house where French only is spoken he will possibly

be puzzled, for the landlady will inevitably ask him whether he requires an apartment in three or four pieces — "pieces" being the idiom for rooms, and "an apartment" that for a series of rooms shut off from the rest of a house. It is clear that to wend his way through idioms of this puzzling nature he must have considerable patience. But he will find patience will be more conspicuously required when he sees, hanging up under a huge gateway, "Apartments let, to be furnished." Perhaps he infers from this announcement, that some person of a confiding nature had taken apartments; and that, having once found himself in possession, he had discovered that he could not furnish them — hence this pathetic appeal to the sympathy of the public. Perhaps the appeal proceeds from a newly married couple: perhaps it proceeds from the confident student of six lessons.

Say that the visitor strolls away to the Rotonde, to enjoy a cup of coffee, and to read Galignani. He turns to the advertisement columns in the hope of finding the rooms he requires. Presently he discovers the announcement of a Restaurant "done" into English. The reader is informed that at this establishment the gourmet can have extraordinary delicacies for two francs and a half, including a bottle of Mâcon. The announcement might be attractive — if it could be understood. The dinner is thus described: "One has a potage; three dishes; two legumes; and a dessert. The potage does not displace itself," — in plainer English, if the diner object to it he can have no other dish instead.

He may glean from this entry in the bill that the potage is some happy combination easily digestible, since it has no inclination to disturb the eater; but what can he make of two legumes! Yet this tempting bill of fare is specially translated for his comprehension, and inserted, that it may surely reach him, in the English paper of Paris! Well, he wonders, and, perhaps, out of mere curiosity, wanders to this notable restaurant. Here he finds a bill of fare printed in English: he refers to it eagerly for explanations. Observe the note under the title: "One is prayed not to ask for things out of season." "One" is tempted by this prayer to look over the book full of delicacies which it prefaces. One finds that "hashed seal" is a dish recommended, and that "chops of kid" may be enjoyed at a reasonable rate. One tastes these delicacies: the hashed seal turning out to be "hashed teal." One does not care to patronise this restaurant a second time, particularly as one finds important placards pasted against the dead wall in the Rue Vivienne, describing the gastronomic temptations of "Le Rosbif." Le Rosbif is a Gallic-English house, on the Place de la Bourse, where

Parisians are led to believe they enjoy the roast beef of Old England. The bills of this establishment, printed upon gay yellow paper, are in French and English. In the English translation one is reminded again of the popularity of the legumes; and the retiring are informed that "one can have private dining rooms." One may be tempted to try Le Rosbif; and possibly it may be a good establishment, where the traveller may find better meat than English.

Gallic-English of the peculiar character already instanced, is not used simply in shops and restaurants; it does duty even in educated circles; it is pressed into the service of the papers. The reader at the Rotonde may find various specimens of this outlandish language even in the important journals of France. The Débats is indignantly describing some instance of ruffianism, and in endeavouring to convey to its readers all the atrocity of which the monster in hand is guilty, makes him exclaim, in his moment of passionate cruelty: — "Let us them Lynch!" The Siècle has a vivid description of the "Goldstream Guards!"

Gallic-English is to be heard in every corner of Paris; it is talked by the student of the Ecole du Droit, who asks you whether "you speak an Englishmans?" I once heard it well spoken by an actor on the stage of the Vaudeville — who, playing the Emperor Napoleon in the act of planning the defeat of the English off Boulogne, and noticing a particular British tar retreating at a wonderful pace, exclaimed in Gallic-English of the most finished style — "He is a foutif Englishman!" This exclamation brought down thunders of applause. It cost me some time to discover what kind of animal, of what race ethnologically a "foutif Englishman" could be. By slow degrees, and a dictionary, I arrived at the conclusion that the author of this Napoleonic drama had found this word — or something like it — set against the French word for retreating. The English word would possibly be furtive. The victim of a slight railway accident, exhibiting his broken language and his riven trousers to me one afternoon, earnestly desired inspection of the "accident extraordinare that had arrived to 'im." He had not learnt that the words happen and arrive are never synonymous in English.

Few absurdities go beyond the absurd systems on which most English pupils are taught French, and the French are taught English. The finished pupil of a French master who shall have been assiduous in his attention to accent and grammar, will often arrive in Paris the speaker of a language that will cost him a thousand difficulties. At the restaurant instead of calling for his "addition," when he has finished his dinner, he will inevitably inquire for his billet. He will take

"du café" after his dinner, instead of a "demi-tasse;" he will be incommoded with a bottle of beer, when he is thirsty, instead of a choppe? He can read Montaigne, but he cannot understand Henri the waiter, who will offer to his customers, "Byecutlets of veal," meaning the "entrecôtes," in Anglican-English — the ribs.

It is a pity that conversation classes are not more general; for French, being a language of phrases, can only be properly taught by means of conversation.

Specimens of pronunciation, copied verbatim from a new and popular child's book, will show how lessons for giving English children a Parisian accent are framed. The author directs his little pupils to talk about an "aid-de-cang;" to mix in the "bo-móngde;" not to believe that they can do everything by a "coo-de-mang;" in reading, never to skip the parts of a book, in their eagerness to learn the "den-noo-mang;" to take sufficient exercise to check any tendency to "ang-bong-póing;" to avoid "ang-wee" in their "ang-tray" into life; never to indulge in foolish "zheu-de-mo," nor to lose solid acquirements in the enticements of "zheu-de-spree." He discourages "mo-vays hongte" as "oot-ray."

Most commercial men know that lately a rage for docks has seized upon the Parisian mind. The Napoleon docks, which are to receive the vast tonnage which is to make its way to Paris, have long been the topic of conversation in the cafés and elsewhere. This rage has been, at last, turned to account by a cheap tailor of comprehensive mind; who deals with thousands; and informs the people of Paris, through the medium of huge posters, that he has no less than five thousand "coachmanns" ready for their inspection. These "coachmanns" appear to be thick coats or cloaks just now popular in the French capital. But it is to the sign of this great tailor's establishment that the attention of the Parisian is directed. The sign is "Au Docks de la Toilette!"

JOHN DUNTON WAS A CITIZEN.

Many thanks to our modern literary antiquaries for the curious diaries and amusing collections of old letters, which afford us such pleasant glimpses of social life in long past times. Many thanks, too, to the worthy inditers of these long-forgotten relics — good, quiet souls, many of them — who little thought, when they were simply jotting down some passing occurrence for their own exclusive use, or detailing to some loving kinsman a piece of family news, or the gossip of the neighbourhood, that after generations had passed away, they would appear in print, and be quoted and reviewed. Thanks, also, to those egotistical

writers, numerous in every age, though mostly enjoying but an ephemeral reputation, who, scorning private diary and confidential correspondence, claimed the public for their friend, and sent forth the story of their unsuccessful struggles, their misfortunes — always, according to them, unmerited — their wrongs, and their grievances, in small pica, and bound in strong sheep or calf.

Next to old newspapers we have found no species of composition more suggestive, and more illustrative than these homely prosing books, where in the midst of dull details, of which the public whom the writer addressed, cared but little, and we, its great-great-grand-children, of course, still less, some sketch of the public characters of the day, some vivid notice of some recent public event, some picture of times passed away for ever, may be found, and found nowhere else. Among this class of publications is one volume, which attracted some notice on its appearance, almost a hundred and fifty years ago, and which, among collectors of old books, is not wholly forgotten, but which few of our readers have perhaps ever heard of. It is the autobiography of a London bookseller, one John Dunton:

> John Dunton was a citizen
> Of credit and renown,

who dealt with left-legged Tonson, and with Thomas Guy when he kept shop in Lombard Street; who employed Elkanah Settle to do his poetry, and the author of the Turkish Spy his prose; who published many a volume during the feverish times of James the Second, and the prosperous years succeeding the Revolution — John Dunton, of the Black Raven, opposite the Poultry Compter, who, in seventeen hundred and five, turned writer himself, and gave the world the history of his life and errors: and, more amusing still, pen-and-ink portraits of the various bookmakers and booksellers, with whom he had been associated.

Determined to begin at the beginning, and with sufficient minuteness too, John tells us that he was born in sixteen hundred and fifty-nine, was very weakly, and so small, that he was placed in a quart pot, which contained him very easily; a process this, not very well adapted, as we think, to promote the health of a sickly new-born infant. From this, his first ordeal, he seems to have escaped scathless; so, after being duly swathed and rocked, and spoon-fed, according to the manner of dealing with babies of his day, and then put into the go-cart, he was in process of time set to his hornbook — which he hated, while he set himself to mischief — which he much preferred. This preference was very trying to his father, a country clergyman who hoped that his eldest son might follow his calling — the mother had died before he was a year old — so

he was sent to a neighbouring school. But primer, and Latin grammar were as distasteful to the boy as his hornbook; and the father was reluctantly compelled to give up the cherished hope of seeing his son in the Church, and to seek out some secular calling. From the notices Dunton gives us of his father, he seems to have been an excellent man, and what was rare, indeed, at this period of bitter religious strife, of singularly liberal opinions. This is proved by his sending his son to be apprenticed, not to any of the high Church booksellers — although those were the days of the Five-mile and Conventicle Acts — but "to the most eminent presbyterian bookseller in the three kingdoms," Mr. Thomas Parkhurst, at the Bible and Three Crowns, in Cheapside, near Mercers' Chapel.

It was in the year sixteen hundred and seventy-three that John Dunton made his début in our city; and it is curious to remember how few of the famed sights of London could then have met his view. London was but newly rising from the ashes of her great fire, the Royal Exchange was not, Old St. Paul's was not, but only wide, deep foundations, where the masterpiece of Wren was years afterwards to rise; all the city gates had vanished, almost all the beautiful London churches — even Bow bells — could no longer fling their encouraging chime upon the eager ear of the London apprentice; how strange and sad must the city have looked to the young stranger; but how much sadder to the aged man, the born and bred London citizen! Building was, however, rapidly going on. One of the most ostentatious rows of tall redbrick houses in the new-built city — still remaining on the north side of Cheapside, and belonging to the Mercers' Company — were already finished; and here Mr. Parkhurst had opened his shop, and here was John Dunton to spend the seven years of his apprenticeship. It is pleasant to find John, more than thirty years afterwards, speaking of his Honoured Master in terms so respectful and affectionate. "He was scrupulously honest in all things, a good master, and very kind to all his relations. Indeed, I was most kindly received by him, and I cannot but say that if ever an apprenticeship was easy and agreeable, it was that which I served."

Time passed on; the worthy bookseller well satisfied with his apprentice, who tells us that from disliking his book, he even began to be very fond of reading, when, alas! a Miss Susanna S—, came on a visit to the Bible and Three Crowns. That she was beautiful, at least to the eyes of the young 'prentice, there is no doubt, and perhaps she looked kindly on him. However, a roguish fellow apprentice brought a mysterious note, pretending it came from the young lady; John Dunton, over-

joyed, forthwith set about inditing his first billet-doux, wherein, full of gratitude for her notice, he prayed her to meet him the following evening in Grocers' Hall garden. The reader may here be told, in parenthesis, that the pleasant gardens belonging to the City companies, were then, and at a much later period, the scenes of many a city courtship. We have heard the story how one of our grandmothers, a fair young maiden in black velvet hat and blushrose ribbons, stood, shepherdess-like, under the trees in Drapers' Garden, contemplating the Cupid and swan, which we believe still grace the fountain there; and how a studious young man, ordered to walk for his health, unhappily one springtide evening wandered thither, and received an incurable wound from the black velvet hat, and blushrose ribbons, or rather from the soft blue eyes beneath. And how he pined and was thought to be in a decline, until a kind lady worth ten doctors (and so like one of the discreet old ladies in the Arabian Nights, that we should respect her for that, if for nothing else), recommended him to resume his walks in Drapers' Garden, and seek the remedy from the same source that had given the wound. Often did the old people discourse pleasantly on this love passage of their youth, and always did they enjoy a walk in Drapers' Garden.

Not so fortunate was our young apprentice. The young lady came to Grocers' Garden, "but so soon as I revealed the occasion, she told me she was ignorant of it." The "'prentice bold" as the ice had been broken, seems to have thought it a pity so good an opportunity of "keeping company" should be lost, so he began to pay the young lady due attention, and sport was becoming earnest, when, "my master making a timely discovery," sent Miss Susanna back into the country.

Next year John Dunton went to see his worthy father, then on his death-bed, and on his return seems to have settled again soberly to business. On one point only, does there seem to have been any difference between master and apprentice; this was a fancy Dunton had of late taken to attend Mr. Doolittle's meeting, then held in Barber Surgeons' Hall, Monkwell Street. Now, this Nonconformist minister was a most worthy man, and highly respected, but according to the strict arrangements of well-ordered families in the seventeenth century all who ate their Sunday pudding and roast meat together, were expected also to attend public worship together; so "Mr. Parkhurst told me that I broke the order and harmony of his family." A severe punishment was in store for the wayward apprentice. "One Sunday," when doubtless instead of busily setting down the heads and particulars of the good man's sermon in his little table-book, his eyes were wandering about, "the beautiful Ra-

chael Seaton gave me a fatal wound."

Again did the young apprentice set about inditing love letters, and there were stolen visits, and "much time stolen too from my master's business, at Mr. Dawson's dancing-school." It is provoking to find him breaking off here with the apology, that to relate "all these extravagancies would be almost to commit the same error over again." He abruptly adds, that he gave up love-making, and was now hurried on to another extreme — politics.

The aspect of affairs in one thousand six hundred and seventy-nine was certainly threatening. The King's continued unwillingness to call the parliament together, and the influence of the Duke of York over him, excited the just indignation of the people, who felt that they had already borne too much. Petitions, therefore, were got up by the Whig party, praying that parliament might be assembled; and counter-petitions were got up by the "Tories and Tantivies," expressing their "abhorrence" of all such petitioners. In London, the head-quarters of the Whigs, there was great ferment, and

Up arose the 'prentices all,
Living in London both proper and tall,

to vindicate the rights of free Englishmen to a free parliament.

The apprentices of the chief Presbyterian bookseller could not be inactive on such an occasion, so Joshua Evans, and John Dunton were among the first, and were soon joined by three hundred, and had frequent meetings at Russel's house in Ironmonger Lane; a tavern honoured by Sir Roger l'Estrange, on account of the opinions of its frequenters, with some of his choicest Billingsgate. Here the valorous apprentices met; doubtless toasting The Good Cause, as their fathers had done during a more successful contest, and probably wearing the green ribbon, the badge of the Petitioners in their caps, just as the Abhorrers mounted the scarlet ribbon — the blue and the orange being as yet unknown. With no little glee John tells us how badly the counterpetition of the Tory apprentices succeeded, and how thousands of signatures were subscribed to theirs. It appears that this petition was in the form of a remonstrance to be addressed to the Lord Mayor. So, on the appointed day, a deputation of twenty — John among the foremost — went, being introduced by that worthy man, so celebrated for his lifelong benevolence, Mr. Firmin. The young patriots were courteously received by the Lord Mayor — Sir Patience Ward — who promised he would acquaint the King with its contents, and then dismissed them with a recommendation to behave themselves as became London apprentices.

Dunton's term of servitude was now near its close, and the next notice we find is, the customary feast which he provided for his friends at its expiration, to cele-

brate its funeral; such entertainments, he remarks, "are vanity and very expensive," and we find that one hundred apprentices were invited!

John Dunton, now free of his master and of the City, and of the worshipful Stationers' Company, determined to set up for himself at once — a practice very general in all trades at this time. But the young London trader was expected to be thrifty; so John did not begin with a dashing shop, but took "half a shop, a warehouse, and a fashionable chamber, which I had of honest Mr. John Brown, whose extra civility to me I have not yet forgotten;" and he adds, "the world and business now set me perfectly at ease from all inclination to love and courtship." "Printing," he tells us, "was uppermost in my thoughts, and, therefore, authors began to ply me with specimens, as earnestly and with as much passion and concern, as the watermen do passengers with oars and scullers." Having had some acquaintance with this class during his apprenticeship, John kept them all at a distance, knowing them, as he says, to be inveterate paste and scissors hacks, and most inveterate liars, too; for, "they will pretend to have studied six or seven years in the Bodleian Library, and to have turned over all the fathers, though you shall find that they can scarce tell whether they flourished before the Christian era or afterwards." So the first publication of our young tradesman was no trashy work, but a pious book, written by worthy Mr. Doolittle, "and it fully answered its end, for, by exchanging it through the whole trade, it furnished my shop with all sorts of books saleable at that time, and, moreover, brought me acquainted with the ingenious gentlemen who were then students under Mr. Doolittle's care." These belonged to the academy at Islington, where, it still being the period of the Indulgence, this learned Nonconformist was permitted to teach young gentlemen to construe Greek, without having, as heretofore, the fear of bonds and imprisonment before his eyes. Among other books, Dunton also printed a sermon, preached by a country clergyman on the occasion of the "Ignoramus Jury" acquitting Lord Shaftesbury. This is worthy of notice, if only to show the extravagance of party-feeling, since the title of the sermon was, Daniel in the Den; or, the Lord-President's Imprisonment and Miraculous Deliverance.

If in the year one thousand six hundred and seventy-nine public affairs were gloomy, they were far more gloomy in one thousand six hundred and eighty-one — two, when the King dissolved the Parliament, and the laws against the Nonconformists were put in force more severely than ever. But John Dunton, who seems to have been, to use Cuddie Headrigg's phrase, but a coward body after a', kept respectfully aloof

from politics. It was a dangerous time for booksellers and printers, many of whom were fined: among them two of his acquaintance, Janeway, the chief opponent of Sir Roger l'Estrange, and Benjamin Harris, a bookseller in Gracechurch-street, who were set in the pillory besides, for pretended libels. When Harris was pilloried, Dunton tells us, that his noble-hearted wife stood by him, to defend her husband from the mob, and doubtless she proved an effectual shield. They then fled to that

Land of exiled liberty,

New England, where they dwelt and prospered. It is pleasant to find that, on the return of better times, they returned to England, took the old shop in Gracechurch-street, and, in the words of the old story-books, lived happy ever after.

Such testifyings did not suit John Dunton; he seems to have gone prosperously on; and, as he was now a well-to-do young tradesman, "my friends began to persecute me about matrimony. Old Mrs. Seaton" (we suppose the fair Rachael was disposed of), "first sets upon me, and recommends one Sarah Day of Ratcliffe; she was pretty, well bred, her fortune was considerable, and she was the best-natured creature in the world." Here were attractions enough; but another kind friend, who seems to have had a sharp eye to the shop, suggested, "there is Sarah Doolittle, a better wife for you by ten degrees, and then you will have her father's copyrights for nothing." This bribe of the father's copyrights is, we think, unrivalled in the annals of wife-hunting. While John was deliberating between the two Sarahs, we are happy to find that Sam Crook won Sarah Doolittle — caring probably more for the lady than her father's manuscripts. Another proposal was made of a third Sarah, one Miss Briscoe of Uxbridge, who was both handsome and rich; but while John was deliberating he strolled into Dr. Annesley's meeting in St. Helen's one Sunday morning, and there he soon singled out a young lady, that almost "charmed me dead."

He forthwith made inquiries about this charmer, when he found that she was one of the preacher's daughters, but pre-engaged. A very matter-of-fact friend, however, who seems to have thought that if one would not do another might, recommended him to look out a lady-love from among the doctor's other daughters, — he had almost a round dozen — and this hint John acted upon, and in Miss Elizabeth, an elder sister, he found one who, he tells us made a deeper impression upon him than any before.

Hitherto, our young bookseller seems to have been only playing at courtship, but now it was a matter of sober earnest, so with "Mr. Isaac Brindly and Mr. Marryat to second my proposal, I went to the doctor's." The old gentleman received the offer

courteously, and after having sent to Mr. Parkhurst, who spoke well of his late apprentice, "gave full consent, if I could prevail with her." The fair lady did not prove unkind; so they began to correspond in lover-like style: not as plain John and Elizabeth, but as Philaret and Iris! How widely the taste for high-flown language and exaggerated notions, doubtless borrowed from the French romances, must have spread, we may imagine, when we find a London bookseller, and the daughter of a Nonconformist minister, christening themselves by such fanciful names, and calling their friends, Arsinda, Lindamira, and Philomela? Philaret writing to his "fair conqueror" at Tunbridge Wells, tells her that "her absence is intolerable!" To which Iris replies that "all courtships must have a little knight-errantry in them, otherwise the lover is reckoned to be somewhat dull." Who shall say that the age of chivalry was over then.

With great glee John Dunton took a large shop at the corner of Princes-street, and its sign was the Black Raven; and from thence, on August the third, one thousand six hundred and eighty-two, he proceeded to Allhallows-on-the-Wall, being well attended thither, to be married. He tells us his father-in-law, on their return, preached a sermon on the occasion, which was succeeded by a handsome dinner, at which there was a large party. "As soon as dinner was ended, an ingenious gentleman called myself and bride out from the company, and presented an epithalamium." This is duly printed, and as it is all about Golden Hymen, and little Cupids, and sister Graces, we doubt not was very acceptable to Iris and Philaret. Dunton describes the wedding-ring as having two hearts united upon it, and the posy was,

God saw thee
Most fit for me.

A distich worthy of Settle himself. Pen-and-ink portraits of the bride and bridegroom followed, the lady's written by a female friend, and his by her sister. We are told that Iris "is tall, with light chesnut hair, dark eyes, little mouth, white hands, and complexion, very fair;" while Philaret "has eyes black and full of spirit, and countenance rendered amiable by a cheerful and sprightly air." This pen portrait would appear to be rather flattering; for his real portrait, prefixed to the book, represents him as a heavy-looking man.

"Being established now, my dear Iris became bookseller, cash-keeper, managed all my affairs for me, and left me to my own rambling humour." This was, unfortunately, the worst thing that could befal so unsteady a tradesman as Philaret; he seems to have attended but little to his business, and it probably (for he has not expressly told us), partly failed, since "on the defeat of Monmouth, having at that time

five hundred pounds owing me in New England, I thought I would go there."

Perhaps John had become involved, as many other London tradesmen had, in that ill-starred rising, and found it prudent to go away for a time. His father-in-law, who had lately been prosecuted, approved of his going, and "dear Iris" willingly, though sorowfully acquiesced; at Gravesend he met a brother bookseller, "whose circumstances being somewhat perplexing, was making his way to Holland," and he himself embarked for Boston with thirty passengers flying for safety from the rout of Sedgemoor. While they were still detained in the Downs, a terrible storm came on, and he remarks that it was on that very day "when the innocent Cornish, and the compassionate Mrs. Gaunt fell sacrifices to popish cruelty." We were four months at sea, and the captain being a rough, 'covetous tarpaulin, with a smattering of divinity," half starved the passengers: also inflicted insufferably long expositions of Scripture upon them, which highly offended the poor Sedgemoor fugitives. It was a happy day for them all when they landed at Boston.

John Dunton's picture of Boston, the Boston only some twenty years later of Hester Prynne, is very graphic; and we are vividly reminded of Hawthorn's powerful story when we find him detailing how a woman, convicted of intrigue with an Indian, was condemned to wear upon her right arm the figure of an Indian, and in red cloth. His accounts of the visits he paid, and the marvels he saw, are very amusing. He visited the venerable Elliott, and his company of civilised red men, and saw the king and queen; the former, he says, had a sort of a horse face; but the lady had eyes black as jet, and teeth white as ivory. There was somewhat of the sharp Yankee spirit of trade extant, even at that early day; for he remarks that "he who trades with the people of Boston, should be furnished with a Grecian faith, as he may get promises enough, but their payments come late." The venture of books, however, which he took over, answered well, and after a pleasant sojourn of some months, he returned safely to England.

During this time, his business seems to have been carried on by his excellent wife, whose letters prove her to have been a woman of no common attainments, Philaret Iris notwithstanding. The following summer Dunton went to Holland, and at the close of that year, trusting better times were at hand, he returned, determined now in good earnest to stick to his shop. "My humour of rambling," he says, "was now pretty nigh over," so he took a new shop, opposite the Poultry Compter, again set up the sign of the Black Raven, and opened

it on the same day that the Prince of Orange came to London.

The next nine years of his life passed pleasantly and prosperously. He became an extensive publisher, and the accounts he gives, both of the writers he employed, and the booksellers whom he knew, are very curious and entertaining. The literary profession was as low as it well could be, and it is singular to find how many hack writers were in orders. The Nonconformist ministers, however, wrote largely, and their works were sure of an extensive sale. John remarks how anxious the trade was to obtain any works of Baxter, Bates, or Howe, and there were plenty of hacks who, for a trifling consideration were ready to manufacture to order, works that had never been written by the author whose name was displayed on the title-page. This practice, as may well be supposed, was scouted by respectable publishers. Among John Dunton's writers, we find some well-known names: Defoe, whom he characterises as "of very good parts, and of very clear sense, but he writes too much;" Elkanah Settle, who "has got himself the report of being a good poet;" then there is Mr. Pitts, "a mere angel of a man," who was, in part, author of a work of a very unangelic character, The Bloody Assize; but which he was well qualified to write, having been a surgeon in Monmouth's unfortunate army, and thus a witness of Jefferies' appalling butcheries. Of this work more than six thousand were sold. Another writer, now forgotten, was a Mr. Barlow, rector of Chalgrove, "a man, in some sense, of very great worth; but he has got a *strange habit* (scarcely so strange to us, we must add, as to John) of borrowing money, and deferring the payment thereof;" there is, also, Mr. Phillips, "who will write a design off in a very little time, if the gout or claret do not stop him." But "the best-accomplished hackney author I ever met with, was Mr. Bradshaw; his genius was quite above the common size, and his style was incomparably fine." This fine genius unhappily had an unaccountable habit of receiving money in advance, and then walking off, no one knew whither; as "you could present to him no design, but he would go through with it." Dunton "fixed him down to one, and furnished him both with money and books; but my gentleman thought fit to remove himself, nor could I find him, till one day I met his wife, who told me he was engaged on the Turkish Spy, at forty shillings a sheet, twenty shillings for himself as he sent them, and twenty shillings to pay off old arrears.

John tells us that during these nine years he printed more than six hundred works; when we bear in mind that there were several London booksellers in more extensive trade than he, we can scarcely accuse that age of the general illiteracy which is com-

monly charged on it. Many of John's publications were certainly but of ephemeral value, but there were some, both religious and historical, that took a high place. His great venture, however, he tells us, was the Athenian Mercury, a weekly paper devoted to all kinds of discussion, but chiefly to literature. This met with great success, being highly commended by many writers: the Pindaric lady Philomela, now known as Mrs. Rowe, writing a poem in it, and "Mr. Swift, a country gentleman, sent me an ode." Swift was, at that time, all unknown to fame, a resident at Moor Park, as the humble protégé of Sir William Temple. This periodical flourished for six years, ending in February, sixteen hundred and ninety-six, in consequence, Dunton tells us, of the great increase of similar ventures. The complete series formed twenty volumes, folio, and perhaps among so great a mass of writings, some papers not altogether deserving of oblivion may be found.

It may be well here, to give the reader a few of Dunton's pen-and-ink sketches of his brothers in trade. Chief among the London booksellers at this time was Richard Chiswell, of the Rose and Crown in St. Paul's Churchyard, "who well deserves the title of metropolitan bookseller of England, for his name at the bottom of a title-page doth sufficiently recommend the book; for he has not been known to print, either a bad book, or on bad paper: moreover, he knows how to value a copy according to its worth." Then there is "Mr. Thomas Parkhurst, mine honoured master," whose excellent character has already been given, and "he has met with very strange success, for I have known him sell off the whole impression before the book has been almost heard of in London." Next, there is that London celebrity, Thomas Guy, the founder of the two Borough hospitals. "He entertains a sincere respect for English liberty, is a man of strong reason, and very charitable." John does not tell us, as doubtless it was well known, that the foundation of Guy's enormous wealth was laid by the printing of Bibles, which, at this period, were very largely imported from Holland, but which were mostly found to be extremely incorrect. His first shop was in Stocks Market, the present site of the Mansion House; and while there, and after he removed to his larger shop in Lombard Street, being single and very saving, he was accustomed to have his frugal dinner fetched from a neighbouring cook's-shop, and to make his counter his dinner-table, with an old newspaper for a tablecloth. The habits of Mr. Richard Parker, "whose body is in good condition and plump," we imagine to have been different. He, too, "is fortunate in all he prints, and much beloved by the merchants," so, doubtless, he eat his roast

beef off a damask tablecloth, with his bottle of Madeira — wines were unexcised in those palmy days — and the tall long-stemmed glass by his side. Jacob Tonson, of "the two left legs," receives a very high character: "to do him justice he speaks his mind on all occasions, and flatters nobody." Dryden and Pope would both concur in the truth of this, although we doubt if they would make it the subject of compliment. Then, there is Mr. Kettleby, with his sign of the Bishop's Head, "and indeed he is pretty warmly disposed that way" — in plain terms, rather a dangerous Jacobite; and there are also Mr. Borroughs and Mr. Ballard, both of Little Britain. Mr. Walton deserves a passing notice, as "a very courteous man, although his trade lies much among the lawyers!" There are two or three lady booksellers; one of them an unmarried lady, Mrs. Lucy Soule, "who is both a printer and a bookseller — being a good compositor herself. She hath refused many offers because that her aged mother might have the chief command in her house."

John Dunton gives us many more sketches of booksellers. "A Mr. More, with whom I travelled to Brentford;" how suggestive of bad roads and slow travelling! "there was no virtue but he possessed it." We might travel in these days — very often have, perhaps — with similar paragons, and not have a chance of finding them out. All the booksellers do not, however, come in for so favourable a character. A Mr. Salusbury is denounced as "a silly, empty, morose fellow, with as much conceit, and as little reason for it, as any man I know." As it appears this gentleman was admired by the ladies, we are perhaps supplied with the true reason for this abuse. But the worst of all was one Mr. Lee, of Lombard Street, who was "a cormorant and a pirate. Copies, books, men, shops — all were one; he held no propriety, good or bad, right or wrong, till at last he became known, and then he marched off to Ireland."

Returning to the Black Raven, John Dunton tells us, that the world still smiled upon him. In sixteen hundred and ninety-two, having been left some property by a relation, he was enabled to take up the livery of the Stationers' Company; and soon after, Sir William Ashurst being lord mayor, the master and wardens, and a select few of the liverymen, were invited to dine with him. This is noted down as a white day by John, for he was one of the number, and he went with them in procession to Grocers' Hall — did he remember the old love-making in the garden there, as he sat in solemn state in his livery gown as one of the Worshipful Company of Stationers! — and he tells us that the entertainment was sumptuous, and the lord mayor "sent a noble spoon to our wives."

Alas! the days are gone when there was any association between a Lord Mayor, or any lord, and a noble spoon.

Soon after the discontinuance of the Athenian Mercury, John seems to have neglected business; he hints something about "a design," and that to enjoy the leisure necessary for it, he took "an airy apartment" in Bull Head Court, Jewin Street, and there was accustomed to spend his days, instead of behind the broad counter, or beneath the pent-house of the Black Raven. But he well knew there was one, though in delicate health and fast-failing strength, who would keep faithful watch there. And so she did as long as health permitted — perhaps longer than she ought; but at length "dear Iris" was confined to her chamber, where patiently, cheerfully, and most unselfishly, she bore many long months of sickness. At length, on the twenty-eighth of May, sixteen hundred and ninety-seven, she breathed her last. The grief of her husband on this occasion exhibits itself in so much extravagance, that we are almost prepared to expect it would not be very lasting. He tells us, however, that he provided mourning for twenty of her relations, had her buried handsomely in Bunhill Fields, and requested Mr. Rogers to preach her funeral sermon at her late father's meeting-house. We have this sermon now before us — not a pamphlet, but a well-bound octavo volume, containing the Character of a good Woman, in a Funeral Discourse, with a long essay for a preface, together with an Epistle dedicatory, to the Ladies who are religious and good-humoured, both in a single and married State — a curious and amusing book it is, almost, we think, unique of its kind. A tombstone, with a long inscription in verse, was placed over her grave, and with the narrative of these funeral honours paid to "dear Iris," the work concludes.

Notwithstanding his vows of eternal remembrance of dear Iris, we find that John married again within little more than six months after! The lady possessed some property, and her mother more; but soon after her marriage she left him, and her dislike seems to have been irreconcilable. Dunton now gave up the Black Raven, and went to Dublin with a large consignment of books. On his return, his wife being still unwilling to come back to him, he attacked her mother in a bitter pamphlet, showing up Madam Jane Nicholas, of St. Alban's, for preventing "dear Valeria" from returning to him. An answer was published by the ladies' friends, and in one of dear Valeria's letters she plainly tells him, "I and all good people think you never married me for love, but for my money." We next find him, in seventeen hundred and five, preparing his Life and Errors for the press, in solitude, being compelled to keep out of the way of creditors; and it must have been sad for him to

reflect, how many of his brothers in trade were still gaining a competency, if not a fortune, under their respective signs, while he, by indulging his old wayward and unsettled disposition, was sinking fast into the very ranks he so despised — the ranks of the hack writers, whom he (likely enough) had not done much to reclaim.

And, indeed, only as a pamphlet writer was John Dunton henceforward known. His publications were very numerous, and one on the Hanoverian succession, entitled, Neck or Nothing, is declared by Swift himself to have been among the best ever published. In seventeen hundred and twenty-three, John, then an old man, petitioned the government for a pension, in reward for *forty* pamphlets written in its favour, but the application does not appear to have been successful. The last notice of him, is in Pope's Dunciad, and from this it would seem that he was in poverty. Having survived his second wife, to whom we believe he was never reconciled, John Dunton died in seventeen hundred and thirty-three, at the age of seventy-four.

AN OLD OFFENDER.

A CULPRIT, from the stony prison brought,
Stands at the solemn stern judicial bar;
A thief of many seasons; traced and caught,
The plunder in his gripe. With mouth ajar,
He strives to look untouched by evil thought,
But his eye steals around for friends afar.

"Who owns the boy?" No answer. "Eight years old?"
"His tenth offence, Sir." "Well, what has he done?"
"Cut off this watch, these seals." "He's very bold:
Where is his daily living earned, or won?"
"In the streets, both night and day, Sir, hot or cold."
"Where are the poor child's parents?" "He has none."

None — none! No parent! Like the cuckoo's young,
Cast on the lap of chance, for life, for bread;
Amongst the starved and sinful roughly flung;
By felons taught; by nightly plunder fed!
Help, angels! who his birth-day carol sung,
Teach him, or take him quickly to the dead.

"Help!" through the regions of the echoing sky,
Through earth, and all its zones and circles, rings.
Ah, learn! When tears are forced from Pity's eye,
To every gentle orb a moisture clings:
When Worth for human misery breathes a sigh,
In answering music, know, an angel sings.

BROTHER MIETH AND HIS BROTHERS.

Why do I look lovingly back on the two years of childhood passed in exile from all friends at home, among one or two hundred boys under the guidance of one or two dozen masters? Why do I believe, as I do firmly, that I learned precious things in that

German school which suffered me to forget my little Greek, and to dwindle down from a precocious bolter of Virgil to a bad decliner of rex, regis; which administered its Euclid in homœpathic doses; which taught me to write in mystic characters that had to be unlearnt at home; and in which I cannot remember that I ever did a sum? Why do I believe that I learned more than ever in the same time before or after, till I went as a man into the school of sorrow? For the benefit of teachers, let me try to look at that school from the boy's point of view, and find out what the lessons were by which I profited.

From several English boarding-schools through which I had been shifted with the vain hope of finding, at last, one that was a proper place of education, I went to New Unkrant on the Rhine, a very little boy: experienced in the applications of the fag, familiar with the respective powers of fists, stones, nuts, whipcord in all its combinations, bumping against corners of wall, tommy and cane, and other means of torture. I had learned to be reckless about blows, to regard a big boy or a schoolmaster as a natural enemy, and to feel proud because there were few others so prompt to defy or insult the teacher, or to bite him while he plied the stick. I was familiar with filth and falsehood. I am ashamed to think of all that I, a very young child, had learned, and I wonder at the little incidents belonging to that time, which show how hard a struggle the good spirit that belongs to childhood had maintained, in self-defence, against such miserable influences. But the seven Champions of Christendom defended me from a great deal of harm. I should have been undone had not the genii and the white cat, whom I nursed secretly, been on my side, and given me good counsel.

Brother Mieth it was who met me on the pier when I first landed at New Unkrant, with my small portmanteau, and there welcomed me in broken English as no teacher had ever welcomed me before.

He took me into a school containing about one hundred and fifty boys. These were associated as close comrades in groups of twenty, formed by herding together those most nearly alike in age. Each herd had its own rooms superintended by two brothers: one brother to take charge of the minds, the other of the bodies, of the children. The whole school dined and supped together in one hall; we all slept together in one mighty dormitory: each in the little bed that he himself had made; and we all met at chapel. In the classes that were changed from hour to hour, we were thrown together in sets formed, of course, not according to our age, but our attainments. Out of doors, again, all were together, often in the common

playground, a large garden outside the town. Each, therefore, knew all. Of the play-garden, be it said that there was material provided there for plenty of rough sport, and there were temples in it adorned with tablets to the memory of dead teachers who had been much loved. For incidents recurring almost daily, our imaginations were appealed to, and our hearts were touched.

That was the spirit of the school. Its power was immense. The multitude of boys, living together as a sort of federal republic, was not only maintained in perfect discipline without an act of violence, but very few went away from among us whose minds had not been, to some degree, enriched, enlarged, ennobled. During the two years that I spent there, not a blow was struck, except the few that seasoned our own boyish quarrels. They were few enough.

We were not milksops. We braved peril in many of our sports; we were for true knights, not for recreants; cowardice was abhorred among us; we were chevaliers without fear; but also, more than is usual among communities of boys, without reproach. A spirit of truthfulness, of gentleness, of cordiality between the teachers and the taught, pervaded our whole body; punishments of the most nominal kinds sufficed for the scholastic discipline; insubordination, there was none; secret contempt of authority, there was none. New-comers brought vices with them very often, or began their new school-life in the wrong tune; the good spirit soon infected them; they fell into the right harmony within a week or a month. And what was the secret of the influence exerted over us by these gentle Moravians? They lived before us blameless lives; they had, in themselves, a child-like simplicity of mind and purpose; they were so truthful that they did not seem able to understand deceit; and, as I have said, they won our hearts by suffering the free play of our fancies.

These Moravians are said sometimes to resemble Quakers, and there is not much fancy in a Quaker perhaps. It may be said, for example, that the plan of burial used by the brotherhood is Quaker-like in its simplicity. There is a square churchyard with a broad walk down the middle. The first brother who dies is laid in one corner, and the first sister who dies is laid in the opposite corner; the dead who follow, are set in rows, as beans are set in a field. The rows of brothers multiply on one side of the walk, the rows of sisters on the other, and no difference of rank is shown. There is but a single form for the flat stone that is laid over each grave as a lid. Formality this may be, but it did not seem formality to us. Our hearts were moved at the aspect of a graveyard that was so much like our own dormitory with its rows of beds — a place in which

all rested as equals, until the time of the awakening. It stirred our fancies more than any fancies could be stirred by the colossal tea-caddies in stone, and the stone tea-urns without spouts, that indicate, in English cemeteries, where the respectable dead bodies have been placed. Concerning them, a child can only wonder why there are only urns and tea-caddies,—why none of the tombs are decorated with a cup and saucer, or a spoon, or sugar-tongues — where the well-executed toast-rack is.

Of this Moravian churchyard, I have more to say, for it was, in truth, part of our school. Not that we learnt any geography lessons among the tombs, but we did certainly learn lessons there. I am about to horrify some nervous parents. We boys used to see corpses and attend funerals.

Gentle Brother Mieth was but a young man. At one time of his life he had been to the Greenland Mission; but, failing health had warned his companions to send him home to his own milder climate: so it chanced, therefore, that he ended his life as a teacher at New Unkrant. He taught, and he was prompt to learn, while holding friendly talk with boys from all parts of the world, assembled in the school. There were a great many of us English — all sad braggers about our country; new comers, too, who had not been sobered down, went so far as to invent matter for the glory of old England in general, and of their own homes in particular. I myself had not been long added to the community before I had executed a rude pen and ink sketch of a spacious turreted castle with four corner towers of such height as it would enter only into the mind of Mr. Barry to conceive, and had confidently displayed it to some young German and French friends, even to Brother Mieth and a few teachers, as a sketch from memory of my native halls in Gower-street, London. An English boy who had been my companion at home bore witness to the accuracy of the picture, and obtained from me, as his reward, the decision that his father's park must be about three times larger than the principality of Unkrant. Brother Mieth never doubted us, or never seemed to doubt. When, during a long walk on the allée bordered with apple-trees that led from New Unkrant to Schneiderdingen, I described to Brother Mieth a domestic ceremony that I had lately witnessed at home, taking the whole mass of my very startling details out of a tale in the Romance of Spanish History, the good brother manifested not a trace of doubt. He had seen strange things in Greenland; and in England things might possibly be stranger. Against this quiet trustfulness, no child's spirit of untruth could maintain itself. I remember only one or two in our whole mass who did not become, under its

influence, completely candid and trustworthy.

I seem to have wandered from the subject of the dead bodies that we went to see, and yet have not wandered very far. Brother Mieth disappeared from his desk and joined the men and children, tenanting a portion of our building called the sick-room. What pleasure we all thought it to be sick! A battered old soldier was the ministering nurse — no woman could be gentler in the office than he was, — and then what tales of battles and the deadly perilous breach he liked to tell! We did not pity Brother Mieth for being in the sick-room, till the rumour grew among us that some best authority had said that he would die. We began then to pay him visits, and I do not think we were the worse for the short texts he used to show us in his unaffected way. We all kept albums, little boxes of loose coloured leaves, on each of which a friend was to inscribe some syllables in token of his love. We went to Brother Mieth with blank leaves in our hands. It must have been solemn, yet not sad work for him, sitting at his little table in the sick-room, strewn with blank leaflets, pink and blue, and white, and yellow, and crimson, to write upon each one his farewell to a child who loved him, and whom he had loved. O brother Mieth, brother Mieth! Glad am I that I have my leaflet still.

Our friend died, and they took his body, as they took the body of every brother who died, to a little room in a garden, built against the chapel wall: a place to which we went between the garden flowers, by a trim walk, under trellissed vines. In that building, on certain days, according to the custom of the school in such cases, we were permitted (not compelled) to go and be with our friend for the last time. And with what full hearts we passed the threshold of the little room, to find Brother Mieth placidly sleeping in a pretty bed, one of his hands lying on the counterpane with roses in it. We felt no horror at the stillness and whiteness of his face; our thoughts of Death and Heaven were allied too closely for that.

Then came the funeral. Before we journeyed to the graveyard, all met in the quiet chapel, where there was a short service, and a hymn: sung to stirring music of wind instruments, stringed instruments, and organ. The minister then opened a small paper, and read from it a brief memoir of our friend, through which we heard for the first time what had happened to him, and what work he had found time to do in all the years before his grave was ready. Knowing then, better than ever, whom we followed, all the men of the brotherhood, and all the boys in the school, two by two, with no pomp but the pomp of numbers, followed the bearers of a simple coffin. Arrived at the churchyard we there formed a

great square that almost corresponded to the square of its four hedges. Brother Mieth was committed to the earth with blessings, and to this day I can tell by the thrill in my heart how we felt when, immediately afterwards, the trumpets were blown over his grave. Aided by that music, presently our funeral hymn rose from the voices of many men and boys, and spread through the silence of the country round about.

Of course English teachers cannot bury one another for the edification of schoolboys. It is obvious that I am not here recommending any rule of practice for adoption; I suggest only a principle. I had been used at English schools to strictness of rule with laxity of principle: at New Unkrant we had strictness of principle with laxity of rule. At New Unkrant the discipline was (in consequence) beyond comparison the most real and complete. I had been taught in England to stick by my slate and dictionary, to keep my collar clean on Sunday, and to learn the collect. I was taught at New Unkrant to give free play to all my faculties; the heart was stirred, the soul was roused, the affections were satisfied, no check was set upon the fancy, and we were abundantly provided with material for voluntary exercise of thought. What if we did learn little algebra and little Greek! Every one of us was being humanised in the best way, and trained to become a thinker and a student for himself thereafter. Scarcely a boy was there who had not his case of butterflies and beetles, diligently chased over hill and dale, or the reward of much exploring upon trees, among herbs, and under sunny bits of rock, or in the pools under the mountains. Our fancy worked in all our play. We spent many a summer afternoon in a craggy dell, acting robber tales that we created for ourselves. Half way up a rock, some of us found a little nook approached through thick bushes by an obscure path, which had been used once by a hermit. We made a secret of it, and created it into a robbers' rendezvous; a band of gensd'armes was formed, while others volunteered to play the part of travellers and wander through the wood, which was a very real wood. We had attacks, rescues, searches, captures, and stored up a great body of varied incident, until our career was stopped by the fall of a bold robber down a rock which he had scaled to rescue a companion. The rock was then forbidden, and as it overhung the place of rendezvous the game was spoiled.

It was no great check on the play of our imaginations that the pious Moravians forbade novels and plays as reading, and restricted us to edifying stories about Easter eggs and other holy things. Shakespeare, being a play writer was taken away from any English

boy by whom he was imported, and restored at his departure. We still found, however, many fanciful books, and there was no reason why we should not contribute to each other all we knew concerning Schinderhannes, Eulenspiegel, and such worthies. We were encouraged to tell tales of wonder to each other. I had not been long in the school before I committed what would have been in England the enormous offence of filling a copy-book given to me for school uses, with a story about a green huntsman, who went up a hill through a wood, and heard a mysterious shot, and of what followed. Brother Renchling found the book and took it to his desk. Had he been a British schoolmaster of the same date — woe to my skin! Brother Renchling smoked a pipe over the crude, childish composition, and in the next playtime offered to read to the room Damon's story. Straightway he began to deliver it from the book in German, either much embellished by translation, or to the most complaisant of audiences; and instead of a thrashing, Damon had for doing what was surely a fair self-imposed exercise, the reward of popular applause.

Then James Damon had a Rudolf Pythias in a pale young German, called the Baron, because he always wore a fine black velvet frock. Damon and Pythias were inseparable; their desks were side by side, and they went far ahead or lagged far behind in the school walks, their usual occupation being the exchange of wonderful stories out of memory till memory was exhausted, and then out of recombinations and invention. A stray companion attached himself to us sometimes, and then another, until at last we lost our privacy, and came to be appointed joint story-tellers and poets laureate in the rooms to which we belonged, with a reputation that extended over the rooms next above and below us. We had to produce verses on birth-days and school feasts, and to tell stories to order. A committee would try its skill in setting us the hardest wonder-subjects. In one case, for example, an appointed hero was to escape from a tower with walls three hundred feet above the ground and three hundred feet below it, and without doors and windows; he was to have his clothes stolen from his back in daytime, while he was awake, yet without being aware of the theft; he was to swim through a river without being wet, and to do other such things. To Brother Renchling, who fell in so pleasantly with all these humours, it must have been amusing enough to hear the decisions of the jury that accepted, or refused as possible or impossible, the solutions we worked out for all such problems. A child's notion of the possible and impossible in magic, of what is not fit and proper for the business of the marvel-monger, must furnish stuff for pleasant study to thoughtful man.

Then we had festivals that did us in a few days lexicon loads of good. We always went out in the warm spring weather at Whitsuntide, for a long — perhaps, week long — ramble from hill to hill and town to town: now mounted upon donkeys, now rumbling in country-carts, now floating down the river in flat bottomed boats, but always proudest and best pleased when we were afoot. How intense was our enjoyment of those walks! We slept where we halted for the night: in barns, in kitchens, — once in an old ruin — commonly on straw — one night only, in a town hotel on feathers, which we hated. It vexed us to have to tell our friends, who had gone out in other directions, that we had been supping in a common hotel, like milksops, and sleeping through one of our nights on feather beds. Some amends were made to us on the succeeding night, when it appeared that a few of our party would be put to sleep in a huge oven. The glorious possibility of being forgotten, and of the housewife's coming in the morning half sleepy, to set light to the straw, was a sublime thought to dismiss ourselves to sleep upon. We always preferred the halting places where we got the blackest bread; and we thought a farmhouse on a mountain, where the water was almost as expensive as the wine, incomparably a better hostelry than the Blue Angel, at Wiesbaden. Among towns, we liked best the fortresses in which we had prisons to see, and in which there were men at work with iron balls chained to their legs; next to the fortresses, we liked the towns that had grand churches in them; it delighted us to scramble to the organ-loft and get a grizzly and good-natured organist to play for us, and let us sound with our own finger the vox humana, most beloved of stops. There was one cathedral, I remember, in which there were by the altar twelve apostolic seats, like huge gilt ottomans; we came away possessed with the idea that they were twelve huge masses of gold — for *we* knew nothing of the world's gold-leaf and veneer.

The festival of festivals was Christmas. The joy of it extended over half the year; three months were happily spent in preparation for it; three in recollection of its glories. We prepared for this festival by writing lists of articles that we described as presents, within reasonable bounds, of which we never felt the limit. The school gave to each of us at Christmas, what his boyish heart desired. Such gifts, doubtless, were set down in the bill sent home; but, inasmuch as that bill was a moderate one, such extras nobly filled the place of what we, in England, call accomplishments on the usual terms. There, we were taught music and modern languages and all such matters, as things of course. We had these gifts to expect, with doses of sweetmeat and wax tapers, and

we had also our own Christmas decorations to prepare.

No manager, engaged in mounting a grand opera or fairy-piece, can be busier than we were, or conceited ourselves to be, in preparation for the Christmas festival. Pocket-money was diverted from its usual channels; and, instead of milk, eggs, chocolate, and cider, we bought coloured wax-tapers, coloured cardboard, coloured paper, and coloured pictures. The pictures and papers were sold by the drawing-master. The world was then in a ferment on the subject of the gallant Poles, and we liked nothing so well for Christmas ornament as gay pictures of Polish lancers dashing down into the thick of battle. Such scenes, and the Siege of Antwerp, very rich in reds and yellows, and, next to these, pictures of horses, we conceived to be at the head of the Fine Arts, and sought accordingly; for, during the Christmas week, our rooms were to be picture-galleries. That was not all. Every desk was to be illuminated with the greatest attainable blaze of little tapers; and there was a rivalry among us, each attempting to outshine his neighbours. That was not all. We devoted our leisure to constructive works, erected stables and mangers, cottages, palaces, and cathedrals of cardboard; cut out elaborately ornamented windows, and filled them with bits of coloured paper oiled to represent stained glass. Into our stables, cottages, palaces and cathedrals, we put tapers, and made the whole school a complete maze of tapers, pictures, and transparencies, combined with a tasteful and liberal display of sugar-ornaments, apples, walnuts, and presents generally, among which, skates and butterfly-cases were the leading articles. The good people of the town, whom we saw only then, and at our school oratorios, came round to wonder at our fairy-land; a very fairy-land it was to us, whatever they in their wisdom may have thought about it. For weeks afterwards we played at marbles for our walnuts, and so great was the glut of them that one successful speculator, who was master of the bottom draw of a chest, was commonly supposed to have filled that drawer with his winnings.

When the year was on the point of departure, we sat up and went to chapel soon after eleven o'clock. Then, when the worthy preacher, on the stroke of midnight, was balancing a sentence on his two extended fingers, the clock would chime, and our dear friends, the trumpets, would dash in with a sudden crash, and smash the discourse in an instant without mercy; down sat the preacher and up rose the people with a stirring hymn, accompanied by the pealing organ, and the flutes, and horns, and fiddles.

So we began the year with a stir at our hearts and quickened fancy; so we carried it through. The faculties that made us happiest, and that were given for wise

purposes in special strength to children, were called into full play.

We kept all birthdays in a room. If there were twenty boys and two brothers, there were twenty-two birthdays a year to keep. Each boy received on his anniversary, little love-tokens from his comrades, and contributed in return a scrap of pocket-money towards the establishment of a small feast on the next half holiday: a feast of cakes and cider in a country orchard, when the season favoured: or, in cold weather, of chocolate and cakes at home. The birthday of either of the two brothers would be kept more solemnly. Before he came down in the morning, a little table before his desk would be covered with a snowy napkin, and upon the napkin would be placed our offerings. Always, there was a pipe with cunningly-worked stem and splendid bowl. Every working brother possessed a cupboard full of such pipes, and was as glad to be so richly stocked, as any English lady is when she is mistress of a wardrobe full of dresses. If it were not really so, we thought so, and were never interrupted in such thinking. To the pipe, we added any other trifles that we imagined likely to give pleasure, and some articles contributed by individuals out of their own possessions. We put a mighty nosegay in the background, and tricked out with flowers all our sacrifice. Then, when the good brother came down, of course we said many a kind thing to him, and had many a kind thing said to us. And in the afternoon we were repaid with perhaps a sail down the broad river to some celestial inn among the mountains and the vines, where we had real Malaga wine instead of cider, and cakes only fit to be eaten with such nectar.

Very puerile, perhaps, all this was, but therefore, as a Dominie would say, most fit for pueri. I only know that under such discipline our hearts were softened; that we were, not in this instance only, but by the hundred and uniformly, tractable and loving, while the simple piety of the good brothers was so well recommended to us, that although they taught no other doctrine than the principles of Christian uprightness and charity, we learned as much of truth from them as could have been communicated even by any catechism I know — or don't know.

I was a little rascal when I first went to New Unkrant, because my puerility had been, at other schools, discouraged and repressed; the instincts with which I was created, had been stupidly opposed, and I was diverted into a condition for which the Creator never destined me. The liberty of growth encouraged at New Unkrant may have been extreme. I think it was not, but I will not presume to decide upon the point. This only I have a right to testify, that from the hard work-days of the world whenever energies were called for, troubles grew thick,

or temper came to be tried, I have always looked back with a strong affection to New Unkrant as the place in which I had learned the lessons that would help me best.

Yes, that those lessons have been my best helpers, I am, in my grateful manhood, sure. When blight was gathering about the budding faculties, those true-hearted Moravians blew the blight away: and wretched indeed might have been the blossom but for them. You pedagogues, who cut and trim your children into shape, you know well enough that if you mend a rosebud with your pen-knives, you destroy that upon which you cut your mark. Water the roots, let the wind blow, and the sun shine, and the rains fall; remove all that is hurtful, enrich the soil by which the plant is fed, but let the laws of nature take their course. If you know well, that you must act so by a rose-bud which you wish to rear into a healthy blossom, why do you act with less care in your treatment of the budding mind and soul?

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

REGULAR TURKS.

It is commonly said of an Englishman, or English boy, not easy to deal with in respect of extremity of temper, that he is a regular Turk. I have made a few notes of the real, original, regular Turks, as they appear in their own country.

Regular Turks have four fasts yearly, and they keep them with rare good faith. They pray five times a day, and commence at daybreak. They are constantly washing themselves, in the belief that washing purifies their souls; but the founder of their faith well knew that, in their hot climate, it is the body which requires constant purifying. They are bound, in conscience, to make at least one pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina; but they frequently perform the troublesome journey by deputy, and this is understood to answer quite as well, and even to be in rather better taste, than the incurring of unnecessary fatigue. They abstain from wine, — especially in public or in the presence of talkative people; and they are very much given to charities — particularly with other people's money.

The cadi marries people, and finds it a very good business. The ceremony is brief, consisting indeed only of a few words; but it is necessary they should be pronounced in presence of credible witnesses. These were often difficult to find, in a country where truth was seldom spoken, and every man's lies were of course notorious enough. Under these circumstances, it occurred to the green-turbaned descendants of Mahomet to set up in trade as witnesses, inasmuch as their respectability was shown to all men, like a judge's wisdom, by the nature of their head-dress. These gentry, however, in process of time, professed to witness

so many things which had never occurred, that the profession fell into disrepute, and is now altogether, a mere refuge for decayed noblemen — like British diplomacy.

Your Regular Turk was allowed four wives; but he found the practice of maintaining them in the highest degree inconvenient. They not only contrived to keep him penniless, but they made use of their nails upon each other's faces with such liveliness and ability that no one of them was ever fit to be seen; and their determined and noisy hostility was invariably a scandal to every neighbourhood in which they lived. Such circumstances have usually induced gentlemen, even of the Regular Turk order — notorious for their love of peace — to confine themselves to one. The apartments of the other ladies, who have had, I am sorry to say, nothing to do with the cadi, depends on the size of the establishment; for long experience has shown the Turk that the only way to prevent the ladies of every condition from tearing each other's eyes out, is to lock them up in separate apartments. Vacancies, therefore, in a Turkish harem occur on the same principle as they happen in a private lunatic asylum, and depend altogether upon the empty rooms.

Your Turkish damsel is an odd sort of body. Quaint, fat, painted, bedizened, tattooed, and childish; her occupation consists in eating sweetmeats, and tossing about her clothes: employments sometimes varied by dances and songs, not very delicate.

The children of each lady are brought up separately, having no communication whatever with the establishment over the way; except for the purpose of making themselves disagreeable to it. Whenever they meet the opposition, there is usually a stand-up fight, in the same way as there would be with their amiable mammas; but a prudent parent usually prevents the occurrence of any unpleasantry of this kind, by not making them acquainted with each other. A youth on leaving the harem, therefore, is often astonished at the number of his unknown relatives — more surprised, indeed, than gratified. Should he eventually become wealthy and powerful, a sure title to his favour used to be to dispose effectually of a few of them, no matter how, so that they were never heard of any more; but recently this practice seems to have fallen off.

Fine fat slaves, sound in wind and limb, and good steppers, are on sale daily at the bazaars; and there is always a large stock on view for ready money, or the bill of an approved party. Ladies once established in the family are unsaleable by law; but all others may be had at reasonable prices, according to the season and demand. If a Jew or even a Christian want a good serviceable slave, there are always plenty of

his own persuasion ready for inspection or purchase. The Mahommedans of our species are reserved solely for Mussulmans. A slave merchant is a highly respectable person in Turkey; indeed, almost on a level with a British horse-dealer: a profession much adorned by our noblemen: in fact, all good judges of flesh hold both professions in the highest esteem. On the whole, however, perhaps the Turk has the best of it. He does not require stables, and the animals fetch a larger price. He has never occasion to be solicitous about the price of oats, and need provide, for his stock, nothing beyond a strictly moderate dietary.

Mr. Urquhart gave a tolerably long list of the things in which we differ from the Turks, and in which the Turks differ from us; but there are still some others. In Turkey, the left side and not the right is the place of honour. The Turks are so lost to all sense of proper feeling, as to bury their dead without any unnecessary fuss or parade; whereas, we think it precisely the proper time to make a disturbance, and to fire off the great family guns, so that the delightful vanities of life may not desert a man until we have quite done with him. Their dead are so buried as to be dissolved speedily; ours are preserved, precisely that we may be always in a lively state of expectation for the return of their diseases; and that, as they cannot come back to us, we may join them as soon as possible.

The Turk loves fine horses and servants, but he is more or less indifferent about his clothes. As for the fine arts, our excellent new acquaintances have not, hitherto, troubled themselves much about them. They think the acquisition of useful knowledge, and the motives which founded the Penny Magazine, altogether beneath the dignity of a wise man of the East. Crossing your legs, and smoking an unmanageable pipe is more rational and more easy. Such is their opinion. Thus it turns out that the art of writing is a rare accomplishment in Turkey; it is even a trade, and practised by very few. It is understood to take twenty years' diligent sapping to acquire so much knowledge as may enable an individual to look out a word in Mr. Redhouse's Turkish dictionary, and then the individual must be Mr. Redhouse himself; indeed it would be hardly going too far to say that every man makes his own Turkish. It is certain that, during a tolerably close and extensive experience in the country, I never met two intimate friends, one of whom would agree that the other understood his mother tongue, as it ought to be understood. Printing is entirely in the background. At Constantinople there are but two newspapers; and one is constantly knocking up for want of subscribers. There is no daily journal, and there are six hundred thousand or seven

hundred thousand resident inhabitants, besides strangers. This little fact will show, as well as most others, how thoroughly our new acquaintances are likely to be informed on current events, and why they often suppose Great Britain to be an island in the Red Sea. Indeed, their wisdom and intelligence in such respects is hardly to be surpassed; and the facts I have related, and a few others, seem to hint to me that their language is likely enough to be extinct in a few years. The Greeks positively will not learn it, and the abolition of the Christian disabilities, together with the abolition of the Greek kingdom — which seems to be threatened — will throw almost all public business into Greek hands; for nearly all the notable activities in Turkey, whether political or otherwise, are foreigners; even artisans are strangers, down to the men who serve in the docks and arsenals; but it is not easy to see how this should be otherwise, for the Koran expressly forbids the carving of any kind of image; and, with a refreshing contempt for practical people, declares the finest efforts of handiwork in the world, simply abominable. The only really worthy employment for a Regular Turk's money appears to be building a mosque; but the triumphs of Turkish architecture, of late years, have been anything but remarkable. They have always lacked the airy and elaborate grace of Arab buildings; and I could point out as few edifices erected by them which are altogether satisfactory as I could in England.

The political history of Turkey will not be found pleasant reading for a merciful man. It seems little else than a foul story of poisonings, assassinations, massacres, pleasingly enlivened by the moral reflections of Sultan somebody at every new enormity. But I am not therefore of opinion that the Turks are cruel as a nation. Too much power is good for nobody. The sultans had too much power, and they misused it. For the rest, they were generous, simple, and sincere, when it was not their interest to be otherwise, and when their childish wiles were not called into action by having to deal with a Greek. Such they were; such they are. I see no valid reason to assert that our Eastern allies are much changed since Bertezena chastised the Khan of the Geougen, or Disabul harried the unwarlike subjects of Byzantine Tiberius. Europe is changed, however. The Emperor of Austria is no longer the insignificant person he was when John Sobieski rescued Vienna from the Ottoman hordes; and France is another sort of country than it was when Charles Martel saved Christendom on the plains of Tours. Russia also could hardly be brought to understand a joke as well as when Achmet the Third dictated peace to a snubbed Peter the Great upon the banks of the Pruth.

Four hundred years of oppression have even united the Greeks, have nerved their arms, and made them more sharp-witted and unscrupulous than ever. Thus, turn which way the Regular Turk will, he has no elbow room. He would be delighted to have a quiet little game of conquest and pillage, or even one which was not quiet, for the matter of that; but there is no longer a field for Turkish talents, and many a stiff-hearted elderly Turkish gentleman believes firmly that the world is coming to an end in consequence.

Our new acquaintances (I continue to call them our new acquaintances, for really the present generation of Europeans seem almost to have been ignorant of their existence until lately) have a great dislike to renegades. They explain it from an interesting observation of the Caliph Omar. An Arab chief appeared before him, and desired to renounce the faith of Islam because it did not allow him to marry two sisters at the same time. The caliph immediately applied a stout stick with great vivacity to the applicant's head; and, as if that were not sufficient argument for such a person, the Commander of the Faithful gave the wretch to understand that an apostate ought to suffer death. Thus, whatever your worthless adventurer now setting out to swim in the troubled waters of Turkey may think to the contrary, he will gain nothing but contempt by turning Turk. I have seen swarms of deluded miscreants who did so; but they got nothing by it; and shamble about Constantinople, haggard, seedy, and despised.

One of the questionable things about the Regular Turk in the eyes of all British gentlemen of honour must be his inveterate dislike to duelling; which he cannot be brought to understand. He supposes that our duels are fought by command of our Sultana, and constitute merely a means at the disposal of that august potentate for getting rid of disagreeable people. They have an extremely convenient custom for quarrelsome folk. At the feast of the Bairam, every Turk is bound to make it up with his enemy, be that "it" what it may. Whether they hate each other more cordially afterwards or not, this deponent knoweth not.

They do not appear to object to duelling or to danger of any kind from fear of death. Their downright pluck on all occasions is beyond all question or dispute. They decline to go to lonely places on cold mornings for the purpose of murdering a friend who has trodden on their toes, because it is not in accordance with their principles. They avoid giving people a chance of treading on their toes by persevering in the excellent old system of tucking them out of the way by sitting down cross-legged upon them; while they carry on all verbal intercourse with

each other in such a flowery and wonderful strain, that cause of offence can rarely occur. No doubt, if cause of offence do occur, they still prefer now and then poisoning to any more noisy means of quieting a person who has become obnoxious to them. They have not, however, attained the elegance in the art of silent destruction which has been attributed to the Italians and Russians; nor is (or ever was) the custom so common among them. A Turkish difference, especially with a Greek, is often settled by hired servants, whose chief employment is to shake and thump people who cannot be brought to reason by other means. The Greek gentlemen understand this; and avoid personal encounters, therefore, as much as possible.

Regular Turks are fatalists. They are not of the opinion of Pope and most modern philosophers. They think that nature is not only held fast in Fate, but that Fate holds the human will in its tight grasp also. They believe that everything, from the growth of little apples to the roasting of Greek rebels, was pre-ordained. Thus, they are not fond of taking useless steps to avert disaster, and insurance offices are unknown among them. They would consider such an institution as a temple of Mammon and unrighteousness. Even the Quarantine is an institution, new, and by no means pleasing among them. The doctor does not appear to them the potent personage he seems to us. They respect him indeed as a soother of pain; but they hold that no man can avert that which is written. For this reason the Regular Turk is not fond of interfering with the proceedings of Fate in the case of a house on fire, and the best exertions of a Braidwood at the recent catastrophe would have been held by them as red-hot blasphemy. The Turk would shake hands (if shaking hands were his way) with an individual who had the small-pox, with the utmost gallantry and politeness. He is not averse either, to wearing the clothes of an acquaintance who may have lately died of the plague. Turkish logicians reason upon this subject with marvellous wisdom. They assert that the plague is a spirit who walks the air, carrying two lances, one white and the other black. With these he strikes mankind. Men struck with the white lance will not die, but nothing can save men struck with the black one. Other pundits maintain with equal erudition, that the plague is not represented by one spirit, but by many. This dispute has often waxed warm; but, up to the present time, the wise men of the East have not come to a decision. Indeed they do not love decisions, or decisive people.

I do not know that I have anything more to say about the Regular Turk this evening. He is a strange weary, broken-down,

cranky, rickety, crotchety old person whose beginning, end, and whole history may be summed up in two words — pipes and peace.

REVOLVERS.

The effect of the first firing of a gun in the presence of astonished savages is always an interesting point in the narratives of old voyages of discovery; but, setting aside the fire, and the smoke, and the loud report, it was, at an early period, found out that guns — at all events those guns in use when Captain Cook sailed round the world were — after all, not very terrible engines.

History cannot tell of a time when men did not make bows and arrows; and it is no more than seventy-eight years ago since Benjamin Franklin — who had that kind of mind which is not always satisfied with received opinions — gravely recommended the American patriots, then at war with King George's troops, to return to the very weapons that were carried by Ishmael the son of Abraham. Bows and arrows, he said, were good weapons, and not wisely laid aside: first, because a man may shoot as truly with a bow as with a common musket; secondly, because he can discharge four arrows in the time of charging and discharging one bullet; thirdly, because his object is not obscured from his view by the smoke of his own comrades; fourthly, because a flight of arrows seen coming upon them terrifies and disturbs the enemy's attention to his business; fifthly because an arrow sticking in any part of a man disables him until it is extracted; and sixthly, because bows and arrows are more easily provided everywhere than muskets and ammunition. Thirty thousand Frenchmen fell at Crecy, mostly pierced by the arrows and bolts of the English and of their Genoese auxiliaries; and old French chroniclers attest the terror and confusion which the English archers always produced in the enemy's ranks. There was a time — before British sovereigns had an army or even a respectable body-guard at command — when not only A was an archer, and shot at a frog; but when C, D, and all the other letters of the alphabet, were archers, and shot at everybody and everything that could stand for a mark; from frogs to sovereigns. Consequently sovereigns, when tempted to visit their subjects' pockets without consulting their refractory commons, were induced to consider that propensity, and to modify their determination accordingly.

But that is all gone by now. It is all dwindled down into a few Toxophilite Clubs, whose members wear Lincoln green and black cocks' feathers; being very harmless ladies and gentlemen,

who only hurt each other by accident at pretty archery fêtes. Great prelates no longer exhort their hearers to the diligent practice of archery. Princes have ceased to pride themselves on striking the bull's eye at two hundred and forty yards, or to command their sheriffs to visit all the live geese in their respective counties, and compel them to shed six good feathers each for the shafts of arrows. All the old Doubles are dead who would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen or a fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. Political economists of these days do not insist that every butt of Malmsey or Tyre wine shall come accompanied by ten good bow staves. The age of archery is fled, and no force of reasoning of even fifty-Franklin power could bring it back again.

The struggle between bows and guns was long, and at one time doubtful. Indeed, when we remember the clumsy and inefficient nature of the earliest specimens of portable fire-arms, it is easier to understand the opposition which they met with from warriors of conservative principles, than to account for their ever having been adopted. Weapons intended to be destructive, but really more harmless than those which our soldiers carried even in the last war, it would be difficult to imagine. It is said that each soldier fired away his own weight in lead for every man that he hit. There is a proverb that says every bullet finds its billet; but if that means that every bullet finds its man, it is not true of more than one in eight hundred; for, in the desultory warfare at the Cape Colony, it is calculated that every wounded Caffre cost us three thousand two hundred balls. Bows and arrows could hardly have done less damage than this, I think.

The British firelock — fitted with percussion caps, and otherwise improved — is still in the hands of the bulk of our troops, but it is now condemned by the oldest of the old school of warriors. It will kill if levelled at masses of men quite close, and so would a shower of bricks and stones, which would not be so liable to strike the ground before it strikes the object, nor to fly to right or left of it, nor over it, as a musket bullet is. Barbarian tribes in Hindostan, and naked savages at the Cape, were not so slow as the authorities at home, or even as officers in action, in finding out what a miserable weapon for defence Brown Bess is. With the Caffres it was long a favourite sport to provoke sentries, or small bodies of troops, to fire; then, rushing forward, to wrest the musket from their hands while they were endeavouring to reload. The wild beast has sense enough to adopt the same tactics, and it is therefore not surprising to

read that the Texan Indians (without knowing anything of the Caffres) served their white enemies precisely in the same way. American borderers, not having the habit of looking to a Colonial Office five thousand miles off for orders, or instructions, or protection, were better prepared to meet such antagonists than the settlers of Sandy Rock. But even in that agreeable border land — where no man thinks of going abroad without his tools; where Senator Wilson, commonly called Horse Ears, quarrels with Senator Doubleup, and fights out his quarrel, in the presence of Speaker and reporters' gallery as an enlivening episode in the debate; where a purely indigenous bravo and outlaw, is sentimentally described to be not necessarily in other respects a disagreeable member of society, but possibly an affectionate husband, a fond parent, a pleasant neighbour, courteous, humane, and seldom in liquor; where peaceful-looking grey-headed personages, riding into town with no implements visible, except a double-barrel rifle, a bowie-knife, and an Arkansas toothpick, are remarked by loungers to be poorly armed, and not to stand half a chance — the Indian on horseback, with his antediluvian bow and arrow, is deemed a formidable enemy. He does not retire before the white man quite so obediently to a law of nature as philosophers believe. The prairie tribes of Texas ride with boldness and wonderful skill. They are so dexterous in discharging arrows from the bow that a single Indian, galloping at full speed, is capable of keeping an arrow constantly in the air between himself and his enemy. The American borderers have become hardy, self-reliant, and superabundantly warlike, from the necessity of maintaining their footing against such undaunted and skilful foes. Their Virginia bear-rifles and double-barrel rifles were an improvement; but the first had no advantage except its long range and spinning bullet; and the latter, although valuable for giving two chances instead of one, was very heavy, difficult to aim with and, when once discharged, took exactly as long to reload as two muskets. They were taught early that their great countryman's preference for the oldest weapon in the world over the latest improved fire-arms of his days, was not so paradoxical as it seemed. Perhaps they were too proud of being civilised men to take to bows and arrows again; but they must many a time have envied the Indian his rapid and continuous discharge, and dreamt of a gun that would fire many balls without reloading.

Such weapons had been attempted long before, in Europe, and abandoned as impracticable. There are in the Armoury of the Tower of London several guns of Indian make and of very beautiful workmanship, which are

known to be as old as the fifteenth century. These guns are in principle precisely the same as the guns and pistols now known as revolvers, or repeating firearms; but they have serious defects. They are liable to ignite all the charges at once, and seem to have been abandoned for practical warfare as dangerous or useless. No treatises spoke of them, though there were similar specimens of British and French manufacture in the United Service Museum, and at the Rotunda at Woolwich; at Warwick Castle, and at the Musée d'Artillerie, and the Hôtel Cluny in Paris. Even when Elisha Collier, an American gunsmith, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighteen, hit upon the same principle, he fell into the very errors which earlier gunmakers had already remedied. Another American gunsmith in the following year patented a revolver, which was also found to be impracticable.

Colonel Colt is undoubtedly the first inventor of a really available repeating pistol. Ignorant, as he declares himself to have been of all previous attempts of the kind, and having an imperfect knowledge of mechanics, he had thought as early as the year eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, of the possibility of making a pistol that might be fired many times without reloading. Living, he says, in a country of most extensive frontier, still inhabited by aborigines, and knowing the insulated position of the enterprising pioneer, and his dependence sometimes alone on his personal ability to protect himself and his family, he had often meditated upon the inefficiency of the ordinary double-barrelled gun and pistol; both involving a loss of time in reloading, which was frequently fatal in the peculiar character of Indian warfare. When a youth, indeed, returning from a voyage to India, he had amused himself on board the vessel in constructing a model of his idea in wood, burning out the bores with hot iron. His first device was that bundle of barrels well known in the windows of the London gunsmiths, and which is merely a multiplied double barrel. But, in eighteen hundred and thirty-five — about the time when Her Majesty's Board of Ordnance were beginning to hear of percussion caps, invented by a clergyman thirty years previously — Colonel Colt patented in the United States a pistol on the principle of a rotating cylinder breech, and a single barrel — a far more simple and beautiful invention.

For those who have not seen a genuine Colt's Revolver, we will endeavour to describe some of the advantages of this weapon. The revolving cylinder, behind the fixed barrel, is drilled with six holes, into which, one after the other, the powder is rapidly dropped without being measured; for it is impossible to put in too much powder, if room enough be left for the ball. Six balls are

then taken in the hand, and also placed, one after the other, in the holes. These balls are of conical shape, like those for the Minié rifle, and are made of soft lead. They are rather larger than the holes; but a ramrod fixed on a hinge under the barrel, being brought down by a handle, on the lever principle, forces all the balls, in rapid succession, into the holes. The charge being now perfectly air-tight, requires no wadding. At the back of this cylinder, are six nipples, for percussion caps, carefully separated from each other; and the marksman, taking a few caps in his hand, puts one on each of these nipples, upon which the six-shooter is loaded. The caps being at the back, and not at the top of the cylinder, will not fall off in carrying: and, both charges and caps being watertight, experiments have proved that they will fire after some hours' immersion in water. The top of the hammer itself, in a line with a little spike on the end of the barrel, gives the sight for aiming. On pulling back the hammer with the thumb, after firing, the cylinder revolves one-sixth of its circumference, instantly bringing another hole, with its charge, in a line with the barrel. The barrel being rifled, and the charges in the breech air-tight, none of the force of the powder is lost; and the balls are carried further, and with far greater precision than from an ordinary musket.

This is the famous Revolver, of which marvellous tales are told in the Western States, in South America, and even in the Caucasus. Superstitious legends circulate, among the Russian soldiers, of a young Lesghien chief who held many pursuers at bay, picking them off one by one as they attempted to cross a plank bridge, till the wondering Muscovites, having seen six of their number drop into the abyss below before the fire of a single pistol, turned and fled. More authentic stories of American colonels in the war in Mexico, engaging greater odds than any British sailor in a melodrama ever ventured upon, are told by disbanded volunteers throughout the States. Anecdotes, calculated to propitiate the Peace Society, appear in Californian papers, mentioning how large parties of Indians, beholding those irresistible peacemakers in the hands of a handful of gold carriers, have been seen to drop their greedy eyes, and slink away. Our own officers at the Cape of Good Hope, who were graciously permitted to purchase Colt's Revolvers for their own uses with their own money, relate their marvellous achievements, till Her Majesty's Board of Ordnance begin to hear of them. When British and Russian gunboats shall have come to hand-to-hand fighting in the narrow and shallow channels of the Finlandic Archipelago, we may perhaps hear of them again.

We are on the threshold of

Colonel Colt's factory, in the sombre and smoky region of Millbank. Under the roof of this low, brickbuilt, barrack-looking building, we are told that we may see what cannot be seen under one roof elsewhere in all England — the complete manufacture of a pistol, from dirty pieces of timber and rough bars of cast steel, till it is fit for the gunsmith's case. To see the same thing in Birmingham and in other places where firearms are made almost entirely by hand labour, we should have to walk about a whole day, visiting many shops carrying on distinct branches of the manufacture; not to speak of the toolmakers, the little screw and pin makers; all of whose work is done here. "Were are independent people," says my informant, "and are indebted to no one, save the engine and fixed machine makers." This little pistol which is just put into my hand will pick into more than two hundred parts, every one of which parts is made by a machine. A little skill is required in polishing the wood, in making cases, and in guiding the machines; but mere strength of muscle, which is so valuable in new societies, would find no market here — for the steam-engine — indefatigably toiling in the hot, suffocating smell of rank oil, down in the little stone chamber below — performs nine-tenths of all the work that is done here. Neat, delicate-handed, little girls do the work that brawny smiths still do in other gun-shops. Most of them have been sempstresses and dressmakers, unused to factory work, but have been induced to conquer some little prejudice against it, by the attraction of better pay than they could hope to get by needle-work. Even the men have, with scarcely an exception, been hitherto ignorant of gunmaking. No recruiting sergeant ever brought a more miscellaneous group into the barrack-yard, to be drilled more rapidly to the same duty, than these two hundred hands have been. Carpenters, cabinet-makers, ex-policemen, butchers, cabmen, hatters, gas-fitters, porters, or, at least, one representative from each of those trades, are steadily drilling and boring at lathes all day in upper rooms. Political economists tell us that the value of labour will find its level as surely as the sea: and so, perhaps it will: but it is a sort of sea that does not right itself quickly enough to prevent a great deal of misery; that is always recognised and deplored; but for which the best mathematicians of the school have not yet been able to find a remedy. For Science, with her two centuries of pedigree, has become a little aristocratic, and does not bend her genius down to many incidents of individual wretchedness which humbler folks cannot shut their eyes to. Perhaps if men who have learnt but one trade, and have grown old in it, could be as easily absorbed into another, when desirable, as these

new gunsmiths are, the working world would go more smoothly than it does. The girls here earn from two to three shillings per day; the boys the same. The men get from three to eight shillings per day of ten hours; while one or two, being quick, clever, and reliable, are paid regularly twelve shillings per day. What is commonly called piece-work is not the system usually adopted here. It has been found to tempt the men to hurry their work at the expense of a neat finish, and the manager prefers to give a workman six months' trial, during which he learns his business of gun-making by machinery, and is also sure by that time to have shown what wages he is worth. Only twelve of these people are Americans; one or two Germans; the rest are English.

Listening to these facts as my conductor communicates them, we pass into a long room hung with portraits of targets as they appeared after firing at them with Colt's revolvers. All the bullet marks are, of course, very near the bull's eye — which, I hope I am not presumptuous or depreciatory of the great Colt invention in attributing in some measure to the marksman. Beyond this is the store room, lined with wooden racks up to the ceiling, which are almost naked now, only five pistols of all the number that are made here — six hundred a week — being at this moment in store. For there is a new government order for the Baltic; and as fast as they are finished the pistols are sent away, packed in deep cases, that look very large indeed, considering that they are only for five-and-twenty single pistols each. But the conical balls and bullet-moulds, powder-flasks and percussion caps take up more room than the pistols themselves.

Out of the hot atmosphere, and the all-pervading odour of hot oil, we pass a yard ancle deep in iron chips (which make a dry hard road in all weathers, very destructive to leather) into a long out-building, in which the only genuine smiths are at work. Here the very beginning of the pistol is made; if we except the cutting and polishing of the stock, which have been already described in these pages.* There is little of the noise of a smithy here, except the roaring of the furnaces. A workman rams the end of a long bar of steel into the fire; and, taking it out glowing with heat, strikes a bit off the end as if it were a stick of peppermint; while his companion, giving it a couple of rough taps upon the anvil, drops the red-hot morsel into a die. This die is a plug-hole shaped something like a horse-shoe, at the foot of a machine, bearing a painful resemblance to a guillotine. While they have been breaking off the bit of steel, a huge screw has been slowly lifting up the iron hammer-head, which plays the part of the axe in the guillotine:

* Guns and Pistols. See vol. XII. p. 320.

and now the great hammer drops, and with one stroke beats the piece of iron to the form of the die. It has cooled to a black heat now, and is shaped something like the sole of a very narrow shoe; but it must be heated again, and the heel end must be beat up at right angles to the long part — taking care that it be bent according to the grain of the metal, without which it will be liable to flaw. Thus the shield, and what may be called the body of the pistol, are made in an instant.

In Birmingham, the barrels of fire-arms are made of old nails that have been knocked about, and which are melted, rolled into sheets, twisted again, and beaten about, till they are considered to be tougher and less likely to burst; but the American gunsmiths know nothing about this. They merely heat the end of the bars of cast steel again and beat it with steam hammers; for it would not do to draw it through holes, as thick wire is drawn, or to roll it as with ordinary round bars. These hammers are fixed, five in a frame, where they quiver with a chopping noise too rapidly to count the strokes, over a little iron plate, never touching it, though coming very close. Into the first of these the smith thrusts the red end of the bar, and guides it till it is beaten square. The next hammer beats it smaller, but still square: the next beats it smaller and longer still, but rounder. The fourth hammer beats it quite round, and the fifth strikes off the exact length for the barrel. This gradual process is absolutely necessary, for the steel will not bear being beaten round the first time; and, although five barrels may be thus forged in one minute, the rapid strokes of these hammers are said to make it quite as tough as the Birmingham plan; which seems to be borne out by the results at the Proof-House. On the same floor, the barrels and cylinders, after polishing, are case-hardened, and tinted blue, by burning in hot embers; processes which are well known.

Across the yard strewn with chips of iron again, and through the tool room, where men are turning great screws and other bolts and portions of machinery, we mount to the first floor, and enter a long room filled with machines, and rather more redolent of hot rank oil. Considering that the floor supports a long vista of machinery in full action, the place looks clean and neat, and is not very noisy. Girls quietly attending to the boring and rifling of the barrels — having nothing to do but to watch the lathe narrowly, and drop a little oil upon the borer with a feather now and then — men drilling cylinders, holding locks to steam files, cutting triggers, slotting screws, treating cold iron everywhere as if it was soft wood, to be cut to any shape, without straining a muscle. It would be

difficult and tedious to describe these machines minutely, although they are very interesting to a spectator, and cannot, I believe, be seen elsewhere. Every one of them is a simple lathe; but it is in the various cutters, borers, and riflers that the novelty and ingenuity exist. Where the thing to be made is of eccentric shape, the cutter is of eccentric shape also; and although the superintendent of each machine acquires more or less skill by practice, it is in the perfection of these cutters and borers that the guarantee for uniformity consists. The bores of barrels and cylinders must be mathematically straight, and every one of the many parts must be exactly a duplicate of another. No one part belongs, as a matter of course, to any other part of one pistol; but each piece may be taken at random from a heap, and fixed to and with the other pieces until a complete weapon is formed; that weapon being individualised by a number stamped upon many of its component parts. The advantage of these contrivances is obvious. In every case of revolvers are placed, when sold, a number of such parts of a pistol as are most liable to accident; and, with these, any soldier or sailor may, in a few minutes, repair his own weapon. Seventy-odd out of a hundred of the injured revolvers picked up on the battle-field during the Mexican war were repaired with bits of other pistols on the spot.

In the top floor, just above this, men and women, with black hands and faces, are polishing at lathes still moved, as everything is moved, by the steam engine in the hot stone chamber below. Everybody gets a slice of his thirty horse-power; and my conductor says, they have still plenty of power to spare, as if steam power were an article like gas or water, to be laid on whenever it is wanted from a distant reservoir. Such, indeed, it is; though when carried far, as I saw it by a belt across the yard, much of the force, of course, is wasted. Here is our friend, the butcher, still wearing a blue smock, and very busy polishing cylinders. His work spins so rapidly that red-hot particles of emery fly off and lodge upon his face, which is specked and spotted all over in rather a comical manner. He gets a hit in the eye sometimes (for he will not wear spectacles), which causes great pain; but not more than is occasioned by the minute chips of steel which trouble the workmen down stairs, and which have to be taken out with a magnet; or, when they stick in, by scraping the eye with the sharpest knife that can be found. The butcher is very quiet and intent upon his work, as the manager enters with me; but the American close to us is singing a song when we come in, and does not think of leaving off — not he. The girls have a natural shame of black hands and faces, though they cannot help themselves, and

look more closely down at their work while strangers are near, than the neat and tidy girls below.

All this time we have been seeing only the making of little bits of a pistol. Pausing a moment, to see the engraving of a ship in full sail, and other ornamental work — including the maker's name stamped by great pressure on the cylinder — we come into a great room, where all the minute portions are brought to be examined. Here, by means of gauges, but chiefly by the practised eye of the superintendent, each separate article is examined, and rejected if in the slightest degree faulty. From this room the various parts are served out to the workmen who put them together, and turn out the complete revolver.

Every revolver being equal to six single pistols, they are rarely spoken of as braces. Most customers take only a single revolver and the name of every purchaser being recorded, and the number, which is marked on many parts of the weapon, being noted at the same time, some curious identifications occur. Several anecdotes are related of persons who have been traced by the revolver in their possession. In the skirmishing in Florida, the death of many poor fellows whose names were unknown, and who were found killed, was certified to their friends by publishing the number of the pistol in their belt, or grasped in their stiff hands. There is a revolver, says my conductor, which was brought to me to repair, some months since. I recognised it, by the number, in a moment for one stolen from here long ago, and I think the man who brought it saw I did, for he never came to fetch it away again. In cases of murder perpetrated by a Colt's revolver, the weapon itself, if ever one should be so used, would become a conclusive evidence.

Here is the proving-room, where the pistols undergo a preparatory trial, before being sent up for the regular government proof. It is by no means, the dark, mysterious iron-plated room, in which I have been taught to believe that guns are proved; but an ordinary workshop, with two square wooden pipes, fixed horizontally, and open at the end, breast high. I am invited to prove a pistol, by firing it into one of these pipes, which, I am told, afford sufficient protection to the firer in case of a barrel bursting — an event, pains were taken to assure me, of very rare occurrence. After a little practice, I find that a mere novice may, with one hand, discharge the six rounds as rapidly as the eye can wink.

My companion has nothing more to show me except the baths and the reading room, supplied chiefly with newspapers, for the benefit of the workmen; so I bid him good day, and go out of the smell of hot rank oil,

to enjoy more keenly the cool breeze that is blowing from the river.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

A TURKISH AUCTIONEER.

It was the sale of a bankrupt's effects, and they were huddled together in disorderly confusion under a little craggy shed just outside the town. I was attracted thither by the shouts of a Turk, with a stentorian voice, who was running about in a state of great excitement, stopping persons in the street to insist on their examining the articles which he carried in his hand. He was the auctioneer of the place; and I followed him into the crazy shed as a student of manners. There was a considerable crowd of those greasy, dingy persons, who seem to have an abstract love of second-hand goods, and who have always appeared to me to be evoked by the auctioneers of all countries like familiar spirits. This resemblance, however, borne by this crowd to similar people in England, is merely personal. It is confined to the length and sharpness of nose among the buyers; to an air of unpleasant sleekiness about them, with a strong smell of bad tobacco; and to a prevailing odour of the damp and fustiness of small streets. There the likeness ends. In Britain, a sale by auction is a plain business-like, twice-two-are-four sort of affair; in Turkey it is a source of pleasurable excitement for a whole city. It furnishes the inhabitants of the place with a conversational topic of more than usual liveliness and interest. It also gives them a delightful excuse for laying or lounging about in the sun doing nothing, which is a never-ending entertainment to an oriental.

It is proper to mention that the Turkish auctioneer is by no means so august and dignified a person as with us. He is not the sovereign lord and autocrat of the sale-room; he is the servant of a popular and rumbustical assembly. Before I have well had time to settle myself upon a stone, and light a cigar, I observe that he has returned three times from a sally to sell the same cracked pipkin, and three times he has been thrust back by the scruff of the neck from not having obtained a reasonable offer for it. Somebody in the shed bids for it at last, and the delighted auctioneer with a most villanous wink at me is preparing to hand over his unsaleable pipkin to the somebody in question, when the same remorseless knuckles, as usual, are thrust between the collar of his shirt and the nape of his neck. Our friend, thus goaded, makes another excited bolt out of the shed and, next moment, is heard shouting about the cracked pipkin again, in the same furious manner as that which first attracted my attention. The somebody who was disposed to become a purchaser looks ra-

ther disconcerted: I suspect he is not thoroughly broken in at auction; but nobody else pays any further attention to the proceedings for the present. In fact, all seem to be rather glad to have got rid of the auctioneer than otherwise, probably in the hope that the festive occasion may be prolonged until a later hour. So they sit down and light a great number of paper cigars as a necessary preliminary to the discussion of the news of the day. Their conversation is composed merely of coffee-house politics and their neighbours' business. Woe to the Costaki, or Nikolaki who does not happen to be present; the character of that Costaki or Nikolaki is handled with a ferocity which quite makes one's ears tingle; and I listen attentively for one pleasant thought or kindly expression; for one plain sensible idea, or healthy view of anything talked about, in vain.

Presently the auctioneer returns. While the majority of his customers are wrangling, he has slily disposed of the pipkin to the somebody who first bid for it; and I think another roguish wink to the purchaser signified that he should expect a con-si-de-ra-tion for himself at a convenient season. After this sale of the pipkin — the only thing disposed of yet — the auctioneer desires a little repose, and squatting cross-legged on the bankrupt's counter, sends for a nargilly, and joins in the general discourse. The whole company then present a picture of oriental manners sufficiently striking and characteristic. They have entirely forgotten why they assembled together; and are idling away their time in that slothfulness which is the root of all evil, and from which spring, certainly, nine-tenths of their national disasters. Lazy louts of boys begin to sneak in and out mysteriously, and to pull about the things of the ruined man. I feel very much disposed to trip up one young gentleman, whose pockets are fuller than they should be, with the crook of my walking-stick. But I am by no means sure that he is not the son or brother of somebody present; or in league with the auctioneer, or the bankrupt, or the principal creditor, or one of the primates of the place.

For the rest I begin to understand also that the auctioneer is not likely to resume his labours for the present. The talk will go on till dinner-time; then the talkers will disperse. To-morrow is the Greek feast of the Forty Martyrs; next day is the Turkish Sabbath (our Friday); the following day is the festival of St. Somebody; the next is Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath; then comes Sunday; nobody likes to do anything particularly on Monday, while Tuesday and Wednesday are both saints' days. On Thursday everybody will stay at home sobering, and then again follow the three Sundays! By which time I know very well that everybody

will have forgotten all about the sale, just as much as if it had been an affair of the last century. Should they remember it, I am not quite clear that the matter will be mended. The bankrupt's goods are in a ruined shed. They will not be locked up — they will be nailed up. To-morrow morning or the morning afterwards, the shed will be found open. Something will be said about a robbery; this will supply a great deal of energetic talk; and afford an excellent opportunity for abusing the Turkish authorities. Those who know a great deal more about the robbery than they would care to own, will be the loudest in this abuse — and there the matter will end. So let it be! Everything is settled in this way in the East. Why should the sale of a bankrupt's effects be an exception to the general rule? Delay hangs like a mist over everything and everybody. Nothing ever terminates, and if I were asked to describe the general state of affairs in the East in one word, the word I should use would be Muddle.

I asked a person I met in my afternoon ride, what might have been the circumstances of the bankrupt whose property I had seen so wantonly damaged and pilfered. The substance of what I heard, is worth recording, as illustrative of another phase of manners in Turkey.

The bankrupt had been a prosperous man until he married a widow of considerable landed property. This had been his ruin; and a very snug and comfortable ruin it was — but still a ruin. He had fancied the property of his wife would be improved by laying out a little money upon it. The idea was natural: it was also correct. For this purpose, therefore, the trader borrowed a small amount, and had little difficulty in finding it, for he offered the security of his next year's growth of olives. "Stay," said the money-lender, "as you have olives I will not lend you money. I will buy your olives. It will make the transaction simpler." It did not make the transaction simpler, however. When the time came for the olives to be delivered to the buyer, they did not happen to be grown. A winter of severe cold had destroyed the olive trees by hundreds, and the trees of the debtor had not put forth a leaf. He offered, however, to repay the borrowed money. "Pray, don't trouble yourself about me," said the obliging money-lender; "it is not money you owe me; it is olives. To be sure I bought your fruit rather cheap; but, if I had it, I would make an immense sum in the present scarcity. I want the olives, therefore, not the money." "Impossible." "Well, then; suppose we fancy that I have the olives, and that you want to buy them, they will cost you so many piastres at the current price. To be sure it is nearly five times what I lent you, but you need not hurry yourself about payment — we

shall merely have to add the interest, and you can give me a bond for the whole." So the affair is settled, and the discomfited debtor finds himself in the position of hundreds of others. He has been borrowing at an interest of about six hundred per cent.; and his ruin is sealed. He knows this; but he is a Greek, and has all the trickery and cunning of that people born with him. He will be ruined, indeed; but he will contrive even to turn his ruin to account. He will improve and beautify his wife's property until it becomes the wonder of the neighbourhood. He will buy everything that is to be sold, and dispose of it again at any price, to obtain the money he requires. What money he does not want he will hide or bury. He will carry on a wholesale system of swindling for the next year; and the Frank merchants will suffer most. One fine morning he will declare himself a bankrupt, rub his hands, chuckle a little, and leave his creditors to fight out their differences. He will have no books or accounts. He will answer no questions, and there is no law to make him. He will acknowledge, indeed, that it is a bad business for somebody; but, as far as he is concerned, he knows nothing at all about it, and washes his hands of the whole transaction. His property belongs to his wife, and though he has improved it with other people's money, nobody can touch it. By and by, in some round-about way, the Greek money-lender will of course contrive to be paid, but nobody else will. In a few years, or perhaps sooner, my friend will set up in the same line of business again, and live in the odour of sanctity until he gets into a scrape again; and then he will contrive to get out of it, in some equally felicitous and honest manner.

The fact is, there is no law in Turkey which may not be evaded by an ingenious man. Some trumpery present will always secure the suffrage of anybody where suffrage is worth securing. For, the Aga and Cadi, with all their coadjutors and train, live entirely by little jobs of this kind: without them they would not be able to live at all. There is no gazette, no list of bankrupts, no report of law proceedings, no way of any kind, so far as I know, for keeping backsliders in the ranks. I wonder whether things would be altered to the benefit of the Frank merchants, if we could persuade some sensible commercial man like Baron Bruck, the Austrian Internuncio, to go, some of these days, as our ambassador to Turkey. There is a talk that the Austrian merchant-diplomatist is already busy with a new commercial treaty. I wonder if a British merchant could afford him a few hints.

BASQUE BLOOD.

The sun was far too hot to permit me to continue my journey towards the Eaux Bonnes (one of the most celebrated of the Pyrenean baths), for at least another hour; so, not being pressed for time, I decided on a halt. On casting my eyes about to find a shady and convenient spot for my purpose, I discovered, about a hundred yards up one of the slopes, the very place I desired. This perch was soon gained, and from it I commanded a full view of the road and passers by. It was one of those patches of bright emerald-coloured grass, which abound among the wild rocks of the Pyrenees. Two or three trees afforded a comfortable shelter; and a clear rill ran through it. "Just the place for a snack," thought I. So, unslinging my knapsack for comfort's sake, and my little pouch for eating's sake, I soon saw my dinner before me. This was quickly dispatched; and a cigarette or two, by way of dessert, left nothing to be desired.

I had not long enjoyed this dolce far niente, when from my elevated position, I saw a little fat jolly looking man coming up the road. The sun was too much for him; he was fanning himself with what at first appeared a piece of flexible slate; but which subsequently turned out to be a wide-awake hat. Seeing that he was seeking some comfortable nook, in which he might rest, I hailed him. He soon spied me out; and, in about half the time it had taken me to ascend the slope, was standing puffing and laughing at my side. He was about fifty and sixty years of age, under the middle height, with a complexion clear and fresh. For surer footing he wore the spartille, or hempen soled shoe. A good-natured, merry look shone all over his countenance; he was covered with dust, of which his mouth and clothes seemed equally full.

I thought I could do no better than offer such a man a few drops of brandy, mixed with water in my leather drinking-cup. He drained off this mixture with the best will in the world, returned the cup, wiped his forehead, and sat down beside me. Not until he had finished these operations, and the remainder of my dinner, did he once stop to talk. He then made up for lost time. I have seldom met with so talkative an acquaintance. He told me he was a doctor, and forthwith launched out into an invective against smoking; after which, he smoked five cigarettes, incessantly talking all the time.

I asked him about the traditions of the neighbourhood. There were none, he said; or if there were, he was unacquainted with them. He then, at my request, gave me an account of the Basques. They are, he informed me, brave, with a high sense of honour: hospitable, and courteous, especially to strangers, but, like their Spanish brethren, extreme-

ly passionate, tenacious of their dignity, and vindictive, particularly when women are concerned. He told me he liked the English for their generosity and intelligence; and added, that he thought them not so phlegmatic as generally imagined, but often extremely thoughtless and precipitate when carried away by their passions. These last words he uttered with a certain mysterious air, which roused my curiosity.

Our road lying the same way, we agreed to proceed in company, and trudged along, laughing and chatting merrily, and exchanging adichats (good days) with the passing peasantry. After we had walked some distance, my companion proposed our having some milk, and, on my assenting, he again assumed his mysterious air, and said, "Keep your eyes about you, and notice the people of the house we shall enter."

We had arrived at a part of the mountains where the gorge opened out into a green valley about half a mile wide, watered by a brawling Gave (as the mountain torrents are called), well cultivated, and dotted with cottages. At one of these my friend knocked; the door was opened by a young woman of about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. She was excessively handsome, and would have been still more so, but for her perfectly bloodless complexion; her figure was well-made and tall, and she seemed superior to the peasant women I had before seen. She saluted my friend with great cordiality, who forthwith presented me to her as a petitioner for some milk. She seemed averse to conversation, so that I had plenty of time to make my silent remarks.

There were two other women in the room: one, evidently her mother: the other might, from the likeness, have been a younger sister. The three women were all dressed in mourning. The house was like the generality of the more decent houses in these mountains — two stories high. In the room where we were seated, was a large hearth, on which some small wood was burning; and before which a child of two or three years old was playing. The young woman refused to take anything for the milk she had given us, and returned, with a slight tinge of pride as I thought, the few sous I put into her child's hand — I call the child hers, because it evidently was so.

We thanked her and left the house. "And pray tell me the story that I see belongs to these people," said I to the doctor. "Very well," said the doctor to me; and thus began:

The overthrow of Louis Philippe's government in forty-eight, gave rise, as you must be aware, to many plots, real or imaginary, against the dignity and safety of the infant republic. In one of these, Jacques Lacoste (the father of the young woman you have just seen) was mixed up. He was apprehended, tried, and

transported to Cayenne for six years.

The execution of this sentence reduced his family, which had been one of the most prosperous of the small proprietors of the valley, almost to indigence, and awakened them from their former life of ease and well rewarded industry to one of unremitting labour. The family consisted of the mother, son, and two daughters: the eldest of whom, Julie, was about eighteen when this cruel event befell them. From a child, Julie had attracted attention, not only on account of her great beauty, but for a natural quickness of intellect, and the kindness and sensibility of her disposition. Her abilities had not escaped the notice of the village priest, who took some slight pains in cultivating them. From him she learnt to speak French (the Basque or Bearnais, as you well know, being the jargon of this district), to write, and to read, of which latter acquirement she made good use. Humble as such advantages were, they raised her far above her companions; of whom she soon became the admiration and oracle. The exercise of the intellectual powers has always an effect on the countenance; on Julie's naturally kind face, kindness and sensibility became more strongly stamped: while the merriness of her eye was tamed by a look of thoughtfulness, destroyed, at times, by a demure coquettish glance which would be fixed on you from under her eyelids. Kind and useful in her sphere, of the world she knew nothing; she had never wandered beyond the valley, or the gorge in which the valley terminates. If she had heard of places larger than her own village, it was from some travelled son of the mountains, who had been to Bayonne, or even as far as Toulouse, and who astonished her by his account of the extent and luxury of the cities.

Julie soon began to perceive that, although she might assist her family by remaining at home, she could assist them much more by seeking employment in one of these great towns of which she had heard. It was no selfish feeling which prompted her to this course; too good to be selfish, her every thought was for those she would leave behind her.

Although she had made known her wish on this point to those most able to assist her in it, an accident solved all difficulties, and brought about her desire.

A lady, travelling with a mountain party, had the misfortune to fall from her horse, by the turning of the saddle. She sustained no injury beyond a slight cut on the lips, and a severe shock of the nerves. Her companions led her into the first cottage which presented itself, which happened to be that of Julie's mother. The assiduous and kind attentions of Julie won the sufferer's favour, and she proposed

to the delighted girl to become her maid. The offer was joyously accepted; and Julie was instructed to present herself at the lady's house at Pau in a week's time.

The lady into whose family Julie was about to enter, was fond of company, and her house was frequented by her own countrymen, as well as by the numerous English residents, who for health or pleasure invaded the town every winter. She had been long married, but had no family. Lively and witty herself, she chose her company for their being so too; and, as long as they contributed to her amusement and the adornment of her rooms, she was not otherwise very particular regarding their characters.

Among the many visitors of Madame Laville, Julie's mistress, was Charles Downham, a young Englishman of good education and polished manners; twenty-two years of age, not very handsome; of the middle height, well made. His voice was remarkably soft and winning, but it was his eyes which gave expression to his countenance; their frank and fearless glance, tempered with great good nature, enlisted all whom he addressed in his favour. He had originally been intended for a collegian, but in consequence of a serious reverse his father's fortune became insufficient to bear this expense. He had accompanied his parents to Pau to economise, and to perfect himself in speaking French, prior to entering a merchant's office.

Of course, a mountain-girl so beautiful as Julie attracted no slight notice from the various young men who frequented Madame Laville's; but, to all little flatteries she turned a deaf ear. She was not influenced, as most young and unsophisticated girls, in like circumstances would have been, by the love of dress and finery. What she could spare from her wages was religiously laid aside for those at home. This seemed to be the sole object of her existence, and engrossed her every thought. It would have been well for her, if this good motive had continued to occupy her mind. By the death of an unmarried uncle, however, her family became the heirs of his little property, and suddenly recovered their former position.

With this change of fortune, Julie's great object was annihilated; thoughts, which were before strangers to her heart, crowded upon her. The little store she had destined for home, was mostly expended in charity; but some little also in ornaments. She became less reserved, and more lively. The countenance, which had been so unmoved at any casual or impertinent compliment, now sometimes deigned a smile, which was, however, often followed by a contemptuous curl of the lip: whether in derision of herself or of the complimenter was doubtful.

Charles Downham was one of

the few who had obtruded no attention on this girl, beyond the passing glance which a pretty woman claims. Julie respected his forbearance at first, and ended at last by falling deeply and desperately in love with him. She had many opportunities of seeing that he was the admiration of those with whom he associated, and often noticed the blush of pleasure which the sight of him would raise in some fair cheek. Hers were not the only eyes which followed him as if there were a fascination in his presence. For a long time he was ignorant of her feelings towards him; until one evening the truth flashed upon him, as he raised his head from some pictures at which he had been looking, and accidentally caught her eyes fixed upon him. She, of whom he had seldom thought before, now seemed to be clothed with double beauty. In a word, before the evening was over, he was as desperately in love as Julie herself.

His books grew distasteful, and his mind seemed perfectly incapable of entertaining any other image. At length he gave up the contest. He sought and found several opportunities of speaking with her; nor was it long before he obtained from her the confession of her love for him.

The Basque, like the Spanish women, know no bounds in their attachments; their love, like their hate, is always in the extreme. Julie's heart and soul, from this hour, were given to her lover; she braved the wrath and scorn of her family for him; dishonour for her seemed to have no terrors weighed against a moment's discontent or sorrow for him. She could not restrain her joy at the sight of him, nor conceal her imprudent attachment from other eyes. It was not long before she was ordered, with every mark of contempt and scorn, to quit the house.

Her lover, in no position to assist her, now felt the selfishness and thoughtlessness of his conduct. To see her suffer was more than he could bear. To counsel her to return home to her family, and trust to her mother's affection, was his first impulse; but Julie dreaded as much to quit him, as to face their upbraidings. At this crisis he received a letter, offering him an advantageous appointment in London.

Here was a release from all their difficulties. He explained to her that he had now an opportunity of extrication; but that he would be obliged to quit her. She implored him to permit her to accompany him to England; she would follow him in any capacity; she would be no expense to him, if she might only be always near to watch and comfort him. He was overcome by her passionate appeal; he really loved her deeply; he assured her that his grief was equal to her own in having to

leave her; he explained that it would be ruin to his prospects in England, if it were known that she had accompanied him; he pointed out that her present love ought to yield to their future fortune; he assured her that her unborn child and herself, as long he lived, should share his means and affections; and, finally, seeing her still unconvinced and overwhelmed with grief, promised to return on the first opportunity.

But what was she to do in the mean time? The lovers were relieved from this difficulty too, by her mother coming to see her at Pau. Ignorant of the disgrace that had befallen her, she went to Madame Laville's; hoping to see her as beautiful and as innocent as when she had quitted her home twelve months before. Here she learnt the tidings of her dishonour; she flew to the house where Julie was staying; and found them all too true. The sudden presence of her mother before the guilty girl, was too much for her weak condition; she fainted; and then a revulsion of feeling took place in the mother's heart. She raised the girl from the ground, called her every endearing name, assured her of her forgiveness and love, and besought her to return home immediately. Julie at first refused, in her dread of seeing home again; but, when Charles Downham joined his persuasions to those of her mother and convinced her how impossible it was for her to accompany him to England, she acquiesced. He insisted on her receiving a part of the money which had been forwarded to him for his journey; as she refused, he placed it in her name at a banker's, and told her that it was destined for his and her child, and she had now no right to decline it.

Shortly after this she returned with her mother, and again beheld her native valley. What a change in herself since she had last seen its unaltered face! She had left it in her beauty and innocence, with a noble object; she returned to it guilty, miserable, broken-hearted, — no longer a support to those she loved, but a dishonour and a burden.

Such thoughts as these brought on a serious illness, and she gave birth to a boy, almost as beautiful as herself. Her whole existence was now centred in the child. She would watch it for hours and hours, without stirring. She shunned the society of her former companions, and seldom, if ever, showed herself out of doors. No one knew her history since her departure from the village, but the priest, her family, and myself, the doctor. Unlike what most women would have done, I think, under similar circumstances, she would talk both to the priest and myself of her lover; often expressing surprise that she had not heard from him, but always firmly holding to the belief that he still loved her, and

that he would not be happy as long as they were separated.

Time passed on in this way for a year and a half, without any news of him; still she clung to her immovable conviction that she would see him again.

The weather had been sultry, without rain; and every one was looking forward to some passing thunder-storm to mitigate the overpowering heat. At last, one of the most terrible storms that had passed over the valley for some time burst forth. The rain came down in torrents; the narrow mountain paths were washed away; the gaves were swollen to nearly twice their ordinary volume, and much cattle and several granges were swept away. The thunder leapt down the rocks, waking the echoes with a frightful noise, and to this was added a terrific gale, which long left traces of its fury.

In the midst of this hurricane, a traveller arrived in the village in which Julie's mother dwelt. Their cottage, as you have seen, is the first, as you enter the village. The traveller, without hesitation, walked in drenched to the skin; but, before a good fire, soon dried his clothes and regained his cheerfulness. Julie and her mother happened to have gone to see a sick neighbour that day, and were not in the house when he entered. Before the fire the child was tumbling and playing about; it soon left its own sports to make friends with him. It was quickly seated on his knee, and began caressing him. It bore a strong resemblance to him; and he seemed no less struck by it himself, than Julie's brother and sister were. The storm gave place to one of those drizzling showers of these mountains, which seem endless. Julie's brother proposed to the traveller to stay the night, offering to show him a short cut over the mountains to the Baths, in the morning. The proposition was gladly accepted, and he amused himself by playing with the child, who seemed to have taken a strange liking to him.

Towards evening Julie returned without her mother; who had stopped to tend her suffering friend during the night. Her first look was for her child, who was still on the stranger's knee. She stepped forward to take it from him, when, by the blaze of the fire, she at once recognised its father. A slight scream, which she instantly repressed, startled him; he turned and exclaimed, "Julie!" He did not restrain himself from clasping her in his arms; but there was a warning in her face, and he made no other sign.

Her brother had heard the scream, and seen the emotion which she ineffectually endeavoured to suppress. He had heard her name in the stranger's mouth; and now the extraordinary likeness between the stranger and the child was explained to him.

To Julie he had always been the kindest of brothers; when she fell, she had heard no reproaches from him; to her child he had uniformly been affectionate and good. He pretended not to have noticed the meeting between his sister and the stranger. But Julie, who knew her brother to be quick-sighted, watched him steadily, without letting him perceive it, during the evening. She saw the sparkle of some gratified wish in his eye, the flush on his cheek, his close-set teeth, aud his clenched hands; and she knew that his Basque blood was up—that he had penetrated her secret, and was determined on revenge. After they had all retired for the night, she stole up to Charles's room, and implored him to dress immediately, and pursue his route to Pau, or any place but that where he had told her brother he was going. He at once arose, and was let out by Julie without noise; after having embraced and entreated her to follow him with her child to Pau. To this she assented. She pointed out the road, and then gave herself up to violent grief.

The hope of speedy vengeance had rendered her brother sleepless; he heard her rouse the stranger; he at once got up, and watched, and, shortly after, saw the man who had ruined his sister leave the house. He sprang into a tree which grew close to his window, and let himself down. The rain had ceased and was succeeded by a fine bright night. The rays of the moon penetrated into the gorge, in spite of the height of the mountains.

Charles walked on quickly, and it was some time before his pursuer came up to him. The Basque hailed him in French, and Charles, who did not recognise him in the distance, stopped.

"You have forgotten something," said Julie's brother, as Charles now perceived him to be; "you have forgotten something, in your flight, Sir."

"You mistake, my friend," said Charles, "I have forgotten nothing."

"Yes, you have forgotten the poor girl whom you seduced; you have forgotten that her honour is my honour, and her vengeance my vengeance," said the infuriated young man, drawing his knife. Without saying another word, he made a violent thrust at the object of his hatred. The Englishman, whatever his defects might be, did not want courage. With a blow of his stick, he struck the knife, which went flying over the precipices bordering the road, out of his assailant's hand. With a loud shout, the Basque rushed to close quarters; but was met by a heavy blow of the fist between his eyes, which sent him staggering against the rocks; it was only for a moment; regardless of a second blow, he succeeded in closing with his adversary, and, by the suddenness of his attack, brought

him to the ground. In natural strength they were equally matched; but the blow between the eyes had given your countryman somewhat the advantage; and, as they struggled, Julie's brother felt himself the weaker. They rolled to the side of the road, overhanging the gave. With a firm clutch of his antagonist, the Basque, by a strong kick, brought them both to the brink. In vain Charles tried to free himself from the grasp which held him. They crashed together down the rocks, breaking through the slight trees which grew from the clefts, and fell heavily into the gave which flowed beneath. They fell a height of nearly one hundred and fifty feet, in a place where the stream, choked up with rocks and stones, was half a foot deep.

Julie's brother was killed on the spot; Charles, strange to say, still lived. His fall had been somewhat broken by his enemy falling undermost. They were discovered by a fisherman, who was out early to supply the hotels at the baths with trout. He hurried off for assistance, and they were conveyed to the cottage of Julie's mother. I was immediately sent for, and saw that there was not the least hope for the mangled survivor. He told me before he died, that he had unhappily lost the address Julie had given him; but that, in hopes she might have gone to inquire at the post-office in Pau, he had addressed letter after letter to her at the Poste Restante, where, he doubted not, they still remained. It was in her arms, with his head on her bosom, and his child holding one of his hands, that he died.

I never shall forget that girl's curses against her brother. I never shall forget how she refused to be separated from his body, how she clung to it, how she raved and swooned, or the terrible brain-fever that supervened; from the time of her recovery to this hour, her face has retained the bloodless hue you must have noticed. She and her boy are provided for by Charles's parents, to whom I wrote, by his desire. He is buried in the Protestant burying-ground at Pau; and four times a year a fresh crown of bright immortelles is found on the railings which surround his grave.

I thanked my companion for his story; and we parted.

INVOCATION.

WHERE waitest thou,
Lady I am to love? Thou comest not,
Thou knowest of my sad and lonely lot,
I looked for thee ere now!

It is the May:
Each longing sister-soul hath found its brother,
Only we two seek fondly, each the other;
And seeking, still delay.

Thou art as I:
Thy soul doth wait for mine, as mine for thee.
We cannot be apart. Must meeting be
Never, before we die?

Yes! we shall meet:
And therefore let our searching be the stronger;
Dark ways of life shall not divide us longer,
Nor change, nor Time defeat.

Therefore I strove
Bravely with winter-tide, and long,
Patiently waiting for the glad spring-song
That bodes thy coming, love.

'T is the May-light
That crimsons all the quiet College gloom;
May it shine brightly in thy sleeping-room!
And so, sweet wife, good night!

UNDER CANVAS.

Mr. Layard was in the midst of the excavations at Kouyunjik, near Mosul: colossal gods, and storied palaces, daily rose like unburied ghosts from the tomb. The Arabs — believing that the Frankish Bej, "who had come from the other end of the world to dig up the bones of their grandfathers and grandmothers," was searching for treasure among those hoary stones — brought him continually tiny particles of gold-leaf, carefully wrapped up in dingy pieces of paper, or crying out that they had found Nimrod himself, or an accursed Jinn, as a human-headed bull or lion slowly reared its gigantic proportions from the bowels of the earth. "Walleh! it was not the work of men's hands, but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet (peace be with him!) has said they were higher than the tallest date-tree; it was one of the idols which Noah (peace be with him too!) cursed before the flood." It was in the midst of all the bustle, and excitement, and life of the Ninevite diggings, that a note was brought from the Sheikh of the Jebour tribe, saying that two colossal idols had been found near the Khebour river, and inviting the Frankish Bej to ride out into the desert to view them. This was an invitation few men could have resisted. Accordingly Mr. Layard and a large cavalcade, near a hundred strong, set out for their journey among the Bedouins.

It was no mere sandy waste in these bright spring months that the explorer passed through. Far as the eye could reach, tracts of young grass, mingled with patches of brilliant flowers, offered a scene little in accordance with the received idea of an Arabian desert. Gazelles bounded from the low cover; hares scudded through the bright green grass, and the greyhound plunged among the low brushwood after them. Returning from the course, dyed purple, and blue, and scarlet, and yellow, from the gaudy flower-beds they had passed through, hawks were flown at the francolins, or black partridges, that rose whirring up from the ground — men shouted the war-cry of their tribes, or fired their matchlocks in the air, galloping madly to and fro, intoxicated with the freedom and beauty about them. Some flung their long spears in the air, playing at the jerid; others brandished their weapons, with bright

handkerchiefs streaming from the end. The white pavilions of the Hytas, or irregular Turkish cavalry, glittered in the distance, side by side with the black tents of the wandering Arabs; horses gaily caparisoned, struggled to free themselves from the spears to which they were tied before the doors of the tents; young girls, their black hair streaming in long ringlets on their shoulders, carried jars of water, or loads of brushwood on their heads, their thin blue shirts leaving every movement free, and allowing their shapes to be exactly defined and clearly seen — mothers, bearing children in their arms, crammed others into saddle bags, their shining black heads peeping out as they swung on each side the camels, or the mule-boys driving flocks of lambs, and large herds of cows and sheep lowing and bleating wound through the plain — colts galloped free and far — women screaming the shrill tahlehl, urged on the men to still greater excitement, for this is a cry which excites the Arab almost to madness — all this unbridled life, and wild, free, fetterless emotion composed a scene which, for stir and gaiety would make the busiest European city look dull and still. The river Khabour, to which Mr. Layard was bound, the Habor or Chebar of the Samaritan captivity, is the terrestrial paradise of the Arabs. It bears three crops, they say, in the year, and there is perpetual shade and greensward by its murmuring waters. Many of their songs turn on the happiness of those who dwell near it; for perhaps no people in the world are more easily impressed with the beauties of nature than the Bedouins. As Layard says, "Poetry and flowers are wine and spirits to the Arab. A poem is equal to a bottle, a rose to a dram. "What kef," (delight) cried Suttum, the sheikh of a branch of the Shammar tribe, as he waded through the grass and flowers, "has God given us equal to this? It is the only thing worth living for. Ya Bej! what do the dwellers in cities know of this happiness, they have never seen grass or flowers; may God have pity on them!" And often on this journey, when they were tired and their spirits drooped, some of the party would sing a love-ditty, or set up their loud war-cry, or they would stop to pick the scarlet poppies and bright blue flowers that strewed the ground, to wreathe them among their own garments and the trappings of their horses, until the large cavalcade looked like some great procession of olden times, returning from their games or solemn sacrifices: and with such innocent stimulants as these, their courage would return, and their energy, and their gaiety. Poetry, flowers, the boundless desert, plains, and freedom, the sole excitants necessary for the gay and gentle Arab.

Before starting on his expedi-

tion, Mr. Layard sent to this Suttum, of whom we have spoken above, to claim his protection through the desert; and the chief, with a strong body of his men, himself escorted and guided him. Suttum was one of the noblest specimens of a Bedouin. Noble in person, dignified in carriage, intelligent, daring, honourable, and faithful, he was no less delightful as a companion than trustworthy as a friend. His liveliness, wit, good temper, and conversational powers whiled away many an hour of fatigue and pain; and, under his escort, life and property were as safe in the desert among the plundering Bedouins as they are in England under the protection of the law. In this expedition, Suttum was accompanied by his rediff. The rediff is generally the person who sits behind the rider on the dromedary, but in the Shammar and Sneyza tribes it means a kind of adopted twin — a friend nearer than a brother — for the rediff and his patron live in the same tent, go together to war, see each other's wives, and are bound by ties stronger than those of blood. He is usually a man chosen from a hostile tribe, so that in case of war the patron may be "dakhal," or protected by the friends of the rediff should he fall into their hands, as in turn the friends of the rediff may be protected by the patron, should they be taken prisoners by him or his tribe. In going to war the rediff leads the mare for his brother, fighting himself from the back of the deloul, or swift riding camel; in travelling he rides on the naked back of the animal, clinging to the hinder part of the saddle with his legs up to his chin. The saddle itself is high and profusely ornamented with brass bosses and nails; and Suttum's was adorned with the "Baghdad double bags with many-coloured tassels and fringes of wool," so much coveted by the Bedouins.

The laws of that same dakhal, or the claiming and the granting of protection, are exceedingly curious among the Shammar tribes, and are religiously observed. To say to a man that he has violated his dakhal is an insult never forgiven, as it is a disgrace never wiped out. Dakhal is claimed by eating bread and salt, by repeating certain formulas, and performing certain acts. Among the Shammar, to seize the end of a thread or string, of which the enemy holds the other end, is dakhal — that is, the vanquished is under the protection of the conqueror; to touch the canvas of a tent, or to throw at it something belonging to the person, claims the dakhal of the owner; to spit on a man, or to touch anything he has with the teeth — unless in cases of theft — is dakhal. A woman can protect any number of persons or huts. Once a Turk, flying from his pursuers, rushed into an encampment, and stretching out his hands to a tent, claimed dakhal. It belonged to Sahiman Mijwell's

eldest brother (Mijwell was Suttum's brother), who was absent at the time; but Noura, his beautiful wife, seized the pole sticks and beat off the pursuers, though they were Arabs and her guest one of the hated Turks. She was much praised by the Shammar for this spirited adherence to the sacred laws of their desert police. If a horseman rides into a tent, he and his horse are dakhal (protected); a stranger eating with one of the Shammar can give dakhal to his deadliest enemy, should he fall into his power; but any one calling out "I renounce," before dakhal has been claimed, may refuse it. The Shammar never plunder a caravan within sight of their tents, for so long as a stranger sees their tents, he is dakhal. A man who has eaten bread and steals his owner's horse, is dishonoured, having repaid the protection afforded him with treachery. The tribe must return the horse; and should it die before being sent, the man must be delivered up. If two enemies, between whom is the thar, or blood revenge, exchange by mistake the salem aleikum, there is peace between them, and they will not fight. It is disgraceful to rob a woman of her clothes; even in a plundering party, the plunderers give her a horse to ride back to her tents. A man pursued by an enemy may save himself by calling dakhal — unless the blood revenge is between them. Among the Shammar it is considered cowardly to take away the horse or camel, when there is no water or encampment near; they will take their victims to within a certain distance of their tents, point out their site, and then plunder them respectably. Dakhal given, an Arab must protect the dakhal to his own ruin; and this has been the case in many instances, a true Bedouin rarely violating this pledge, even to his own most certain destruction.

In the desert, Mr. Layard and his party were met by several chiefs, and were hospitably entertained. The sheikh's tent — known by the spears tufted with ostrich feathers before it, and by being in the front rank and facing the side from whence the guest may be expected, as also the enemy — the first to welcome and the first to fight — was ever open to them with all the pleasures that a Bedouin tent could give. Feasting, poetry, and tales — often prolonged far into the night — welcomed the English gentleman to the home of the Ishmaelite; and all was done and given with an open-handed generosity and an earnest desire to please, which might give a useful lesson to many of the so-called civilised races. Once they were the guests of Rishwan, Suttum's father. When they rode up to the old sheikh's tent, Suttum Mijwell, his younger brother, with the elders of the tribe, stood ready to receive them. The chief had killed two sheep, and before many minutes had elapsed, two

huge wooden platters of boiled rice and mutton were brought in and placed on the ground before them. Large lumps of butter were then heaped on these steaming messes and allowed to melt, Rishwan occasionally kneading all up together with his hands (hands go for silver spoons generally in the desert. A glass of eau sucrée was once offered to a lady of Mr. Layard's party, which eau sucrée was stirred by a particularly dirty finger, which the owner carefully sucked between each stir.) When the dishes were cool — the Shammar think it inhospitable to place hot meat before a guest — Rishwan stood up in the centre of the tent and called each person by name to the feast. But neither he nor his sons would take the smallest portion for themselves. That also would have been inhospitable. After the eating had ended, Layard went to the women's tents. Some of these women were exceedingly beautiful, the wife of Suttum's eldest brother the most so. They were all dressed in the long, thin blue Arab shirt, with a striped or black abba (cloak) and a black keffich, or head kerchief, confined with a band of spun camel's wool. The Bedouin women wear noserings of massive silver, studded with coral and gems; bracelets and anklets of the same, necklaces of coins, and amber, and agate, glass and stone beads, and often rows of small Assyrian relics. When they leave their tents, they cover the lower part of their face with a handkerchief, leaving only their black eyes sparkling above. Their complexion is a dark rich olive, their eyes large, lustrous, and almond-shaped; their black hair falls heavy in luxuriant curls on their shoulders, their carriage is erect and graceful, and they are spirited, brave, energetic, and industrious. In the desert, daughters are sources of wealth from the alliances they may form with hostile tribes, and from the price which they bring; but in the towns they are held as a disgrace, and often are privately murdered.

Suttum was accompanied not only by his rediff and his favourite hawk, which he held on his wrist, but also by one of his wives, the beautiful and imperious Rathaiyah. This lady was very indignant when she saw the white tent that had been provided for her during this journey, and absolutely refused to sleep under it. She swore that she would leave her liege lord rather than submit to such disgrace; and, after much trouble, a black tent, used as a kitchen, was given up to her; when she said that under the goat's hair canvas she would breathe freely again, and once more feel that she was a Bedouin. Adla, Suttum's first wife, came one day into the encampment with her child in her arms, to effect a reconciliation with her husband; from whom she had been forced to part on account of Rathaiyah's fearful temper; and by

the aid of a friend of Mr. Layard's, a public form of reconciliation took place. But Suttum's face showed plainly enough what private scene he expected when the European peacemakers should have gone out. It appears that Suttum had consented to marry Rathaiyah because she belonged to a powerful and hostile tribe; but if he had bought public peace by this union, he had paid for it with his private happiness, for there was not a more thoroughly henpecked husband among the Shammar than the powerful and daring Suttum.

The Arab loves as none but an Arab can love; but he is also mightily excitable and easily won. An Arab sees a girl bearing water or brushwood; and, in a moment, at a glance, is as madly in love as if he had served years of courtship. He thinks of nothing else, cares and dreams of nothing else but the girl he loves; and if he is disappointed in his affections he dies. In order to commence the suit, he sends for a member of the girl's tribe who has access to the harem; and, first ensuring his secrecy by solemn oaths, confesses his love, and entreats the confidant to arrange an interview. The confidant goes to the girl; gives her a flower or a blade of grass, and says, "Swear by Him who made this flower and us also, that you will not reveal to any one that which I am about to unfold to you." If the girl will not accept the proposal she will not take the oath; but does not tell, nevertheless. If she is disposed to the match, she answers, "I swear by Him who made the leaf you hold, and us;" and the place and time of meeting are settled. These oaths are never broken.

Next in rank to, or before, their beautiful women, the Bedouins prize their mares. Some are beyond all price, and many would fetch almost fabulous sums. One youth, in Suttum's tribe rode a filly for which a hundred camels had been offered and refused. Their best bred horses are never bought, unless by some rare chance or mischance. Layard once offered a sum of money for a beautiful mare that had struck his fancy; the owner shook his head—it was far below her value. The offer was increased, but the Arab still refused, and rode away. However, the report got about that he had bargained for his mare, and, though of the best blood, she was suspected, and, in the end, was obliged to be sold to a horse-dealer at Mosul, for less than what Mr. Layard had offered. When an Arab loses a horse in a foray, the conqueror sends an envoy, who passes harmless, like a sacred messenger, from tent to tent, to learn the qualities and breed of the animal he has gained; and all that he hears he may rely on, for the Bedouin never lies about his mare. Often a dying man will tell his murderer and victor the name and descent of his horse, which the chances of war have given to

an enemy. His last breath will be spent in the praises and the exultation of his mare, and every word may be believed. The breed of a horse is preserved by tradition, and the birth of a colt is an event made known to the whole tribe. If a townsman or a stranger buys a horse, and is desirous of having written evidence of its race, the seller with his friends go to the nearest town, to certify before a person, specially qualified, called "the Cadi of the horses," who makes out a written pedigree, to which he first attaches certain prayers and formularies from the Koran, in use on such occasions, and then his own seal. The best mares are assumed to be descended from the five favourite mares of the Prophet; but that is not a fact that can be distinctly sworn to. The Arab mares are not so beautiful in appearance as many people imagine; it is only in the spring, when the pastures are green, that they are sleek and comely; on their ordinary food they are nothing but skin and bone, with staring, shaggy ungroomed coats, and to the ignorant not worth their keep. But when the mare hears the war-cry, — then her bloodred nostrils dilated and quivering, her neck arched, her tail spread wide, her large eyes all on fire, and every nerve and muscle strained and started — then she shows what qualities she has, and proves her worth to be often the salvation of the rider's life; for, to the speed of his mare many a Bedouin has owed his life and wealth, and all that he possessed. The desert proverb says, that a high bred mare, when at full speed, should hide her rider between her neck and her tail; and certainly when the Arab mare is at the full stretch of her paces, if she does not quite fulfil the proverb, she does not fall far short of it.

One day a Gezidi, or devil-worshipper and snake-charmer, came to Mr. Layard's tent with his son, a child of about seven or eight years old. Mr. Layard was sitting on his carpet with Suttum, when the Gezidi began his performance. He first took from a bag several venomous snakes, all knotted together, which he gave to the lad. The boy received them from him, and allowed them to twine round his neck and breast, playing with them or alternately caressing and teazing them. The Gezidi pretended to be, or was really angry with one of the snakes, which had bitten his son, and drawn blood. He seized it, bit off its head with his teeth, and threw the writhing body among the spectators. Suttum's curses were loud and violent, and the whole assembly was strongly excited, and with difficulty restrained from falling on the luckless snake-charmer and inflicting summary and condign punishment on him. Suttum cursed him to his remotest generations, with sundry impolite allusions to his female relatives, and unwarrantable assertions respecting his dead "for-

bears." It was some time before he could be quieted, and many days before the poor Gezidi was forgotten; the Bedouin breaking out into the most furious invectives against him, and bespeaking him the warmest corner in a certain place, more hot than healthy, where he was consigned, æsthetically, without remorse.

Another day a striking-looking object sat in the museef, or great tent. He was a Bedouin boy, sickly, thin, clothed in rags, and emaciated, but with a resolute and daring expression of face. His only clothing was a ragged and dirty keffich, or kerchief round his head, and a tattered cloak, with the knotted end of a club appearing out of the folds. He was a distant relative of Suttum's, but his father was too poor to give him a mare and spear, without which no Bedouin is complete. He was now fourteen, and old enough to be a warrior, and too old to bear the disgrace of his condition. He left the tents of his tribe, leaving behind him all his clothes and taking only the wretched rags he had on him, and wandered down to the Euphrates, where he remained for months, until his family believed him dead. He lived all this time in the river jungle, feeding on roots and herbs, and prowled about in the night-time, searching for the horses of the Aneyza, if by chance any had been left unsecured. At last he found one, but, alas! her legs were manacled, and he had brought no file with him to cut the irons. He was on his way back to the tents when he passed through Mr. Layard's encampment, where he said he would remain until he had recovered his strength, when he would set off again on his adventurous expedition, and this time take a file under his cloak. There is no disgrace, but, on the contrary, a vast deal of merit due to the youth who thus possesses himself of a mare and spear. Provided only he has not eaten bread and salt in the owner's tent, he may steal with impunity, and, if successfully, with credit.

In nothing is there a more striking difference between the Arab and the European, than in the precocity of intellect. One beautiful boy whom Mr. Layard knew was a very pleasing instance of this intellectual precocity. He was the youngest son of the governor of Hillah — Shabib Aga — a child of about twelve years of age, and who transacted business with Layard with all the dignity and decorum of an old man; wrote letters, settled disputes, collected levies, and was governor and judge in general. He was exceedingly lovely, with large bright eyes and a dark olive complexion, and his manners were both graceful and dignified. He wore the long silken robes of the town Arab, with the keffich of the Bedouin; but his heart was all Ishmaelite, and his desires were for the desert and its liberties. "His salutations were made with the greatest gravity," says La-

yard. "We trust that it has pleased God to preserve your Excellency's health. Our harem begs your Excellency's acceptance of sour milk and francolins. May we show that we are your slaves by ordering the irregular troops to accompany you in your ride. Your person is more precious to us than our eyes, and there are evil men, enemies of our lord the sultan, abroad in the desert." Mr. Layard on parting gave him a kaleidoscope, which he had taken into strong affection, and between which and his judicial duties he divided his time pretty equally; peeping into the small end with all a boy's glee and delight when not settling grave disputes of property, or awarding punishments for crime. Often a Bedouin child, at the age when Europeans are still in the nursery, is left in charge of the tents, when the tribe are absent. He must receive strangers who may have blood-claims against his family, answer questions, or evade them, guard against marauders, and watch and account for every strange sign and mark. If he sees a horseman's back near the encampment, he must ask himself why he did not stop and eat bread or drink water. Was he a spy, or one of an attacking party on the march thither, or what was there in his condition that made him pass so near without stopping? Indeed, few men are called on to exercise such watchfulness and intelligence as the Bedouin child must practise daily.

The signs, too, by which a Bedouin boy or man can read the book of the passing life of the desert, seem to the uninitiated almost like magic. He can tell by the foot-prints, and by other signs, whether the camel which has lately passed was loaded or unloaded, fed or hungry, fatigued or fresh; how long since it has passed, and whether its owner was a desert or a towns-man, friend or foe, and often the name even of his tribe. Layard was frequently advised not to dismount, as his foot-prints would be known by any tracking party, as those of a stranger, and often an Arab led his deloul, that it might not be read in the sand that it had been ridden by one unaccustomed to guide it. Not a mark but has its story; not a stone but tells its tale; and the Bedouins can spy out each other's movements by their fleeting foot-prints in the sand, as clearly as if published in a Court Gazette, or public despatches. Once a party of Kurdish horsemen stopped before the Frankish Bej's tent. It was a young Kurdish chief carrying off a girl with whom he had fallen in love, who hastily dismounted, to eat bread and drink water — then rushed wildly forward, to escape pursuit. But yet they were as easy to track in their flight as if they had left a printed notification of their road. However, they had gained time, and time and the good mare do all in the desert.

Hawking is a sport in great re-

pute among the Arabs. Their favourite falcons are highly prized, and are exceedingly dear. Poor Suttum lost his favourite hawk Hattib, in this journey to the Khabour. In striking its quarry it was pursued by an eagle, and flew off to the desert, screaming and terrified. Suttum wept, and was inconsolable, crying "Oh Bej! Hattab was not a hawk, he was my brother." The birds are trained in a very simple manner. They are first made to take their meat from the horns of a stuffed gazelle — then from a tame gazelle, the distance, gradually increased to about half a mile. A greyhound is next loosed, the falcon flown at the same time, and the gazelle's throat is cut — the bird and the hound being fed with the meat. After the sacrifice of three gazelles, the falcon's education is pronounced complete, and it is taken to the field, to strike for itself.

The Arabs have an honour and honesty among them which is quite incorruptible. Marauders and thieves as they are in their own vocation, yet, when their sense of honour is roused, they may be trusted to any extent. Sahiman, one of Mr. Layard's guiding-chiefs, tracked some camels for six weeks, that had been stolen from the encampment while under his protection. He felt his honour involved, and would have spent a life-time in recovering the lost property, rather than have it said that his guest or friend had been robbed while under his charge. At last, he recovered the camels, after infinite trouble and exertion, and brought them back to Layard, who happened to be absent at the time, neither waiting nor wishing for a reward. And Suttum, that brave and beautiful Ion of the Hearth, was often sent across the desert with five or six hundred pounds of money — his only reward being a silk dress or two, with now and then a camel-load of rice or corn for his family. Once a Bedouin came all the way alone from the neighbourhood of Bagdad to pay the balance of a wool account, amounting to three or four shillings, and would not accept any reward whatever. On the whole, a race more gallant, daring, generous, loving, and trustworthy, when once placed in the position of friends and protectors, is not to be found anywhere. And as the boundless freedom of the Bedouin life gives it a charm, no other state of existence possesses in spite of all its privations, so, with all the faults of the Bedouin character, its affectionate sincerity and princely generosity give it a claim on one's respect and love not easily accorded to men more civilised, but perhaps less virtuous. Men who, as the noble Hatem, would slay a priceless mare, in times of famine, to feed some stranger guests that chanced to come to the tents — who, as Suttum, would carry money that would enrich them for life, across the desert, where the

owner of that gold could never track them, and where they might defy pursuit or detection, yet carry it as surely as if guarded by an army — such men as these are not barbarians, nor is that code of morals to be despised which gives such practical results.

CHIPS.

SENSIBLE NEWS OF A SEA-SNAKE.

It is comfortable to get some account from a trustworthy naturalist of a sea-serpent that is neither a bunch of sea-weed nor a bunch of lies. Mr. Peach, a gentleman whose name is familiar to all working men of science, as possessing the property of an accurate and intelligent observer, tells us that a few weeks ago a specimen of a singular and rare serpentine fish was cast on shore in Sinclair's Bay, a few miles from the town of Wick in Scotland. This water monster certainly is a very fine sea-snake, though not perhaps the well-known sea-serpent of fiction.

When it was brought in it had been much mangled and cut about by the fishermen; who styled it a Ciel-lonin — a name very apt to be corrupted into Sea Lion by those who have caught, from time to time, only glimpses of the head, which displays a sort of mane.

Only a few specimens of the animal have hitherto been described as having been found on the British shores. Those which have been described were all of considerable size; but the last caught is the monster among monsters. His length is fifteen feet six inches, from the eyes only, to not quite the tip of the tail. The two ends of him are immeasurable, because the tail has been much injured, its tip broken off, while the whole of the head up to the eye has been knocked to pieces, partly by the fishermen and partly by the creature itself in its death struggles. Another foot might therefore be added to the measurable length. The greatest depth of his body is one foot two inches, and it would require a skewer three and a half inches long to transfix him breadthwise in the thickest part. His eyes are perfect, an inch and a half across, having the pupil dark and iris silvery: these eyes are so placed, near the top of the head, that they would be conspicuous objects while the creature swam upon the surface of the water. The head, as before said, is mutilated so much that little can be said about it. There are, visible upon it, stumps of a cluster of spine-like fins, well adapted for the support of a long crest, which probably existed until a boat-hook dealt about the snake's head its destructive blows. Upon the ridge of his back, extending along the whole length, is the dorsal fin; but the top part of it is nearly all rubbed off. The skin is of a beautiful silvery colour, with fine dark bands that pass down from head to tail. The ver-

tebral column — is not of bone at all, but gristly, and not three quarters of an inch across. When cut through it shows merely as a filon filled with a jelly-like substance.

As to the actual nature of this rare visitor, all competent authorities agree that it is a large example of the gymnetrus, a visitor known better by the name of riband-lath or deal-fish.

We do not intend to enter into a debate about the sea-serpent. That would be cruel to our readers. Let us, however, say, that against the possibility of its existence one of the strongest arguments used was, that if such animals were in being, some portion of their skeletons, especially bits of the backbone, would have been thrown ashore. Now here we have a creature of a snake-like form, sixteen feet in length; that is to say, two feet longer than any similar sea monster of the snake kind, before found. It is crowned with a long pendulous tuft on the back of the head, which would well represent the mane which sea-serpent seers have always described. Swimming as the fish does on its edge, and not flat like a sole or halibut, the extreme thinness compared with the depth would give it great rapidity of motion, and the flexibility of the extremely delicate cartilaginous spinal column — nowhere an inch thick — would cause its manner of progression to be very like that of a serpent.

The greatest wonders of the deep are almost hidden from the eye of man. These meteoric silver-coated fishes appear to reside in the depths, and it is only at long intervals, and after a succession of tempests, that a solitary individual is sometimes cast upon the shore; where its delicate body is found torn and mutilated by the elements, and on the rocks.

Mr. Peach's fish of sixteen feet long, seen at a distance — swimming as it would swim when at the surface of the water with its crest and dorsal fin exposed, its silvery shining sides, and the long wake left by its peculiar motion — might, at a distance, be considered, by surprised eyes, thirty feet in length, or even more. But, when we remember that the samples taken on the British shores have been found in comparatively narrow, shallow, and cold seas, and were probably but small and sickly specimens carried against their will out of the depths of their own oceans, in warmer climes, we may easily conceive that others of the kind very much larger may be dwellers there. It is well known that the backbone of the largest shark becomes a mass of jelly very soon after putrefaction has commenced, and we may argue that should a fish of the kind here mentioned, even ten times its size, be met with, the vertebræ would be only seven inches and a half across; and, being also frailer than the shark's, they would still sooner perish.

It is an interesting fact that the first recorded specimen of the fish here roughly described was found near Land's End, in Cornwall: and this, the last, near John O'Groat's, Caithness: the others in places situated between these extreme points. Thus they take the range of the whole coast of Great Britain, washed by the British Channel and the German Ocean; but hitherto the appearance of no such creature has been noticed in Ireland.

STROLLERS AT DUMBLEDOWNDEARY.

The strollers. Have not the righteous powers of law, reform, science, and sectarianism been directed for centuries against the strollers? There have been wise Justices in ruffs, and doublets, and trunk-hose, determined to put the strollers down, and most signally failing in so doing, ever since the time of the Spanish Armada; just as, I dare say, in the mythic time of San Apollo and all the gods and goddesses, the great Justice Midas — for all that he was squire, knight of the shire, and custos rotulorum — failed in putting the strollers of *his* epoch down. Strollers have been declared rogues and vagabonds by all sorts of statutes: pulpit thunder and quarter sessions lightning have been levelled against them times out of number. No matter; the strollers have a principle of life in them stronger than the whole family of Shallows. Hunted from populous neighbourhoods, and threatened with all those legal perils which attend the dire English crime of being unlicensed, they are surely to be found, after apparently irretrievable extinguishment, cosily ensconced in some quiet little village, the marvel and delight of the unsophisticated, as they have been for ages.

Here they are, this blessed spring-tide afternoon, in my dear Dumbledowndeary. Their wheels have been new tired, some fresh stitches have been put into the buskin, an additional inch has been added to the cothurnus, and some extra dabs have been given to the scenery; but here in its entirety is the Thespian waggon at Dumbledowndeary.

Which Dumbledowndeary, I beg to remark, is thoroughly an out of the way place. One of our magnates expressess his opinion that it is left out — at all events, you can't find it in — many maps of England, and it never rains or snows at the same time it does in other places. There is no mint in Dumbledowndeary, no turnip-radishes, no salad-oil, and there are very few carrots. *There is no lawyer;* there was one some time ago, but he made a most signal failure of it, and died. There is very little clergyman; for the incumbent couldn't make the place out, so he spends his living of six hundred a year in Hastings, and the cure of souls is done in job-

work by a successsion of clerical nonentities, of whom very little indeed is seen, between service. There is never any cholera at Dumbledowndeary, and seldom any fever, and so little sickness and few accidents, that our doctor's principal amputations are confined to the plants in his greenhouse, and he is fain to eke out his time by taking photographic portraits, for pure love of science, of the inhabitants, to their immense delight: mute inglorious Miltons coming out under the process and on the prepared paper, as speaking likenesses, and "Cromwells, guiltless of their country's blood," all generally mild men with sandy whiskers, appearing beneath the influence of collodion and iodine, as the most truculent and black-bearded bravos. We have no crime, and no immorality (to speak of), and our only regret is, that more Londoners do not arrive at our natty railway station; wander in our green lanes and voiceful woods, fill their eyes with the delicious prospect of wood and water, and meadow around them; taste our publicans' neat wines, and avail themselves of their commodious stabling, and at last be so delighted with the place as to buy, build, or hire houses, and settle in Dumbledowndeary altogether. But I am afraid that those who know of and love this queer, pleasant, little spot, keep the secret to themselves, as those Indians do who are aware of the city of gold in Central America, and tell no stranger, lest the profane vulgar should step in and spoil it.

Our taste for the drama in Dumbledowndeary, though not often indulged, is vast. We take trips to town sometimes, and go to the play; and mighty are the discussions that afterwards take place about the plays we have seen. We have settlers amongst us, hermits long since retired from the busy world, who can remember Siddons, the elder Kean, and Young. These "shoulder their crutch and show how" plays were acted. There was a dark man who lodged up the back lane last year, and was supposed to have been formerly a play-actor. It was mooted that he should read Shakespeare in the schoolroom; and he said he would think about it; which I suppose he has been doing ever since, for no more came of the proposition. We have frequent bets of fours and sixes of alcoholic fluids, respecting the exact readings of quotations from the dramatists; and reference being made to the authors' works themselves, both parties are generally found to be in the wrong. Lastly, though we have no regular theatre (not even the smallest provincial one, within ten miles), we are visited, with tolerable regularity, once a year, by a band of those peripatetic histrionics called strollers. They omitted to visit us last year, and I grieved; thinking the dramatic element in Dumbledowndeary was on the decline; but a few

days since, walking up street, the time being dinner time, and the object of my journey the fruitless one of procuring a ha'porth of mint, with a view to its conversion into sauce for lamb, I was greeted with the intelligence that the mummers were come.

The announcement was the more pleasant as it followed close on the heels of another class of amusements with which we have lately been favoured. We have seen a sight in Dumbledowndeary within the last fortnight not unfamiliar, I dare say, to my older and travelled readers, but which to the younger portion must be quite novel and surprising. What do you think of five wild and picturesque foreigners appearing in Dumbledowndeary, coming from no man knows where, and going no man knew whither; four of them leading two monstrous bears and two hideous wolves, with chains and muzzles, and the fifth man bearing a drum of uncouth make, which he smote continuously! Bears and wolves in England! They took us back to the time of King Egbert, and the Royal Bear, which lived in the Tower, and washed himself in the River Thames. The bears were brown beasts, with that pitiably half-human appearance, which bears have when on their hind-legs, of being distressed mariners in shaggy brown coats and trousers, much too loose for them: the name of one of them was Martin, and a most woe-begone Martin he was, with paws like very dirty driving gloves, with the fingers coming through, a preposterous muzzle, and a general expression of the most infinite raggedness and wretchedness. He danced, did Martin, and went through the military exercise, and kissed his keeper at the word of command, with oh! such an unmistakable longing in his countenance to amplify the kiss into a hug, and a gnash, and a tear! Martin's brother was a young bear — Martin the foundling, perhaps — who, whether the major part of his sorrows were yet to come, according to the axiom, or not, seemed to have quite enough of them now, and abandoned himself to despair in the dust, at every convenient opportunity, till forced to assume the duopedal attitude by the cudgel of his master. As to the two wolves, they were not performing wolves, nor dancing wolves, nor learned wolves, by any means: they were simply wolves — lanky, brindled, savage-looking creatures, whose existence was embittered by an insufficiency of raw flesh, human or otherwise, and by the necessity of wearing a muzzle, and being tugged about by a chain. They viewed the performances of their ursine brethren with profound disgust and contempt: their masters, whom they unwillingly permitted to drag them along, with more disgust still, mingled with fear and loathing. Man delighted them not, nay, nor woman either; the one sole ob-

ject on which their attention seemed fixed, and to which their desires were directed, lay in the amalgamated legs of the juvenile population of Dumbledowndeary. For those tender, fleshy, tearable, crunchable, howlable-for extremities did their fierce mouths water, their teeth gnash, and their eyeballs glare, and their bushy tails disport themselves, in a manner horrid to behold.

If the bears and the wolves, and their strange keepers (the man with the drum was a study in himself) were a source of amusement, imagine what a fertile source of recreation the strollers must have been. As soon as I heard that the mummers were come, I lost no time, you may be sure, in repairing to the spot where they had set up their theatre. It was not ill-chosen. A green patch of land, with a natural amphitheatre of turf around it, then a path, then another patch, where Mr. Clewline, the sail-maker, spreads out his sails like gigantic table-cloths, and pitches them, or waterproofs them, or does something to them with some mysterious compound; and then the broad shining river with the yachts dancing on its bosom, like trim bits of nautical cabinet-making; the dusky brick-laden barges with heavy sails, that would seem to be impregnated with brick-dust too, so dusky red are they; the squat Prussian and Swedish barks waiting at the ballast wharf; the Gravesend steamer puffing and smoking along the channel on the Essex side; the unobtrusive, yet labouring ant-like little tugs, pilot fishes to great sharks and whales of Yankee liners, and Green's Indiamen and Australian packet-ships, deep in the water with auriferous cargoes. There is one-legged Barker in his little boat, his oars as he feathers glancing in the wet spray and golden sun like priceless gems, though they are but humble lancewood after all. There is Mr. Thumb, the pilot, shoving off to board and pilot, nolens volens, a homeward-bound ship; there is a neat little skiff pulling in from a yacht with ladies deep in novel reading and crochet work; there, opposite to me, in Essex, are flat marsh lands, and flatter meadows, and the white smoke of another train on another railway, and thereabouts, they tell me, lives the wicked contractor who sold the hay which the horses couldn't eat, and which it was very lucky they did not eat, under the circumstances of cold lamb connected with the forage in question; and here, at my feet, is the grassy patch with the strollers' booth upon it.

It is a very tumbledown edifice indeed, of old boards and canvas, which have evidently done service in countless grassy patches, to say nothing of fairs, all over England. There is an outer proscenium supported on a platform, about which there can be no mistake at all, for it simply consists of a few loose boards placed on

the body of a van, which evidently serves for the conveyance of the paraphernalia of the company through the country. The proscenium itself, as a work of art, is abominable; as a curiosity it is laudable. All styles of decoration find representatives on its surface — the intensely Præ-Raphaelite prevailing; for the rules of perspective are wholly set aside, and the avidity of the artist for purity and brilliancy have caused him to throw aside all except the primary colours — red, blue and yellow. There are two lateral doors, which mean nothing, inasmuch as they lead to nothing, and don't open, and upon which knockers in the Louis Quatorze style are planted in bitter mockery. There is a door, left centre, which is of some signification, inasmuch as it is the box, pit, and gallery entrance, and pay-place. The summit of the proscenium is occupied by those useful domestic animals, the lion and unicorn at issue, as usual, about the possession of the crown, and more frequently, I am afraid, getting more brown bread than white bread or plum cake during the progress of their hostilities; there are a quantity of flowers painted, which, if novelty of design and strangeness of colour met with their reward, would infallibly carry off the gold medal at Chiswick and all other horticultural shows; and, finally, there are the names of the proprietors of the booth — Messrs. Hayes and Walton — glaring in red lead, and yellow ochre, and blue verditer. The "walk up" process to the booth is apparently effected by an inclined plane, with a few battens nailed across it at irregular intervals — an Avernus of which the descent will be, I opine, more facile than the ascent.

There is a side door of ingress, however, — the stage door, I presume, to the Theatre Royal Dumbledowndeary. Close by it is another van with a hood or tilt — a sort of mixture of the Thespian and Rommaney, or Gipsy, very picturesque. There is a ladder leading up to this van or waggon. Between its shafts there is at this moment, smoking his pipe, an individual who, by his smock frock, might be a waggoner; by his tight-fitting trousers, a stableman; by his squab oilskin hat a sailor; by his broken nose and scarred complexion, a fighting man; but who, by his wavy black hair (yet bearing the brand of the fillet), his shaven jaw, his stage eye, stage lip, stage step, is, unmistakably a Thespian, a stroller, a mummer, if you will. Can this be Hayes? Walton, perhaps? No, Walton should be short and stout, and, if I mistake not, bald. He can't be both, may be one, is perchance neither. As I muse, another man who, in his blue frock coat, has a smack of the butcher, crosses him, bearing a pail of water, and enters the stage door. *He* puzzles me horribly! What can he want a pail of water for? Not for ablution — that would be too absurd; not for

drinking — that were absurder still; perhaps for some dramatic purpose, for something in the play. Anon comes forth from the booth, a female form, closely draped in a dingy shawl that might have been worn as a toga in one of the comedies of Meander, it looks so old. I cannot see her face; but, as she climbs into the waggon, I catch a glimpse of a cotton stocking — pink? Well, not very pink; say lavendered by dirt; and a red leather brodequin. 'T is a dancer; and, as she disappears there protrudes for a second from under the tilt, a human face, and that face is white with chalk, red with paint, and bald, with a cockscomb, and is as the face of a clown, and I get excited.

So do some eighty or a hundred boys and girls, of various sizes and ages, who are standing, like me, on the turf or gambolling on the turf amphitheatre, some with the intention, as I have, of patronising Hayes and Walton, when their theatre opens. Others, oppressed by that perpetual want of pence that vexeth public children, contenting themselves with seeing as much as they can of the outside of the show, hopeless of internal admittance. It is very good to see all these happy poor children, *not* ragged, but in the decent, homely, common clothes that country children wear; it is very good to hear this village murmur as

> The mingling notes come soften'd from below.

I cannot hear

> The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung;

swains don't respond or milkmaids sing in these back parts. I can't hear

> The watchdog's voice that bays the whispering wind;

but I can hear

> The playful children just let loose from school,

the noisy geese gabbling o'er the pool, the sober herd lowing to meet their young, and the loud laugh which speaks (not always, dear Goldsmith), the vacant mind.

Two sober horses feed quietly by the side of the tilted chariot, while the rest of the landscape is made up by a misanthropic donkey which appears to have given up thistles altogether as gross and sensual luxuries, and browses contentedly on chalk and stunted thistles; and a big brown dog that seems to know everybody, and tumbles everybody, and makes a very fierce pretence of barking and biting, belying his fierceness all the time by the wagging of his tail and the leer on his honest countenance — a landscape of happiness and plenty, and quietude, and the Queen's peace.

Of Peace, say I? As I watch the strollers' booth, there comes across the field of the river a little black steamer, with a white funnel, towing a hulkish, outlandish bark, with her mainmast all gone to pieces, with an outlandish flag at her mizen, and floating proudly above it the

English ensign. This is a Russian prize; and, as though looking through a camera, you suddenly drew a red slide between the lens and the eye, this field of peace becomes at once a field of war. See, transport number forty-two is just going down river; she is chock full of heavy guns and munitions of war; yonder little schooner, painted light-blue, a Fruiterer from the Azores, laden with peaceful oranges and lemons, has been chartered by government for the conveyance of stores to the Black Sea; transport number nineteen is expected down shortly with artillery horses, and transport number seventy with hussars and lancers. I begin to remember that, within a few miles of my quiet, peaceful, little Dumbledowndeary, are the most famous arsenals and dockyards to be found in this mortal world — fields of the balls of death — laboratories of destructive missiles. But the waters curl and are blue and sparkling, and the tides have their ebb and flow, whether their burdens be peaceful argosies or armed galleys; and the river-shores remember that they have seen the Danes in the Thames, and the Dutch in the Medway, and the mutiny at the Nore, and that they were none the less green and smiling.

Messrs. Hayes and Walton do not trouble themselves about the war, save in so far as it affects the price of tallow candles and two-inch rope, or influences the minds of their audiences, leading them (H. and W.) to compose and perform pieces of a war turn or of a military tendency — all to suit the popular appetite for the drama pugnacious. Thus, though the piece originally announced for this evening was the Corsican Brothers, or the Fatal Resemblance and the Murdered Twins; H. and W., finding Dumbledowndeary to be partially a down-to-sea-going place, including among its population coastguardsmen, bargemen, watermen, and fishermen — persons all supposed to have a lively interest in the progress of the war — changed the drama to the Russian War and the Gallant Turk; or, Death, the Danube, and the Tartar Bride.

We have waited a considerable time — so considerable indeed that Mr. Sprouts the peripatetic fishmonger and purveyor of sundries in general, has driven his little truck, drawn by a placid little ass, to the brink of the amphitheatre, and is driving quite a brisk trade in cakes, nuts, apples, oranges, and ginger beer. We almost feel inclined to ask for bills of the play.

By and by a little cheer directs my attention from the proscenium; and my spirits are raised to the highest pitch by the appearance on the platform of an Individual. He makes his appearance, curiously, much in the same manner as I have seen Mr. Calcraft make his appearance on a certain dreadful stage in front of one of Her Majesty's jails, where he does the second tragedy

business — cautiously advancing to the front and curiously peering into and scanning the populace. But he wears garments far different from the doomster's sables; having on a pair of gay boots, which I dare swear have been originally ancle-jacks, and are now covered with a coat of red paint; a pair of ample calico trousers, a broad leathern belt with a large brass buckle (pattern the Miller and his Men — size, Grindoff), a velveteen polka jacket with coarse gold lace sewn down all the seams, an imitation point-lace collar, and *such* a turban! a wondrous combination of a wide-awake hat with a dirty shawl twisted round it, and streamers of spangled gauze, and a broken feather — a turban that would make any Cheltenham or Leamington spinster die of envy. This individual, after a cursory but evidently efficient survey of his auditory — having reckoned them all up, and divided the paying from the non-paying ones — disappears into the place from whence he came; soon, however, to re-appear with a long green drum, whose bruised parchments attest how long and often it has suffered the discipline of the stick. This drum he discreetly proceeds to sling by a cord to the posts of the proscenium, and deliberately performs a solo upon it — a solo that has very little beginning and an elastic end — being capable of prolongation ad infinitum; or of being cut sharp off when necessity requires.

To him, presently, a man in private clothes, with a trombone. Next, a man with a horn, and a troublesome cough, which makes of his horn-blowing one continual catarrh. Next, a young lady in long black ringlets and long white calico; next, a ditto ditto in red hair braided and short pink calico spangled trousers to match, and blue boots; next a diminutive child-woman or woman-child, I scarcely know which, who, with her dark eyes and hair and slight figure, would be pretty but for a preternaturally large and concave forehead — a forehead that seems to argue wrong and mismanagement somewhere beyond the inevitable malformation of nature; next a magnificent creation full six feet high, with flowing black hair (or wig), a plumed hat, an imitation point-lace collar, a half modern military, half Elizabethan doublet, a fierce sword, trunk hose, buck-skin (imitation) tights, and a pair of jack-boots — large, high in the thigh, acute in the peaks, lustrous with copal varnish or grease — a monarch pair of boots — such boots that had you dared displace them and they had been Bombastes', he would have had your life in a twinkling in King Artaxomines' time. These boots seem to oppress their wearer with a deep and awful sense of the responsibility they involve. They are perchance the only pair of jack boots in the company, and to wear them, perhaps, is as precious a favour as

it was of old to wear the king's robe of honour. This booted man moves with an alternate short step and stride. His eyes are bent downward, but not in humility — they are looking at his boots. He has no eyes, no ears, no thought apparently for anything beyond those nether casings. I look at him with fear and loathing, mingled with patriotic hatred; for I seem to recognise in him the Emperor of Russia, and already suspect him of nefarious designs connected with the Tartar Bride.

Two more personages appear in succession, and make up the effective strength of the company. There is an old man with feeble legs and a flaxen wig, ill-concealing a stubbly grey head of hair. He wears a gray jerkin with hanging sleeves; beneath which there is a suspicion of Dirk Hatteraick's pink striped shirt, and hose to match. Besides being the old man of the troupe, physically and dramatically, he is one of the orchestra likewise, and carries a battered old flageolet, of which the music comes out all at wrong holes and produces dismal discord. The last histrionic who makes himself manifest, is a little man, who, by his particularly bandy legs, frill, cockscomb and painted face is of the clown, clowny — the clown I caught a glimpse of in the waggon; and who has a habit of rubbing his face continually with a blue pocket handkerchief rolled up into a very small ball, which, taking his painted face into consideration, is, at the least, inconvenient. The company range themselves on the platform, and there is dead silence in the amphitheatre. You might hear a piece of sweetst uff drop.

I very soon find that the clown does not belie his appearance; for he advances to the front with the man in the wonderful turban, and is immediately addressed by him as Mr. Merriman and desired to be funny.

Upon which he at once stands upon his head. Unfortunately, however, the boards upon which he stands being loose, it occurs to one of them to stand upon its head likewise, upon the fulcrum and lever principle, and Mr. Merriman is very nearly precipitated down the inclined plane, and into the midst of his admirers. He as suddenly recovers himself, and makes a joke which is none the lest happy for not having the remotest connexion with the event which has just occurred.

"Merriman," says the turbaned Turk, in a jaunty, off-hand manner, "have you ever travelled?"

"All over the world," answers Merriman.

"Have you been in 'Merrikar?"

"No, not there; I said all over the world mind."

"Well, in Afrikar, Europe, 'Stralia?"

"No, no, I said the world."

"Well, where 'ave you been?"

Mr. Merriman scratches his head as if to refresh his geographical reminiscences, and after a

pause, answers, "I've been in Dumbledowndeary."

This is taken as a great joke, and is roared at accordingly.

"Merriman," asks he of the turban again, "what is nonsense?"

"Why," to him replies the jocoso, "to eat vinegar with a fork 's nonsense. To try to stop the tide with a teaspoon 's nonsense. And to try to stop a woman's tongue when she 's a talking 's nonsense."

This is received as even a more exquisite witticism than the first, and is greeted with much haw-hawing and clapping of hands by the men, and much blushing and giggling by the women. The little folks laugh, as it is their happy privilege to laugh at everything at which they don't cry.

Merriman is proceeding to make another joke, when the Turk stops him.

"You had better, Merriman," he says, "hinform the company that this hevening we shall have the honour of pfromming the Rooshian War and the Gallant Turk; or, Death, the Danube, and the Tartar Bride."

Merriman makes the announcement with many deliberate mistakes and transpositions of the original text.

"As the pfrommences will be raather long," the Turk adds by way of rider, "we will fust 'ave a shut dence on the outside, and the pfrommences will then kmence in the hinteriar. Had-mission sixpence to boxes, and thruppence to gallery."

The shut dence then takes place. But as the space is extremely limited on which its evolutions are performed, the dancers literally walk through the figures. The clown moves his legs a great deal, but his body not much, and is excessively active within a confined space. The old man, whose legs move naturally of themselves through feebleness, is paralytically nimble, and the young lady in white calico is as energetic as she can be under the circumstances. I look at her and the little child-woman with a sort of nervous interest, and observe that they cling to each other, and whisper together, and make much of one another. I imagine some relationship between them, or at least some strong sympathy and bond of love and suffering, often stronger, God knows, than ties of blood. As for the Emperor of Russia, he feels it plainly beneath the dignity of his boots to dance, and contents himself with an occasional grim bow to his partner.

There is rather a hitch at the end of the shut dence, and to say the truth, rather a long wait before the pfrummences kmence in the hinteriar. Perhaps the manager is waiting for the approach of dusk, for it is yet broad daylight; perhaps (and the noise of some hidden hammers would seem to bear out this view of the question) the arrangements are not yet completed. Meanwhile

the solo on the drum is repeated, and an overture by the whole of the orchestra (any tune or time) and then there is another shut dence, performed however without the co-operation of the Emperor, who, probably disgusted at the levity of the proceedings, disappears altogether.

Just then I become sensible of the presence of young Harry Bett, who is commonly known as the Young Squire, and has made up his mind to drain the cup of delirious excitement known as Life in Dumbledowndeary to the very dregs. Young Harry has a coat with many pockets, and trousers fitting him much tighter than his skin, and, if the constant perusal of a betting-book made a reading man, would take a double first class at any university, ad eundem. He bets freely, does young Harry, upon fights, races, hop-harvests, trotting mares, cribbage, boatting, ratting, cricketing, and general events. He has brought with him a gallon of beer, in a flat stone bottle, and a quantity of birdseye tobacco and short pipes. He is quite an enthusiastic admirer of the minor drama, though in rather a violent and turbulent phase.

He startles me at first somewhat by addressing the mighty Emperor of Russia himself by his Christian name, and by making derisive inquiries after his state of health. He alarms me by gallantly offering beer to the lady in white; by breaking into the very marrow of Mr. Merriman's witticisms with adze-headed jokes of his own, and by pouring forth to me the details of an irruption he had made into the dressing-room of the company — which was the stage of the theatre, indeed — and, according to his account, presented an exactly similar appearance to the barn made famous in Hogarth's print. But, when I find that his free-and-easiness is appreciated to the fullest extent; that Hayes evidently thinks him a bold fellow, and Walton a dashing spirit, I begin to think that I have been living behind the time somehow, and that life in Dumbledowndeary is the life for a rackety blade, after all.

Louder beats the drum, and louder still brays the music through the inspiriting strains of Pop goes the Weasel, which dashing melody young Harry has called for, and is now supposed to be heard for the first time in Dumbledowndeary. Hey for dissipation! Let us throw aside the conventionalities of society and be gay and rackety with a vengeance. We spurn the inclined plane, with its servile battens nailed across, and enter the Theatre Royal by the side-door, when we immediately assume nine points of the law — possession of a front seat — supposed to form part of the boxes; young Harry sternly tendering the gallery price, threepence, which after some demur is accepted by the Tartar Bride, who

appears to be Argus-eyed; for though taking money at the gallery door outside, she spies us in the boxes, and is literally down upon us in a twinkling.

During an interval of from ten to fifteen minutes, some twenty score of our population come tumbling into the theatre. There is nothing but a coarse canvas covering, supported on poles, overhead, rough deal planks on tressels to sit upon, and the bare grass beneath. The theatre is — well, not brilliantly, but — lighted with somebody's patent gas, which appears to be a remarkably pitchy compound, flaring away in tin cressets. We make ourselves very comfortable, however, with the gallon of beer (which young Harry liberally dispenses to his neighbours), and the tobacco-pipes, while above us rise tiers of seats occupied by brick-makers, ballast-heavers, sand-men, farm-labourers, nursery-maids, decent young women (and in *that* respect my Dumbledowndeary is a very coronal of jewels of pure water), bargemen, boatmen, preventive men, children and dogs. You would be puzzled to find a more motley assemblage at any other theatre in England, major or minor. The aristocracy of the place, such as the butcher, the farmers, and two or three worthy landlords, do not hold aloof from the entertainment altogether, but they are bashful, and will drop in by and by.

All in, and all ready to begin — in front, at least — though by a continued hammering behind all does not seem quite ready there. I see Mr. Merriman and the Turk in anxious confabulation over an old hat; which, from its tinkling when moved, I conjecture must contain coppers. Those coppers must be the receipts, and Merriman and the Moslem must be Hayes and Walton. The convex-headed young lady (who is otherwise attired as a coryphée), laboriously brings down the much-enduring drum; and, placing it before that part of the proscenium where the orchestra should be but is not, grasps the sticks in her tiny little hands and begins battering away at it afresh. I begin to grow very sick of this very long wait, likewise of the continuous strophes of Pop goes the Weasel, which the brass band drones forth; though I am somewhat diverted by the touching resignation with which the flageolet allows the trombone to wipe the mouthpiece of his instrument on his sleeve, and also by a survey of the coat and hat of the trombone himself. That musician is one diamond of grease, and his clothes form perfect facets of oleaginous matter. Young Harry, however, does not find the time hang heavily. He hands the foaming can about — at least its substitute, a broken mug — he converses familiarly with the ladies of the company who sit familiarly on the front benches till it be their turn to ascend the stage, and he holds

earnest parley with some members of the upper gallery who are beguiling the time by pelting us with nut-shells and broken pipes. Two or three "hallos!" and "now thens!" accompanied by a strong recommendation to "cheese it" (*i. e.*, act of cessation), cause these trifling annoyances to cease. Meanwhile, the theatre is getting fuller. I need not say that the free-list is entirely suspended — no! not entirely: there is one exception — the policeman is admitted free. He surveys the assemblage municipally, the proscenium critically, the corpsdramatique favourably. The performances have not long commenced before I observe him applauding the Emperor of Russia enthusiastically.

With that potentate, who is sitting majestic in his boots immediately before me, and condescendingly partaking of beer with the young Squire, I enter into brief conference. I am somewhat disappointed to find that he is merely a Russian field-marshal after all, but I still revere his boots. He tells me that I was right in my surmise respecting Hayes and Walton. They are the parties, he says, and very nice parties they are. He apologises for the thinness of the company, saying that it is not yet complete, but that it was very strong at Stepney Fair, where they were doing twenty houses a day. The lady in white is Mrs. Hayes. He thinks Dumbledowndeary a poor place. He anticipates but mediocre business, as the thing isn't known yet, and they hav'nt as much as sent a drum about. Do I think that the tradesmen would give a bespeak? If so, they would have some bills printed, and —

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! A bell, which has been ringing about once in every half minute as a species of sop to the public impatience, now rings to some purpose, and the curtain rises.

The Russian War! The Tartar Bride! Death and the Danube! The Gallant Turk! Yes; let me see. Azarack (this Turk) is in love with Selima, pronounced Syllabub (lady in white), daughter to Chum-Chum, a Tartar peasant (the old man, and discovered to be a rank Irishman), but is coveted by a Russian Field Marshal (Boots). There is an underplot, treating of the loves of Hilda Chum-Chum's second daughter (Convex) and Wingo, a Wallachian peasant (played by a personage in a costume novel to me, but, if I mistake not, Mr. Merriman in buff boots). The drama is in three acts, averaging twelve minutes each. The scene varies between a woodman's hut, a modern drawing-room, and a dungeon, supposed to be the palace or castle of Field-Marshal Boots. I think I cannot better sum up the plot than by stating that in act the first there is one murder, two fights, Wingo up the chimney (which catches fire), one imprisonment of Chum-Chum, and three appeals (on her

knees) by Selima to Boots, beginning with "'Ear me." Act the second: three fights, two abductions of Selima, one elopement by Hilda, a torture undergone by Chum-Chum, a comic song by Wingo, and innumerable soliloquies by Boots. Act the third: three fights (one fatal), one ghost, one general reconciliation, and a dance by the characters, ending with the Triumph of the Turks, and Ruin of the Russians. I need not say that Boots is at last totally discomfited and brought to signal shame, and is dragged off, dead, by the toes of those very jack boots he has done so much, by his ruffianly conduct, to disgrace. I may add that all these events appear to take place in that part of Turkey which borders on Tartary, close to the Danube, where it falls into the Baltic Sea; that the dialogue is all carried on in the purest vernacular, including such words as "old Bloke," "blow me," "pickles," "go to Bermondsey," and the like; that it is elevated however by sundry scraps from Othello, Manfred, Venice Preserved, and Richard the Third, sprinkled hither and thither like plums in a pudding, and spouted by Boots; and, to wind up, that there is not one single H in a right place among the whole company.

I must confess that, in my vagabond way, I find it all very pleasant notwithstanding; and that I am charmed with the audience, so charmed with the play, acted out upon the fresh green turf. So I sit through the laughable drama of A Day Well Spent (not to speak of a variety of intermediate singing and dancing) with great content, and, at parting, promise the ex-Emperor (in private life at once a humble and familiar man) that I will interest myself with the tradesmen for a bespeak next Monday.

BRITISH PHENOMENA.

This is what I am told by a French writer: "Generally the people of a nation are very ignorant concerning the phenomena of their own land; they must turn to strangers to get the solution of them." I am told this in the course of a book, published in Paris, within the last twelve months, which contains solutions of English problems, or, sketches of English manners, thrown into the form of tales. To assist my fellow-countrymen in this praiseworthy struggle to comprehend themselves I will faithfully set down some few of the ideas I have obtained from Monsieur Méry's Nuits Anglaises.

Our first study shall be Mr. William Shoffield, a Birmingham cutler, who retired upon fifteen thousand pounds a year to a house just on the other side of Highgate archway, in the county of Kent.

The retirement of Mr. Shoffield took place in the year eighteen

hundred and thirty-four, and the establishment set up by him consisted of two servants in blue gloves, a berlin with three horses, and an emancipated negro coachman — berlin, horses, and coachman being sold to him by Milne, the famous coachmaker of Edgar Rood (called, in our ignorance, the Edgeware Road). The Bethforth coach, passing his door, dropped at it every day a fresh salmon and a lobster from the fishmonger's in Adelphi.

Mr. Shoffield having enjoyed a fortnight's happiness, became melancholic and sighed at dinner when he took his knife to cut his salmon. The domestic thought that the knife displeased him, and offered him twelve others on a salver. Mr. Shoffield struck the salver with his fist, and scattered all the knives. The English domestic, because he is born free, and wears gloves, is proud. John instantly discharged himself.

It appearing to Mr. Shoffield that he was afflicted by that universal English malady the spleen, he went for advice to his neighbour, Mr. Kemble. Mr. Kemble, son of the celebrated actor of that name, was the editor of the Quarterly Review. Shoffield had manufactured for Kemble, the father, poinards to be used in the parts of Hamlet or Macbeth. So he became acquainted with the son.

Mr. Kemble, junior, was in a hot-house, writing an article against the Burmese. His conversation with Mr. Shoffield began "in the usual English way." Shoffield sat down and looked at Kemble, Kemble looked at Shoffield, and the exchange of looks lasted for half an hour, neither gentleman speaking. Mr. K., being pressed for time, then said "Oh!" upon which Mr. S. said "Ah!" and the case was opened. Mr. Shoffield explained that he was dying of ennui, and asked what Mr. Kemble, as a clever man, would advise him to do. Mr. Kemble's advice was that he should take in the Quarterly Review; but as he could not entertain himself for a whole year with only the year's issue, he advised him also to purchase the back numbers. In the evening, Mr. Kemble, accordingly, sent across to Mr. Shoffield's house, in a hand carriage, three sets of the numbers of the "Quarterly," from its commencement in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-seven. This date being seven years prior to the date of the interview, and the number of volumes in a set being then, as we are told, forty, about six Quarterly volumes must have been published annually under the editorship of Mr. Kemble, junior.

Mr. Shoffield spent the evening over a volume of the Quarterly, in which he read the report of a sermon three hours long, that had been preached in dumb show by a Protestant missionary to the savages of Owhyhee. Next morning he received a letter from his discharged servant John,

briefly stating that if he had been a gentleman his insolence would have been put up with, but that since he was but a wretched cutler they were equals, and he (John) was awaiting him (Shoffield) with closed fists under the Highgate archway, attended by an umpire and three backers; let him choose his own men and come forward.

Mr. Shoffield, unwilling to be knocked down because he was not a gentleman, determined to apply to the authorities, and called for his horses and his coachman.

Thus, it appeared, that his whole establishment had followed John, and had, moreover, placarded a proclamation about Highgate, Hampstead, and Cricklewood, denouncing the wrath of John against any inhabitant of Kent or Middlesex who should go into the cutler's service. Mr. Shoffield, much alarmed, resolved on flight. He therefore put on the gardener's jacket, and set off on foot, armed with a knife, on the road to London.

As he passed over the Highgate archway, he heard loud voices in the ravine below, and looking over, saw John and his friends upon a bed of blooming thistles, practising their boxing match. Seized with new terror Mr. Shoffield took to his heels, and did not pause for breath until he reached a public house at Hampstead, where he called for a pint of porter. As he was drinking it, he saw John and his friends coming towards the house with fists clenched, and instantly leaped out shouting "God save the King!"

Upon Hampstead Heath it is well known that there are stationed hundreds of English donkeys, saddled and bridled for the journey to the cottage of Cricklewood. Shoffield leaped upon the first that he could seize, and using his knife for spur dashed down the interminable street which leads into the heart of London, and is called Tottenham Rood. The boy from the Hampstead-inn vaulted upon another donkey to pursue the customer who owed him for his porter. John and his men swelled the chase. Opposite Wellington Seminary a policeman seeing a pale man dashing forward on a donkey and holding up a bloody knife, leaped forward to arrest him. The officer of law was overthrown, and Mr. Shoffield galloped on till he arrived at the slippery stairs of Humgherford Market. There I will part company from this person whose fifteen thousand a year profited him so little, but whose acquaintance ought to profit much all philosophic Britons, wishing to see themselves as others see them.

Let us be instructed next by a French study of an Irishman — Sir Lively.

On the fourteenth of June, eighteen hundred and thirty-six, the coach from Golden Cross had passed the village of Bucks on

the road to Oxford, and drew up at the door of a solitary cottage. The coachman before alighting gave his whip and reins to a young man who occupied the box-seat, though he was not a gentleman, and though he wore coloured gloves. I must explain here that both in France and Germany much study has been spent upon that curious phenomenon, an English gentleman. In a German account of English manners I have read lately a complete analysis of the subject, under the heads, Gentlemen-at-heart, Gentlemen-in-manners, Gentlemen-born, Perfect-gentlemen—which is the union of the three. All these genera of the order gentleman are distinguished by certain characters which are as peculiar to this order of men as any other characters may be peculiar to the cruciferæ among plants, or to the marsupials among animals. Every gentleman is known by white gloves upon his hands, concealing very carefully-pared fingernails. So thought the German philosopher, and so thinks Monsieur Méry. The English gentleman wears white gloves constantly, and uses two or three pairs every day. When he goes to a ball he takes — so to speak — a pocketful of gloves, because he must discard each pair as soon as it has suffered the least crack or soil. Having explained this point of manners, I resume the story. The infraction of coach-discipline implied in the occupation of the box-seat by a person who wore coloured gloves, and was therefore not a gentleman, had not been noticed, because this young man had a distinguished air, and wore a grey waterproof qui-capit-ille-facit, bought of Phythian. He owed his place to a close friendship with the coachman, but at the door of the lonely cottage before mentioned, being left in charge of reins and whip, he held them so carelessly that the horses became restive, attention was called to the young man, his gloves were observed, and an outcry arose from the whole outside upon the subject of his usurpation. Patrick the coachman had gone in for a glass of sherry, and being called on by the uproar was forced to depose Sir John Lively. "So much the better," said Sir John Lively, "I will get down and drink a glass of soda-water." He entered the cottage and called for some soda.

It was brought to him by a young lady of ravishing beauty, in a handsome poplin dress. After he had drunk the soda he continued gazing at her, until Patrick warned him to take his seat behind the veritable gentleman who had replaced him on the coach-box. This gentleman was Mr. Copperas, engineer of the Manchester Railway. He went no farther than Oxford, where the coach stopped, where passengers dined at the Swann Inn. The host carved mountains of roast beef, and caused the Barclay-Perkins to foam in all

glasses. After dinner John Lively went out to purchase a pair of white gloves, and dream of the lovely creature he had seen at Bucks. Properly gloved, and adjusting carefully on his head his fine beaver qui-capit-ille-facit, he resumed the coach-box and went on to Birmingham.

John Lively was an Irishman who possessed nothing but a little heritage, a cabin near Strafford, on the road to Manchester. He had left work in a factory at Manchester to seek London employment. He had been in London two days, during which he had been too much shocked at the apostasy of St. Paul, as represented by his Protestant cathedral, and by the corruption of the female sex (which Monsieur Méry omits no opportunity of pointing out, together with Protestantism, as the most horrible and universal of all horrors to be found in London). John, therefore, was travelling home, because he preferred a glass of whiskey and a patate out of his own garden to a cover laid for him at the Duke of Northumberland's palace, Charing Cross.

Patrick the coachman was John Lively's countryman and bosom friend, and since Lively had fallen in love with the fair but mysterious lady of Bucks, Patrick promised to obtain during his next journey to London and back some tidings about her. "Ah, Mr. Lively," Patrick said, "it is not soda you have been drinking; it is English poison."

Patrick came back full of tidings about Mr. Copperas, who was troubled by marshes on a proposed line of rail, that would, if completed, interfere with the coach business between Birmingham and London. Of the lady he had learnt nothing: nobody knew her. He had asked her for a glass of Port wine, which she gave him gratuitously, and he had seen in her cottage three members of the titotal abstinence society, who were travelling on foot to make converts between Liverpool and Middlesex, and who drank on the lady's premises twenty pints of wite-bread porter, two bottles of whiskey and three of claret, for all of which, when they got up, the fair damsel refused money; hoping, Patrick supposed, to get the custom of the whole titotal abstinence society. The coachman knew nothing more except that she had on, when he saw her, a faded-leaf silk-dress, and wore roses in her hair.

John Lively having heard all this under cover of the night, in New Street, Birmingham, resumed next day his anchorite life in his cabin, near the village and castle of Stafford, in the lovely plains of Lancashire, where he was parted by the misty mountains of Oxfordshire from the fair maid of Bucks. Having no money left, he determined to go to Manchester, make bricks at Salford, earn a few sovereigns, and hurry back to Bucks before any lord's son who collected ladies

had bought up that lady of his heart. When he had arrived at this determination, he was waited upon by a visitor, who wished to ascertain what land he possessed, and desired leave to work for him upon a bit of hill, that was part of his patrimony and produced nothing but stones. This visitor was Mr. Copperas, who only wanted, as he said, a small bit of dry ground among the surrounding marshes, upon which to lay some rails in safety. He would cut his one hill into two, leave him the two, and give him fifty pounds for the use of the small valley so made in the middle. "Fifty pounds," said John Lively, "is too little." "Do you know, Sir, that this railway will cost us a hundred and fifty thousand pounds?" "Make it a hundred pounds," said the Irishman. "I consent." "You are extortionate, Sir Lively." "I am poor." "Poor, Sir Lively? You are poor. Then it is settled. It is never too late to do good." Mr. Copperas rejoiced in having cheated Lively, while Sir Lively rejoiced in the means of travelling to Bucks.

We will encounter this young man next in the wayside cottage, with his head upon his hand, anxiously sitting at the table, hesitating as to why he came, or what he meant to do. A light rustle of satin thrilled through him, and an ivory arm passing before his face deposited a pint of porter on the table. John Lively seized the pot, convulsively emptied it at a draught, and his head again sunk on his hands. The same rustle was heard, and a divine arm deposited upon the table a second pint of porter. Lively turned quickly round, but the lady had receded to the door, where she stood with her back to him, looking out upon the road. She had splendid shoulders, and wore an airy, voluptuous silk robe from Everington's, in Ludgate Street. The entry of a traveller obliged her to turn round, and to dazzle Sir Lively with her beauty. The traveller — who was a mere beggar — sat down, asking for nothing; but the mistress presented to him, with a divine smile, a pint of hafnaff. The beggar drank it and said, "It is warm to-day." Instantly the lady served him with a second pint of hafnaff. "Very good hafnaff," said the beggar, "better than the porter, more refreshing in hot weather." The lady bowed thanks for the compliment; and the beggar, taking up his stick, marched off without paying.

"Madam, Madam," Lively exclaimed, "he has not paid you." "I know it," she replied, with a celestial smile. "He is a poor traveller." Lively offered half-a-guinea with a trembling hand. "Keep your money, my friend," she said; "you will have need of it."

Returned to his inn, Sir Lively received a letter from Patrick, who had, to oblige his friend, quitted the coach-box for a time to keep watch over the operations

of Mr. Copperas. Patrick was indignant at the way in which Mr. Copperas was cutting up the hill, and had repaired to Birmingham for two policemen. "Before returning," he wrote, "I send to you for orders. My policemen are ready. Answer at once, or your hill is lost."

Lively's reply was, "Care no more about the hill." Concerning the lady, he next learnt that she had been three months in the cottage with an aged father, that she spent a great deal upon dress, and that she gave gratuitous refreshments to all beggars or to anybody else who did not choose to pay. Every Sunday morning she went in a carriage, behind two post-horses to London, where she attended service at the Catholic church.

The rest of the story, I do not propose to tell, beyond a point or two. This lady was an Irish widow, Mrs. O'Killingham, and moreover, a pious Roman Catholic. An execution was put suddenly into her cottage, and a hundred and fifty pounds were required to rescue her from prison. Sir Lively made desperate efforts to obtain it in London. Patrick raised a part of the sum by selling the stud of his coach running between London and Birmingham: it being a four-horse coach, his stud consisted of four horses, but those (as it was needful they should), very good ones. At the last moment, when all other resources had failed, a coal mine was discovered underneath the hill at Stafford, and Lively was at once in a position to buy back Patrick's horses, and to drive them to Bucks a millionaire. There he saved Mrs. O'Killingham, and learnt her story. He was told by her how she and her father had been riding to London over a desolate country, when her father was taken with spitting of blood, and cried for a draught of water that alone could save his life; how she got out of the carriage and found none; how she vowed on that spot to the Virgin that she would there give refreshment to the thirsty during a whole summer, dressed for the task in bridal clothes, if the Virgin would but send water to her father; and how a man carrying water passed directly afterwards. Her father having been so saved, she had not failed to build a cottage and to strive after the fulfilment of her vow; but she had found its accomplishment beyond her means, and it had ruined her. Lively then implored leave to aid her in its completion, and revealed to her that he was an unworthy and devoted Irish brother — Sir John Lively, son of the noble Arthur O'Tooley, proscribed and condemned for rebellion.

"The son of Arthur O'Tooley!" cried the lady of the cottage — "of one of our martyrs of Ireland! Oh, you are most welcome!"

"I have sworn," said Sir Lively, "never to resume my father's name, until I wed a Catholic wo-

man in the presence of the altar of Saint Patrick!" And so on.

Here is another French sketch, after nature.

A French gentleman, who had been called a frog, by bakers' boys in Highgate (where they make very bad bread) happened to alight at the Red Lion, in Old Woodstock, during Parker's election, and as he could get nothing but rosettes for dinner, walked into the park, where he met with another kind of Englishman, an Anglo-Indian, who looked very yellow, and had an income of two hundred thousand pounds a year. This gentleman he took to be an English lakist, because he was gazing fixedly into a pond. He entered into conversation with him, and found that although resident upon the spot, he knew nothing of Cromwell, nothing of Marlborough, nothing of Mr. Kemble, junior, nothing of Woodstock in connexion with Sir Walter Scott. He was the hundredth Englishman met with by the French interlocutor who had never heard of Walter Scott. He had, however, great good will towards the French, and invited his interrogator to rest in his house for an instant, and take a glass of excellent Barclay-Perkins. The offer was accepted, and while the porter was being prepared, Monsieur looked at the book-case and discovered a complete collection of Scott's works. "Charming Cross!" he cried — that being an oath made by him for his own use in England. "Charming Cross, Sir! you possess a Walter Scott!"

Every man who possesses two hundred thousand a year, it was explained, must have all the new works bought for him by the steward, who causes them to be bound, and locks them behind glass. Over such and other explanations the new friends finished two pints of Barclay-Perkins.

This Indian gentleman, it afterwards appears, was an escaped slave, and once had been in the power of a Sir Archibald Murphy, who lived near the caves of Elora, and by whom he was offered to Sir Wales, an F.R.S., renowned in West Kent for his learning, as a victim to the cause of science. Sir Archibald had on his estate an upas tree, and upon the power of the upas, Sir Wales was instructed to experiment by Lord Cornwallis, the commander at Madras. This particular upas Sir Archibald had wished to destroy, because it was noxious to surrounding vegetation. It could not be cut down, as when cut it would pour out a fluid of which the vapour is immediately poisonous. He had begged a cannon, with which to shoot it down, from the distance of half a mile, but no cannon could be had without the consent of the House of Commons, and the special authority of the Lord of the Admiralty. Sir Wales asked for a useless slave, who could be tied under the tree for a night, with a view to an investigation of its properties. The body of the slave

would, he said, be embalmed for exhibition at the National Gallery, Pall Mall.

From these plotters, the slave Bondha-Var escaped to acquire freedom and a fortune. Chance brought him to reside at Old Wood-stock, in the neighbourhood of his old master, Sir Archibald, and his chief amusement, as a retired gentleman, was to terrify the same Archibald, by getting upon his roof, and shouting his misdeeds of a night down his chimneys, with a ghostly voice. Sir Archibald, who was in England a leading philanthropist, had beaten a slave to death to obtain his daughter, had tortured to death four slaves for the robbery of an ounce of indigo, had traded in slaves on the coast of Zanguebar, and committed other such Anglo-Indian enormities, for which he could be brought before no tribunal at Delhi, because as agent of the West India Company, he was responsible for his actions only to the Council of the Admiralty.

Here I will stop. As an Englishman, ignorant of the phenomena of my own land, I feel much obliged to Monsieur Méry for his edifying sketches; I have turned to him as a stranger for the light that is not vouchsafed to ourselves. Some beams of this light have already been shed upon this country through the medium of Household Words, gathered from dramatic and other pictures of the English drawn by foreigners. I add another ray towards the dissipation of our darkness. We are not obstinate; we do take pains to subdue our ignorance about ourselves, and to obtain enlightenment from strangers. We are ready to receive and to diffuse hints vouchsafed to us from abroad. Hearty and perhaps eternal alliance now binds France and England, and we shall not love our neighbours any the less for the keen insight they evidently have into the English character; while, as for them, if they can embrace us, being what they think we are, how fondly they will hug us, if it ever should become manifest to them that we are a little more like what we think ourselves to be! By all means let us all get at all truth; for, in great things as in small things, the more intimately people know each other, the less ready will they always be to exchange hard words, not to say hard blows.

WASTE.

Thanks to science and commercial competition, there is a constant tendency in manufacturing countries to economise residuary and waste products. Science has shown how the mere parings of daily industry may be transformed into important elements of utility; how the refuse of the smithy, the foundry, the stall, the farm-yard, the slaughter-house, the gas-factory, has in

itself, a value before undreamt of.

But, whilst the waste of the civilised world has been arrested and economised for man's advantage, there is still a prodigious waste going on in half reclaimed and savage regions. Only to limit our attention to articles which are greatly affected by the present wars of China and Russia — tea, tallow, flax and hemp, we are prepared to prove that there are countries — remote it is true, but not so distant that our ships cannot easily get to them — wherein thousands and tens of thousands of tons of those articles, or of excellent substitutes for them, are lost to the world; not merely lightly valued, but, left to perish absolutely. Much of this enormous waste goes on in countries belonging to the British crown.

The imports of tallow, from Russia, amount to three-fourths of the entire consumption of this kingdom; or, in value, to about three hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling per annum. Our yearly importations of Russian flax, above three-fifths of the entire foreign supply, are valued at one million three hundred thousand pounds sterling. Now, if we were simply about to demonstrate that there are tracts of our own possessions abroad that are suitable for the production of articles which a Russian war assuredly will, and a Chinese war as certainly may, deprive us of, we might be met with many objections. But we shall point out the identical articles, in some cases, and good substitutes in others, ready to our hands, profusely scattered over the face of our own colonies to waste, and needing nothing but collection and preparation.

In a former article upon the Hudson's Bay Territory, we alluded to an attempt to open a tallow trade between those northern possessions and this country, by a private dealer at the Red River settlement. Unfortunately, the Hudson's Bay Company took alarm at the novel proceeding of melting and shipping some of the waste tallow of the North American buffaloes; and, with a ready and a strong hand, put down the bold innovator. From that day we have heard no more of Red River tallow; and the exports of a territory equalling the greater part of Europe in extent, is still confined to skins and furs; while many other valuable natural resources are left to rot and to waste.

A portion of the great American continent which maintains its claim so completely to the title of Private and Confidential, is necessarily known to but a small number of persons; nevertheless, we are not altogether without data respecting its natural resources. That the country is rich in animals, the valuable fur trade so long carried on by the Hudson's Bay Company sufficiently attests.

Besides the bear, the beaver, the martin, and other creatures, whose furs alone are sought for, there are vast herds of horned cattle subsisting on the open grass-lands and wooded dells of the great central plains lying between the base of the Rocky Mountains and the border of the forests that skirt Hudson's Bay. These creatures have been seen not in hundreds, but in tens of thousands, wild, and in fine condition. Their flesh has been tasted by travellers, and reported to be excellent food. Sir George Simpson, at one time Governor of the Company's territories, tells us, in the account of his journey through that magnificent region, that the only criterion for judging of the abundance of these animals was the immense number of carcases which strewed a part of the districts in which there had been a severe drought, and where the wild cattle of the prairies had died from want of water. Sir George reports their bodies to have been scattered over the country for miles.

Tens of thousands of these wild herds perish yearly in Rupert's Land; and, by the simplest commercial arrangements, they might be made to yield tallow, hides, and horns, for the benefit of this country. There are no geographical hindrances or commercial difficulties in the way. The sole obstacles are a certain knot of gentlemen who, under the style and title of Directors of the Hudson's Bay Company, have decreed, in some unexplored corner of this great metropolis, that, within their own exclusive three million square miles of private territory, there shall be no trade in tallow, — no traffic except in beaver skins and martins' tails; even though the want of tallow should leave the whole world as completely in the dark as their own benighted policy.

Throughout their enormous tract of country, there are ample means of transport. To the north-east, the waters of Hudson's Bay offer a ready access to many hundreds of miles of territory. To the southward and northward the lakes, and the large rivers pouring down from the Rocky Mountains into them, present an easy means for transporting any quantity of produce. Nature has, indeed, done all in her power to open up this part of the American continent, but man (meaning, of course, the half dozen dozing Directors) has effectually closed it against the industry of the world.

In no way inferior to tallow in importance to our merchants and manufacturers is Russian flax. Forming as it does so large a portion of the entire imports of the country, the mills of Leeds, Belfast, and Dundee, cannot fail to suffer, when the great falling-off in that source of supply takes place. Besides Russia, the only foreign markets are Egypt, Flanders, and France. The two latter furnish none but the finer and most costly fibres,

the demand for which is limited; whilst the capability of Egypt is already taxed to the utmost for this article; but the northern provinces of the East India Company have been producing for years past, enormous quantities of linseed, which is shipped to this country and to the United States of America. The quantity annually exported does not fall short of fifty thousand quarters. The stalk or straw of all this seed is veritable flax; yet no commercial use is made of it. Whilst our manufacturers were paying from one to two millions yearly to Russia for flax, a scarcely less quantity has been left to waste in our own Indian possessions—rotting on the roofs of Indian huts, trodden under foot by Indian cattle, or blazing away in impromptu fire-places, helping to boil Indian meals of rice.

Possessing such an abundant supply of cheap cotton, which is better adapted to their use, the Hindoos have never cared to trouble themselves about their flax-straw. Besides, a degree of skill is needed to prepare it for market, which has hitherto been to them not only objectless, but unattainable. Attempts have been made more than once to prepare the flax of British India for manufacture, but without full success; although samples have been sent to this country and reported upon most favourably, considering the limited means at the command of the experimenters. Those who would argue, that, because these first attempts have been abandoned, there must be insuperable obstacles to the right preparation of Indian flax, know very little of the natural apathy of the native character or of the sluggishness of the European frame in those regions. But once let an urgent necessity spring up for Indian flax, and means will quickly be found for supplying any amount of demand.

The flax fibre of British India may be wanting in fineness, but it will, in any event, prove a valuable material for the heavy goods manufactured at Dundee; whilst the delicate fabrics of Leeds and Belfast may still be produced from fibres freely abounding in Assam, Cachar, and the Tenasserim Provinces of India. These closely approximate to, if they be not identical with the well-known China-grass from which the most beautiful lawns are manufactured. The plant is the Urtica Tenacissima, known in Northern India by the name of Rheea, and in the Tenasserim country as Pan: in both localities, and doubtless in many others, it is to be found growing wild, and in the greatest profusion.

Besides linen manufacturers, paper makers and paper consumers must necessarily suffer from any diminution in the supply of textile fabrics. For some time past the price of paper has been rising in consequence of the scarcity of fibrous materials; and,

looking to the present enormous consumption, not only for literature, but for trade purposes, we shall be quite safe in estimating the future additional cost of paper for one year, at two millions sterling.

It will be a great advantage to save some of this extracharge now that we are incurring other heavy expenses; and, although the coarser East Indian flax and similar fibres may be pronounced indifferent articles for spinning, they cannot fail to prove of immense importance for paper. British India already produces materials sufficient to feed all the paper mills in the world.

India can also furnish many good substitutes for hemp at small cost. There is scarcely a district of the East India Company's territories, where wild plants are not to be abundantly met with yielding fibres, little if at all inferior to those of Russia. Time-honoured prejudices have hitherto kept out of our market the few that have been tried; but, under the pressure of war prices, experiments may be successfully made that otherwise would have been hopeless.

We now pass to tea. The present season's tea crop is safe, but who can tell how the wide-spreading revolution in China may affect the gathering and shipments of the coming year? Yet it may greatly calm the apprehensions of tea-drinkers to know that, for this exotic, we possess a good and pleasant substitute, growing freely within our own colonies. In some of the West India Islands, and in the East Indies, especially in Ceylon, the coffee plant is extensively cultivated. The shipments of coffee, from Ceylon alone, now amount to half a million hundredweights yearly. It is generally known that the leaves of the coffee plant possess properties and qualities very nearly akin to those of the ordinary tea of commerce; and that, when dried and infused, a beverage is produced in every way as agreeable and as restorative as that made from Souchong or Hyson. In the Brazils, and in some of the islands of the eastern seas, the infusion of coffee leaves has become an ordinary drink; so much so that the labouring population prefer it to any other. A writer in the Pharmaceutical Journal, alluding to Sumatra, says, "With a little boiled rice and infusion of the coffee leaf, a man will support the labours of the field in rice-planting for days and weeks successively, up to the knees in mud, under a burning sun or drenching rain, which he could not do by the use of simple water, or by the aid of spirituous or fermented liquors." We are not inclined to abide by this evidence to the utmost extent, knowing that the natives of warm climates can live on far less substantial food than the labourers in northern latitudes; and by no means holding that what is sauce for the Hindoo goose is equally

sauce for the British gander. But we add this personal testimony from the same writer: "I was induced several years ago, from an occasional use of the coffee leaf, to adopt it as a daily beverage, and my constant practice has been to take two cups of a strong infusion, with milk, in the evening, as a restorative after the business of the day. I find from it immediate relief from hunger and fatigue. The bodily strength is increased, and the mind left for the evening clear and in full possession of its faculties."

It appears that this leaf may be prepared for the European market for about twopence per pound. Its chemical constituents are said to be theine, a volatile oil, an astringent acid, gluten and gum; all of which approximate very closely to the elementary principles of the tea-leaf.

It is not necessary either to cultivate the coffee plant purposely for the leaf, or to rob it of any of the leaves necessary to its proper development; although, from our own knowledge of tropical agriculture we have little doubt that, in many places, the plant might be economically grown to yield leaves only at a very low rate, and, in places where the berry could not be produced. But there is no need of this. After each coffee crop, the planters prune their estates, more or less heavily; the branches and leaves being left to rot on the ground. At a low calculation, two ounces of the dried leaves might be used from the cuttings of each coffee plant, which is usually five or six feet high. In the island of Ceylon alone, there are plantations extending over eighty thousand acres, and numbering eighty millions of plants. As each plant could yield two ounces of choice leaves, there would be an annual total of one million pounds of coffee-leaves, and the quantity of Ceylon coffee produced is scarcely a tithe of that grown in various parts of the world. In all the other coffee-growing countries, a similar waste is as constantly going on.

Good so frequently arises from evil when least expected, that we are sanguine enough to hope that the conflicts of races and people raging in the north of Europe and in China, may not be without some compensating benefit. When, hereafter, we shall have to sum up the great sacrifices of human life and treasure involved in those struggles, it will be at least some compensation if they shall have been the indirect means of opening to us the pent-up animal and vegetable riches of our American and Indian territories.

THE SAILOR.

A ROMAIC BALLAD.

THOU that hast a daughter
For one to woo and wed,
Give her to a husband
With snow upon his head;

Oh give her to an old man,
  Though little joy it be,
Before the best young sailor
  That sails upon the sea.

How luckless is the sailor
  When sick and like to die.
He sees no tender mother,
  No sweetheart standing by.
Only the captain speaks to him, —
  Stand up, stand up, young man,
And steer the ship to haven,
  As none beside thee can.

Thou sayst to me, "Stand up, stand up;"
  I say to thee, take hold,
And lift me up from off the deck,
  My hands and feet are cold;
And let my head, I pray thee,
  With handkerchiefs be bound:
There, take my love's gold handkerchief,
  And tie it tightly round.

Now bring the chart, the doleful chart;
  See — where these mountains meet —
The clouds are thick around their head,
  The mists around their feet:
Cast anchor here; 't is deep and safe
  Within the rocky cleft;
The little anchor on the right,
  The great one on the left.

And now to thee, O captain,
  Most earnestly I pray,
That they may never bury me
  In church or cloister gray.
But on the windy sea-beach,
  At the ending of the land,
All on the surfy sea-beach,
  Deep down into the sand.

For there will come the sailors,
  Their voices I shall hear,
And at casting of the anchor
  The yo-ho loud and clear;
And at hauling of the anchor
  The yo-ho and the cheer, —
Farewell, my love, for to thy bay
  I never more may steer!

THE LITTLE FLOWER.

Half the legends of wild countries refer to the exploits, good or evil, of brigands. In general, the tone of such narratives is rather favourable to the lawless than otherwise, and it is easy to understand why this should be. The ranks of Outlawry, when power is in the hands of the violent or the corrupt, are recruited from those very classes which in better times become the warmest friends of society. There is no reason why the Mokan, of whose exploits we are about to speak, should not under more favourable circumstances, have become an ornament to his name and country.

The Mokans are wandering shepherds from Transylvania, who come down to the plains of Bulgaria and Wallachia, on permission, to pasture their flocks and herds. They are not necessarily of one tribe, or race, and are indeed joined by many free spirits, from the surrounding unsettled countries, who see in that vagabond kind of life a means of escaping the tyranny to which all stationary citizens are liable. Michal the Mokan, as he was generally called after he became famous, was a native of Bulgaria, and was born in the environs of Sophia. Some tyrannical Pasha, when he was very young endeavoured to seize and make a servant of him, but he escaped, and, after wandering as a beggar through Servia, at length crossed the Danube, and proceeding still northward, met a company of Mokans on their way, with herds of cattle, to the lower plains of

Wallachia. He at once enlisted himself amongst them, and having been used to the care of cattle, soon was regarded as a valuable acquisition. In process of time he became a chief herdsman, and prosperously continued his annual voyages in search of pasture, sometimes as far as the levels of Dobritza.

He had reached the age of nearly thirty without having suffered further vicissitudes in his new state than are commonly incident to it, when one autumn, he was returning to his elected country, with many companions and vast herds. By engaging in the pedlary trade across the Austrian frontier, in addition to his ordinary duties, he had now acquired comparative wealth; and, although he was attired in worn leather garments, covered with a sheepskin cloak, the wool of which looked rather dirty, any one who had seen him reclining beneath a temporary tent made of a couple of blankets supported by two uprights and a cross stick, a little apart from the rest, near the banks of the Dimbouritza, in its lower course, would have at once guessed him to be a man of respectability. It was near the eventide. The sun was setting over the vast plain, covered partially with forest beyond the river. The land around, as far as the eye could reach, was dotted by small groups of men, driving in the cattle that had strayed towards a kind of field enclosed on two sides by the winding stream, and on the other by the straggling camps. Tents, if such they could be called, were scattered here and there. Piles of luggage formed pillows for weary men, who had supped, and were smoking their pipes. Fires, fed by half-dried shrubs, hastily collected, smouldered rather than blazed: at intervals sending up columns, as it were, to support the canopy that was gathering overhead.

The Mokan looked with pride at certain vast bulls that hustled unwieldily by, some raising up their horns as if to avoid doing damage, others going head down, and goring right and left in their hurry to avoid the goad — the kindly and the egotistical of the herd. He knew that those splendid animals bore his marks; and from much association with Turks, could not repress the self-congratulatory exclamation of "Mashallah!" The word was scarcely out of his mouth, when a sharp cry of pain or fear came across the river. He turned somewhat listlessly in that direction, and beheld upon a slip of level land on the opposite side, a number of forms moving rapidly. They were horsemen galloping; but the sound which had attracted his attention must have come from a nearer point than that at which they had arrived when he first saw them. A lad who had drawn nigh to give an account of the bulls, now directed his attention to something that was struggling in the water just in

front. It was a swimmer vainly endeavouring to make head against the current. The light was down, but Michal, who had good eyes, exclaimed, "By my saint, 'tis a child hunted by some robbers — or perhaps an escaped serf! I have been hunted too, before now." So away went the sheepskin cloak, and a portion of the other garments, and out plunged Michal into the stream — hand over hand — now rising to look about him — making obliquely to the place where the current would probably carry the weak swimmer. Before long he saw a face glance upwards not far from his; but it went down, and then the arm only was cast into the air. He caught the wrist of the swimming child, and raised its head above the water. "Holy Virgin!" he muttered, "'t is a girl." Though confused with her plunge, the girl had not lost her consciousness, and assented, if she heard what he said, with a wild smile. Michal was swimming powerfully back, when something struck the water sharply close by, making a sound like a pebble on a window-pane. Again and again the same sound was repeated. "As I live," said Michal to himself, "I heard that before. The villains are shooting at us. If I make the bank, then I shall be riddled to a certainty. Girl, are you afraid to dive?"

The girl whispered that she was not. So, just as several shots were fired at once, they both went under water, to rise many yards down the stream. As it was now nearly dark, this was quite sufficient; but to make matters sure, they dived once more, and at length came up under the shadow of a Wallachian willow that drooped from the bank. Michal caught one of the long, strong branches, and soon got ashore.

"Now," said he, sitting down, and not heeding the shouts that were passing to and fro across the lines, between the pursuing party and the Mokan herdsmen, who, in great alarm, were asking what this attack meant: "Now tell me, child, the story of thy misfortunes? Hast thou done anything wrong? I will protect thee all the same."

His heart was overflowing with the recollection of his own escape, and he made as if he would embrace the child; but the gesture with which she repelled him and moved a little further off on the grass — whilst, in sign of friendship, she still left her hand upon his arm — showed that he was mistaken as to her age.

"My name is Floriora (the Little Flower)," she replied. My father's name is Lagir. My mother is dead. I am the slave of the Lord Bibiano. He has sold me to the Pasha, and I have run away. Is this wrong?"

It was not necessary in that country to relate any further incidents. Michal understood the story at once; it is one of the singular parts of his character,

and one of the incidents of his life which made him a hero among the people, that immediately, without any fatal delays, he determined to abandon the property he had spent arduous years in amassing, in order to be enabled to save this young girl — who already owed her life to him — from misery and shame. He knew that if he returned with her to the camp, all his companions, however much their feelings might prompt otherwise, would insist that the fugitive slave should be returned to her owners; otherwise they were in danger, not only of the loss of their permission to graze, but of confiscation of all their property. He did not wish to involve a tribe by whose kindness alone he had grown rich, in a dangerous dispute with the authorities of the country; and the idea of giving up the little Flower never occurred to him.

There was no time to lose. The pursuers, who had lighted torches, were going up the river to a spot where was a ferry-boat, and they would soon be down to search for the girl, alive or dead. Besides, probably in obedience to orders or threats from the other side, a number of the herdsmen were coming along the great hedge of bushes and trees that lined the river at that place, calling for Michal, and telling him to bring out the slave. They knew his powers of swimming, and guessed that in the gloom the shots from the enemy could not have taken effect. Michal rose, and taking Floriora by the hand, led her cautiously along the water's edge, round the end of the point.

"Now," said he, "the plain behind is full of people, and we cannot cross it without being seen. Some of my friends would let us escape; others, more selfish, would delay us. Can you swim again, down stream, with your hand on my shoulder?"

She answered that she could, submitting herself implicitly to the faith of the stranger who had saved her, and tacitly accepting his sacrifices, perhaps because she knew she could reward them. They dipped noiselessly into the stream, and in a leisurely manner began to cross. The passage was effected without difficulty, and on emerging, they found themselves many hundred yards below the extreme limit of the camp, the position of which could only be distinguished by a mass of smoke, reflecting a dull red glow. Their difficulties were, however, not yet over; the estates of the Lord Bibiano stretched all along that part of the river, "far, far away," said Floriora, and it would be impossible to traverse them during the night. She knew, however, a village of her own people, where she might perhaps hide in safety. But Michal, who probably knew that the Zigans were not always faithful one to the other, said that he preferred hiding in the woods. They accordingly proceeded for some distance — all

night long, indeed — and, as the dawn began to whiten the east, hid themselves in a thick mass of trees to pass the day.

When the sun had risen, Floriora saw with some terror that they were not far from the country villa of her lord; but Michal told her this was the place where their pursuers would be least likely to look for them. And in truth they spent the day on the edge of a little glade in the forest, without seeing any living thing, save a few birds, a squirrel on the tree, and some bright green lizards. Michal, as soon as it was light, contemplated Floriora with amazement. Her beauty seemed to increase as the morning broke more cheerily through the trees; and when the sun suddenly darted a sheaf of golden beams through a cleft in the branchy canopy upon this maiden companion of his, he could scarcely refrain from uttering a cry of wonder. She was small indeed as a child, and delicately formed, but had evidently attained the age when young girls, as they go down to the springs, look furtively over their shoulders to know if they are followed from afar off. Michal computed the relative value of the treasure he had lost and the treasure he had gained, and found that he was a richer man than on the previous eve. Some will wonder that he should thus at once assume a right of property over the maiden whose life he had saved; but he knew the power of gratitude by the experience of his own heart; and, besides, was there not something in the artless look of admiration which Floriora now and then cast up at his countenance, that told what form her thoughts were taking? One question he asked to satisfy himself, in a low voice, as he sat looking down attentively at a blade of grass that was shining in a speck of sunlight: "Has Floriora left any one behind in the village whom she regrets?"

"My father," she replied with emphasis, "is grieving over my loss, and will rejoice to hear of my safety."

This was enough; and though all was doubt and uncertainty for the morrow, their happy hearts throbbed all day long in the embowered recesses of the forest.

Floriora did not remain inactive all the time; but moved here and there gathering nutritious berries and digging up cool fresh roots from the earth. Michal did not like the look of these at first; but she bit pieces off them, and said laughing, in allusion to "the cup of black coffee," which sends so many great men out of the world: — "I will be your taster.' Thus the day wore on; and, when night came, the fugitives continued their journey, taking a northerly direction. Michal had formed a plan for his future life.

On the morning of the fourth day they reached a mountainous country, and soon entered a deep and gloomy glen with which Michal seemed well acquainted.

Advancing a little in front of Floriora he came to a cave, where, standing on one side with the girl pressed close to him, he cried: "Lenk! Lenk! Come out and surrender."

A bullet whistled past; and a roar as if a cannon had been fired within, rolled forth.

"Ha! Lenk," again cried Michal, looking shrewd. "If this had been the patrol, what would have been the use of firing before your eyes were open?"

"I have three more charges ready," replied a gruff voice from the interior; "and though you have caught me napping, it would be a hard matter to take me. But I think I know that voice. Is it Michal, playing his foolish jokes?"

"No other."

"Stand out in the light and let me see you."

"I shall make a good mark," said Michal, advancing fearlessly from his cover, whilst Floriora, trembling with terror, endeavoured to restrain him.

Presently the voice from within expressed satisfaction, but wanted to know who the woman was.

"My wife!" said Michal, boldly; and Floriora, though trembling with surprise and pleasure, remained silent.

Presently they entered the cavern, and the newly-betrothed maiden saw indeed that the robber Lenk's boast that he could not easily be taken was well founded. When they had advanced a few paces and her eyes had become accustomed to the halflight, she saw a dark chasm about three paces wide, stretching across the entrance, and heard a murmur of water far below. Never was there a better moat to a castle. The opposite side of the chasm was several feet above the place where the new-comers stood; and they soon discerned a form engaged in thrusting down a kind of bridge, made of a couple of beams lashed together. Over this, they passed; having turned round a huge mass of rock, they found themselves in a cave of considerable size, fitted with a table, a bed, rude cupboards, and other comforts, and lighted by an oil lamp swinging from the roof. In every respect this dwelling-place was superior to the hut to which Floriora had been accustomed.

"It is almost as fine as my lord Bibiano's palace," said she.

Lenk, whose life Michal had saved, some years past, was a jovial host enough. He too had been driven to that wild mode of life, by an act of tyranny; and, though he did subsist by levying tribute on the surrounding country, was in every other respect a good sort of character. The peasantry whom he always spared — partly, perhaps, because they had nothing worth taking, partly, no doubt, from prudential motives — had never a bad word to say against him; and instead of assisting the police, always gave him due warning of any movement against his liberty. This is

the reason of the long impunity which the brigands of Wallachia enjoy. It is not uncommon for them to live to a green old age, and when they do close their career young, it is generally in some skirmish. They are rarely taken and tried.

Lenk soon made his guests quite at home; and showed them, as an especial mark of his confidence, a crevice in the rock, which had formerly been open, but had gradually been filled with earth, and through which he was making a back-entrance to his retreat. "I know where it comes out," said he. "It is right on the top of the rock, at a place inaccessible except to birds. Then I will place a rope ladder, by which I can swing down when I please to the glen on the other side, which I could not reach except by an hour's walk any other way. So if I am ever hard pressed, I flit; and 'twill be a hard matter to catch me. The earth all goes down the hole you have crossed, and there is no trace of it."

Michal, on the first opportunity, employed Lenk to go and bring a priest from a village down in the plain, and his marriage with Floriora was duly celebrated at the entrance of the glen. He now began to join Lenk in his excursions; and they lived as comfortably as freebooters may. It would be a mistake to suppose that Floriora pined in this state of existence. She thought her husband's calling justifiable and indeed noble; and proudly compared her own independent condition with that to which she was to have been condemned. When Michal remained many days absent, she felt keen misery and regretted that a more quiet lot had not been vouchsafed to her. But, when she saw him, from the entrance of the cave, coming back with a lamb on his shoulder, and Lenk following, driving a bullock laden with spoil, her eyes glistened and she leaped with as much joy and exultation to the neck of her lord, as if he had been a chieftain of many men, returning covered with laurels from the wars.

In due time a son was born to her, and her cup of happiness was full. It had been decreed that bitters should be again mixed with it. One morning Lenk was about to go forth when he descried bright objects flashing far down the glen; and his keen eye discovered that they were the weapons of soldiers. He at once suspected that his retreat had been discovered, and withdrawing the bridge announced the fact to Michal, who was standing in smiling happiness waiting until his little wife should succeed in unfastening the grasp by which his boy had got hold of his black beard. The two banditti made ready their arms, and waited for the near approach of the soldiery. There were about a dozen, but they halted at a respectful distance, and a man moved towards the entrance of

the cave and exhorted the inmates to surrender. A scornful laugh was the answer; but the defenders of the cave did not fire on the herald because they saw that he was a peasant. Soon after, the soldiers began to pour volley after volley into the cave; they were answered with effect. There was very little danger for Lenk and Michal but some of the balls rebounded into the chamber where Floriora sat. She was therefore obliged to take refuge in the crevice; and which had, by this time, been completely opened.

When the combat had continued some hours, the besiegers, who knew that their firing had produced no effect, as the guns still answered from within, drew off, and seemed to consult. The new plan they hit upon has often been adopted in that kind of warfare. Some of them climbed the face of the hill, armed with sharp axes, and began cutting away the brushwood and throwing down the vast mass of dried wood which had been accumulating there, for years. They had resolved to smoke out their enemies. Lenk now applauded himself on the idea of a back entrance; and when the bonfire was lighted the whole party made preparations for an escape. Being perfectly confident that there was no danger, they went up the steep passage laughing, reached the summit of the rock, joked about the foolish police who were roasting themselves that scorching day at the entrance of the cave, coughed a little in the smoke which filled the air, displaced the ladder, and prepared to descend into the valley. Lenk went down first, and sat patiently at the bottom, steadying the ladder; Floriora followed; then came Michal, with his boy strapped firmly on his back. He was only half way down when a shot was fired; Lenk fell dead; Floriora was seized by a man who rushed forward; and a volley was aimed at her unhappy husband. The missiles clattered in the rock around; but he was only slightly wounded, and the child escaped unhurt; he looked down, and saw a whole group of enemies waiting. His first impulse was to cast himself among them; for he thought that Floriora too had been murdered, as well as Lenk. But the love of life was strong within him; and he had revenge within him. He saw a ledge of rock at no great distance, and by a desperate leap, in spite of his burden, gained it. The men below stood awestruck. Another desperate leap. A shot or two was fired without effect. Another gigantic spring, and he reached a place from which he could scramble back towards the summit of the hill. In brief, he escaped, and an hour afterwards, found himself safe in a distant retreat, where he sat down and wept all the remainder of the day, even until the going down of the sun, for the loss of his Floriora.

It was after this incident that

Michal became known in Wallachia as the Mokan. Under that name he committed many ruthless deeds, principally against the Boyards; because he soon learned that the attacking party which had deprived him of his happiness had been directed by the steward of the Lord Bibiano, who, by some means not explained, had discovered that the fugitive slave was living, and had learned the secret of the double entrance. The Mokan tried to ascertain what took place after he effected his escape. He found the body of Lenk, from which the soldiers had cut the head as a trophy; but there was no trace of Floriora. Perhaps the certainty of her doom would have left him less miserable. He tortured his mind with reflections on what might have happened to her. Jealous passion sometimes nearly drove him mad. He inquired of the peasantry. Some said that she had been killed; others that she had been taken away to a prison; others that she had escaped. The last supposition, the Mokan treated with contempt, because he believed that if Floriora were at liberty she would soon find her way to his side. Thus time passed, and by degrees Michal hardened and hardened, and the terror of his name filled the whole country.

Nearly ten years afterwards, when his son had grown to a tall lithe boy, who looked much older than he was, Michal, at his request, took him to a fair, annually held at a village on the Transylvanian frontier, at the foot of the Krapacks. A convent of women stands at no great distance from the village, and the Mokan, disguised as a Bulgarian merchant, asked permission to sleep in the Hall of Strangers. This was readily granted, and the father and son lay down upon a mat, and reposed after the fatigues of the day. The inhabitants of the convent had all come out, curious to look at him; many had chatted with him while he ate his supper. In the dead of night a woman, a nun by her dress, bearing a lamp, cautiously entered the room, and approaching the sleepers, stood over them and gazed in wonder at their faces — in wonder and love; for, a moment afterwards, his wife was on her knees embracing the rough face of the bandit, who awoke. He gazed on the pale suffering face before him; and, as he gazed, a vision of youth and beauty took its place. "Floriora, O my Floriora! Thou art not so changed as I am!" Then they fell into each other's arms, and wept bitterly.

She had contrived to escape from her captors; but, believing that her husband and child were killed, repaired to that convent and asked for hospitality. She had not taken the veil — the pious Wallachian story-tellers particularly insist on this point — because only unmarried and free women were received; but, she had remained for ten years

as a kind of lay sister, doing menial services for the others. They had even acquired a claim over her something like that which a lord has over his serf. "I shall not be allowed to go with my lord," said she, faintly smiling, "if the morning finds me here."

Michal arose; and, shaking the boy who still slept, bade him follow. They went forth into the night together. For the second time, the Mokan abandoned the wealth he had amassed, and thought only of preserving the little Flower. Many were the dangers and sufferings they encountered in the passage of the Carpathian mountains; for Michal had resolved to try his fortune in another land. The pilgrims travelled on foot, but Floriora never complained of fatigue. On the contrary, she every day seemed to grow younger and younger; and when they at length crossed the frontier, she romped with her son who was as tall as herself, in a field by the margin of a stream, while Michal sat on a fallen tree, and looked gravely on through tears of joy.

Thus they went on and on in good old story-book style, until they came to the Banat of Temeswar, in the capital of which the late bandit's son contrived to open a shop, and to settle down as a peaceable citizen. The lovers of the marvellous took the Mokan up at a much later period of life, and made him a guerilla hero in one of the wars between the Turks and the Russians, during which he espoused neither side, but inflicted injury on both. There is no reason, however, for supposing that he ever left Temeswar again. He had enough to do to make the little Flower happy after her long period of misfortune. We do not understand him, if he did not think her as beautiful ever afterwards, as when the dawn first revealed her countenance to him in the forest hiding-place. Michal the younger soon grew up, and had brothers and sisters, some of whose children may be in Temeswar to this day.

CHIPS.

A LESSON IN MULTIPLICATION.

In the year eighteen hundred and one the population of Great Britain was eleven millions; not having doubled in the previous two centuries. In the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one the population was above twenty-one millions; the doubling had taken place in half a century. At the rate of advance now promised us, our population may be, in the year nineteen hundred, about fifty millions. The population of the United States is likely, by the same time, to reach the vast sum total of a hundred millions. Want of space is sometimes talked of as a likely result of the great increase of our population; but British space is, for the pre-

sent, nearly as inexhaustible as British coal. Allowing a square yard to every person, all of us who at present live on native soil would, if brought together, cover no more than seven square miles of ground.

But it is no question with us now, how to find space, but how to use it properly. Here you may find people by twenties huddled side by side in wretched cottages; there you may find broad miles of fertile land without a speck that indicates the dwelling-place of man. Increase of numbers has taken place chiefly in this country from the growth of town populations; towns-people and country-people (reckoning small towns as country) are at present matched; there being ten millions and a half of each. Nothing hindering, the towns-people, fifty years hence, will be in a very large majority. Towns that are now insignificant and reckoned with the country, will grow as Liverpool and Manchester have grown, and will become, if all goes well, great centres of population.

The change will not be a landowners' grievance; it will be a conversion of so much poor land into rich land; of land worth tens or hundreds of pounds sterling per acre into land worth hundreds or thousands. It will be a multiplication of the means of life more rapid than the multiplication of men to be supported. Within the sphere of its own influence, it will be a slow drawing of the sting from poverty, rendering not only the means of life, but also, it is to be hoped, the best objects of life, more accessible. Every new town set among fields is, to a great extent, and will be to a much greater extent than it now is, another star set in the earthly firmament — a star that shall shine like a teacher. We may say so since they tell us, teachers shall shine like the stars.

Neither is there any physical necessity for decrease in the portion of food yielded by the Earth for each guest at her table because of there being more of us to sit down to meat. For thousands of years population may increase; but food will increase with it. There is elbow room in our own island for the whole existing human race; and, compared with the size of a man, vast indeed is the expanse of the world about us.

There is, also, a physical necessity for the spread of peace as consequent upon the spread of civilization. Civilization teaches man to trust in and depend on man; and it will establish, by degrees, mutual trust among nations. It will become every year more difficult for any one nation to live alone, spinning its own webs, eating its own fruits, talking its own language, giving and taking nothing with its neighbours. Already the two nations that stand foremost in intellect and power are acknowledging this truth; and France and Eng-

land, made allies for a year or two, display, by their bearing towards each other and by many a word and deed, the deep conviction that they must eventually be allies for ever. It is no case with us of old foes reconciled, who propose, in sentimental mood, to swear eternal friendship. With us it is no case at all of dropped hostility. Our old quarrels belong to a past state of things; the men of this generation have no part in them. Napoleon is as much sober and calm history to us as Hannibal is, and and we care not a farthing more for Crécy than for Cannæ.

We have been led into this dream by the consideration that increase of population gives an irresistible impulse to increase of knowledge and happiness. Children add the results of their own observation and reflection to the knowledge inherited from those who lived before. They see from the shoulders of their fathers. Where there was one who searched about him fifty years ago, now two are searching. The multiplication of men is the multiplication of minds.

DEATH'S DOORS.

More than ever must we turn aside — why turn aside though? Does it not lie in our straight path? — to care about the quiet poor. Hunger is much to bear, fever is much to bear, and cholera we are told broods over the land. To these sorrows are now added the penalties attending on a state of war; — war, pestilence, and famine will make grievous work among those neighbours upon whom so many of us look down daily from back windows, and do nothing but look down.

Good man, born with the power to

> Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
> Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation,

if you have never seen, now go abroad and contemplate the powerlessness of the poor. You must act, we must act, every soul must act. Since I came away with a heart full of sorrow from St. Philip's, Bethnal Green, I have been thinking about the homes provided for the very poor and striving, to discover how they may most easily be bettered. "Go," said a friend engaged in the like search, "to this address," — and he gave me an address written upon a piece of paper. "It is copied from a letter that appeared some time since, in the Times. The proprietor of those houses called attention to the fact, that by a few cheap alterations he had been able to convert them from a state of terrible corruption into Christian dwellings." Then I said, "I will go and study this man's secret."

And I went accordingly, upon a glorious May morning in search of these fortunate abodes, round the Queen's palace, and through a long and spacious square odour-

ous with spring scents from the foliage and flowers. Drawing-room windows were thrown wide in many houses, that the dames and damsels as they sat within might taste the honied spring; and through a break in the trees I saw one balcony daintily trimmed with crimson cushions, over which leant wedding guests, looking down upon a carriage and a coachman with white favours. At the moment when I looked, the street door opened, and I saw the bride with a young step cross the threshold of her baby home. The carriage drove off, and the wedding guests looked after it, and the maid-servant at the bed-room window overhead looked after it, and all the maid-servants at the door of the next house looked after it, and I looked after it, and sent after it the benediction of a passer-by.

Three minutes afterwards I entered the street in search of which I had come out. The spring was left behind me then; for all the flowers of the earth would not have concealed the filthiness of the vile stink in which I seemed to have become suddenly enveloped. Out of the large and pleasant square into a small and unpleasant one; then out of that again into a street not very narrow, with a gin-shop at the corner. The abruptness of the plunge into what then was to be seen, and smelt, and felt, filled me with sudden horror. I stood still. There was a gulf at no great distance before me, of which I saw only the top, and might have supposed, had it been cleaner, that it was a railway cutting. It cut the street in two; there was more street beyond, and there were houses and there were lanes on each side, running along its brink. Houses and lanes so mean and desolate, and rotten, that one might reasonably suppose them to be bred, as men once said of crocodiles, in all their loathsomeness from the surrounding filth. Women and small children with deadly faces, and with skins and rags discoloured by corruption, stirred about in a dull way as maggots that belonged to the unwholesome mass.

The two houses of which I was in search were close before me, on the edge of the gulf, or pit, or cutting. They were much larger than those round about them, stood apart, and had before them a clean paved court within iron railings. They did not seem to be rotten, and there was a silent bird in a cage at a window near the roof. I went nearer, near enough to see to the bottom of the little gulf, and turned away from it bodily sick. There—under the windows of the improved dwellings — rolled the thick, black, putrid stream of a great open sewer. The two houses were parted from it only by a neat door leading to further abominations, doubtless, since it was officially ticketed and labelled as the property of the Commissioners of Sewers. There was no need to go into the houses. I de-

sired no further knowledge, but I did learn more.

Members of the skating club, morning bathers, ladies galloping so gracefully in Rotten Row, or enjoying the fresh breeze from the water when you take your airing in the Ring, this filthy place of which I have been speaking is upon the banks of the river Serpentine! It is the same river that adorns Kensington Gardens and pollutes the slums of Chelsea, as it is the same race of man and woman all the land through. The Serpentine rises, I believe, somewhere about Hampstead, and great pains are properly taken with it in the parks, where it is spread out into a tolerably wholesome piece of ornamental water. Even there, however, it sometimes falls into disfavour, and men exclaim against it for a want of wholesome cleanliness. Afterwards it flows among the poor, becomes a sewer quite as foul as the Fleet Ditch, and no man cares. Under and about good houses it flows unseen, carefully concealed by stout arches from eyes and nose. From these it escapes to pour the whole volley of its poison among the dwellings of the miserable poor; for them no arches are built, from them no filth is kept, no ugliness is hidden; they are quiet; they bear all without remonstrance, and have all to bear. Every dead dog seen in the Serpentine in Hyde Park has been duly denounced in the journals by some public-spirited father of a family, who saw it in his walks. But there are few whose walks take them among the very wretched, and until I was myself half suffocated by it, I never knew, for I had never heard or read, of the poor man's Serpentine, that slips its filth along to a foul outlet in the Thames near Chelsea Hospital.

Death and despair do many thereof sup,
And secret poison through their inner parts;
Th' eternal bale of heavy wounded hearts.

There are not many hundred persons in this country whose pulses would not beat rather more quickly than usual, who would not feel some tingling in their cheeks, and be excited by strong impulse to speech, and more than speech, on behalf of men, women, and children subdued to quietness in the endurance of such homes as are suggested here with all their griefs, if they were only now and then to see them, though they saw no more than the outside and never looked within.

Within are to be seen sometimes things too horrible to tell, if they were not also things most needful to be told. Mr. Godwin, who has distinguished himself by energetic efforts to direct attention to such matters, and who has lately published some of his experiences of London Homes, tells that when visiting one miserable room, he by chance opened the cupboard, and was startled to find upon one of its shelves, shut up with the bread and the tea-pot, the uncoffined

body of a child. The little limbs were decently disposed, and covered with a cloth, and on a shelf above — as they put over a peer his coronet, or over a warrior his arms — there was the little house-fairy's cracked mug, with its golden label: Mary Anne. She lay there till her coffin could be earned. Not many weeks before, the mother of that household had perished, and had been kept in the room for a fortnight, the work room, eating and sleeping room of the widower, and of a family of children.

Thousands who are tottering upon the verge of such distress will be forced into it by the coming pressure of war times. Now is the hour, if ever the hour will strike, when every man with a firm arm must stretch it out, and when every man who can get hearing must speak for those weak and silent sufferers among us whom it would now be more than ever cruel to forget. We must unite to be helpful — helpful each in his own sphere. No hand lent helpfully is weak when it is willing.

I went back through the leafy square. The house where there had been a wedding having been discovered by an organ boy, and wedding guests being still upon the balcony, they were suddenly placed at the mercy of a loon more to be feared than any Ancient Mariner. Of course, as the poet says, they "could not choose but hear," for when a hand-organ plays Pop goes the Weasel, though "Wedding guest may beat his breast, yet he cannot choose but hear." If ever I swear, it is at organs. Yet on that May morning I was more disposed to look pitifully at the ragged organist, and think of the life he had led from his birth under the shadow of far distant mountains, until he brought his pale face out — and from what sort of home? — into that morning's sunshine on the London pavements.

When I had turned the corner of the palace again, and was in St. James's Park, guns were being fired, and all the paths were crowded. A grand carriage, with a white liveried and laced coachman in front, and two white liveried and laced footmen behind, all with large bouquets in their bosoms, came whirling down from Constitution Hill; when it was near enough I saw a mitre on the panel. Disposed to be fanciful, methought, Here is a bishop who has heard of the wretchedness I have just seen, and who is trotting round at a good pace to ascertain what he can do as a father of the Church for the fatherless, to comfort the bereaved poor in their affliction, and to find out how he can best be a friend to them that have no helper. The guns are firing in celebration of this epoch in the modern history of England. Nothing of the sort was the case, of course. That day was her Majesty's birthday — may she see

fifty more of them! — and his grace was making haste down to the drawing-room. Soon afterwards round came another carriage, with purple liveries and bouquets, bound in the same direction, another mitre on the panel. I thought in my innocence that since London has two resident church dignitaries, I had seen the grand state of the Archbishop, and the humbler glory of the metropolitan Bishop, the rest of the Bishops being of course at their sees, watching over the important interests committed to their charge. That was again a mistake. More liveries, bouquets, and mitred coaches trotted round the corner. The wind seemed to be blowing Bishops' carriages from the quarter of Constitution Hill. It was not until somewhat later that the coroneted coaches and the coaches of ambassadors began to throng upon the Bird-cage Walk, but the Bishops were especially distinguished by the alacrity with which they hurried to pay their devotions to the court. And who shall blame them? Loyalty is assuredly a Christian grace. Of course their graces can be loyal to the crown of England without prejudice to their allegiance to that great Prince whose subjects are bound to seek Him in the poor, the sorry, and the sick, and to do service to Him in the persons of the least of these. It is a great blessing for London, I thought, that there are so many high-servants of this Prince now in town. How eagerly they will all whirl about in these carriages during the summer months to make themselves acquainted with such miseries as those which I have just now seen. How nobly they will speak when they rise in their places in Parliament one after the other, as originators or supporters of wise measures for the helping of the quiet poor. It is a great blessing for the wretched who are in London that there are so many of their friends and fathers now in town.

Gladly disposed to celebrate the birthday of her Majesty by helping in a loyal cheer, I waited in the crowd before the palace gates, close by the gold-laced trumpeters. From before, I was pressed backward by a stout elderly clergyman, whose wife was encouraging him to admire the beauty of liveries, while he himself was writhing backward in continual fear lest his toes should be touched by the hoof of a life-guardsman's horse; from behind, I was pressed forward by an energetic quakeress who must have maintained herself on that morning for two hours on tiptoe, with a persistent vigour that would have made Cerito turn white with envy. She made also a free use of her arms and elbows, for she was bent on seeing every plume and every yard of lace belonging to the pomp of the occasion. From the right hand I was pushed to the left by a motherly dame, who was providing for a

country gentleman, her friend, two sights at once, by showing him the towers of Westminster Abbey, that are visible above the trees. On the left hand there was no resistance. On the left stood a group of pale, dirty, and ragged children; such children formed also a very noticeable feature in the front line of the rows between which her Majesty was presently to pass. They had crept out into the sun from many a place as filthy as the borders of the Chelsea Serpentine. They were not courtly. The Prince Consort was not ceremoniously referred to by one of them, who had his mind full of a popular melody, and shouted from under my left ear to a young friend at a distance, "Hollo, Sam! You 'll soon see Villikins and his Dinah!" When the great gates opened, and the royal carriages came forth, that little fellow's voice was very audible among the cheering. He meant no disloyalty, not he! Follow him home.

This happy day is Saturday. He will be dirtier to-morrow than he is to-day. Most likely, where he lives, there is no water supply at all on Sundays. There is a flow, perhaps, on Saturday for half-an-hour, during which time there is a rush and scramble at the tap, — women with tin pots, old tubs, and broken pitchers, fight for what they can catch. When they have used that, they must beg or go without; water is even stolen. "For example, in one of these little courts," says Mr. Godwin,* "the people hearing us make inquiries respecting the water, rushed out from all sides, speaking with bitter rage of the inadequate provision. We managed to gather, amid the din, that they suspected a person who keeps a small general shop (one of those curiously squalid attempts at trading met with in these neighbourhoods), and through which the water-pipe passed, of 'thieving the water on the way to them.' On examining the shop we found that the shopkeeper had bored a small hole in the water-pipe, to prevent him, as he said, from struggling and fighting with the people in the court when the water came in, 'there being so many of them, and so little water, that they were often like so many devils.'" When there is a fire in such a neighbourhood, the water is turned on and flows, of necessity as extra supply out of the taps in courts and alleys. The same gentleman relates how, while he was talking to a woman, an alarm of a house on fire resounded through the street. She exclaimed suddenly with pious gratitude, "Thank God there is a fire! We will soon get some water." As for drainage, thousands are ready to lift up the rotten boards that represent their floors, and show you the poisonous filth trickling underneath. What follows upon this? Ask mothers of the children

* London Shadows: a Glance at the Homes of the Thousands.

they have buried. "How many have you had?" "Seven." "How many are living?" "One." "How many have *you* had?" "Thirteen." "How may are living?" Read her answer in her eyes. NONE.

Fit homes must be placed within the reach of these neglected people. We have spoken more than once of the Metropolitan Societies for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes. To the admirable sanitary results obtained by them we referred when calling attention to a small pamphlet recently issued, on the Results of Sanitary Improvement, by Dr. Southwood Smith. The pamphlet does not cost more than a number of this journal, and we cannot do better than distinctly refer to it as containing the best brief exposition of what has been done hitherto, and may be done more effectually hereafter, in the way of amending the homes of working men. We hinted lately an objection to the policy of placing benevolence before profit, *as a motive for shareholding* in these societies. It is the best motive, but, in the Share-List and Money-Market, profit is the strongest, and the whole nervous power of any such society lies in its dividend. Benevolence is the heart, and profit is the brain, of every public body of this kind, — the heart beats in proportion as the brain is active. Of all this it would appear the societies in question have from the first been thoroughly aware; we were misled into a false impression by the very laudable energy of philanthropic advocates, (with whom we thoroughly agree) who took ground that was quite unexceptionable so long as it was not official.

The Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes, of which the offices are at number nineteen, Coleman-street, City of London, obtained last year from its dwellings for families a return upon outlay of four and four-fifths per cent.; to five per cent.; its dividends are limited by Parliament. Dividends so large, however, it has never yet paid, partly on account of loss hitherto incurred in the article of rooms for single men, partly for reasons that have now ceased to exist. That this society will, in a few years, return a safe dividend of four or five per cent. for all moneys invested in it, we have reasons to believe confidently. The money so invested will, at the same time, be lent to the most valuable uses.

Another association of this nature is called the Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes. That has been equally successful, and is equally deserving of support. At present its means are, we believe, more limited, but it has already provided wholesome accommodation for nine hundred residents. The committee-room of

this society is at number twenty-one, Exeter Hall.

If the pressing need of such associations were felt thoroughly and widely by the public, and if it were understood how easily they may be made to bless at the same time the rich with dividends and the poor with cheap and decent homes, there would not be one or two, but one or two hundred of them in the country. Their formation is more than a little hindered by the present laws of partnership; but that difficulty is one not very hard to conquer.

Of the existing institutions also, it is to be said that while they are admirably conducted and supply a public want, it is not quite the want on which we find it now so requisite to dwell that they have hitherto commonly supplied. They save rather those who might sink, than those who have sunk, to the lowest depths of sorrow — they are for the poor rather than for the very poor. The lodgings they provide get tenants of a class higher than that which has a right to our profoundest sympathy, and our most active help, in the removal of unjust inflictions laid upon them, not through their own fault, but through our ignorance, indifference, or culpable neglect. There is recognition yet due to the fact, that many thousands of the most wretched homes in this country consist of single rooms, horrible to look at or to think about, for which a price is paid that would yield profitable return to any association willing to take thought only for the wants of the most afflicted classes of the quiet poor. We are not yet entitled to shut our eyes to the fact, that these people do, and must for a long time to come, crowd into single rooms the homes that happier neighbours can disperse through two, three, four, or half a dozen. We could wish that it were not so, but we know that it is so; and we must feel, too, that even such a home, if it be decent, is a holier and wholesomer thing, as well as cheaper, than even the best regulated common lodging house. Let us then fairly recognise the fact that there must be such homes for families, and furnish them upon the best conditions. We can raise up, floor over floor, well constructed buildings planned into cheerful, well-ventilated, well-drained, wholesome rooms, supplied freely with water, and provided at the base with proper storage for the fruits and other wares of hawkers: for the trucks, and carts, and donkeys of those who possess them. Something after the manner of a provision of this kind is made in connexion with the baths and wash-houses in Portpool Lane. Each large block of such rooms might include a set of public baths and wash-houses, for the use, on the customary terms, of the inmates of the rooms, and of the other poor residing in the neighbourhood. In each block, also, there

might be comprised a little hall for penny or two-penny concerts, lectures, balls, or other wholesome entertainments — emphatically, entertainments — which would yield a modicum of profit to the main establishment, and go far to make happier its own little homes, and the homes of the poor people round about.

For the filthiest accommodation in one room there must now be paid — and is paid, even by the very poor — two shillings or half-a-crown a week. The same rental, with a more than requisite allowance made to cover loss, would form an ample basis for the maintenance of an establishment like that which has been here roughly suggested.

And still, if all be done that private men can do, there remains a mountain of ill to be removed by sanitary legislation. Let us cry for law, and struggle for it, but not altogether wait for it; we must in the meantime work on without it upon the path of justice. Law is a slow mover, but will, no doubt, get a lift from somebody and overtake us on the road. Our attention to the abject poor is due not in charity alone, but in order that we may pay a long-neglected debt of justice. It is not just that the poison of a sewer should be bricked off from the rich man's mouth, and left to pour itself unhindered down the throats of the men who are helpless. The course of the Serpentine is but a symbol of a hundred things that all point to the same conclusion. Farther off still, there is an end to which they point, when

> They who creep and they who fly
> Shall end where they began;

nothing remaining but the last settlement of accounts between the flyers and the creepers. We all hope to retire some day to our little boxes at Kensal Green, Norwood, Highgate, Père la Chaise, where not. But now so many of us owe so much! and who likes to retire oppressed by debt?

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

GREEK WATERS.

Perhaps our invalided soldiers and sailors would hardly be able to find a place of recovery more convenient and delightful than the island of Mytilene. Steamers from Smyrna and Constantinople touch there four or five times a-week, and it is within pleasant hail of both those places. Provisions are usually cheap and abundant; the inhabitants are hospitable, good-natured, and fond of foreigners. Within a day's journey of Castro (the chief town of the island) are all sorts of interesting places; and really it is almost worth while being moderately ill to have an excuse for a holiday visit to them. There is excellent fishing and pretty good shooting in the neighbourhood.

But if I may expect, as I cer-

tainly do, to have a few antiquaries among my readers, I do not know what I have not to say about Mytilene. With the single exception of Attica, not one of the states of ancient Greece was so famous as Lesbos, now Mytilene. Indeed I am able to pick and choose from an overwhelming amount of riches, and I shall therefore confine myself merely to the business in hand, and look upon the place which gave birth to Pittacus, Theophrastus, and Sappho; where Aristotle taught, and Arion sung; where Cæsar won his first public honour; and where Marcellus and the widow of the last Christian Prince of Trebizond fled as fugitives; simply as a place to get well in.

Lesbos was so renowned for its wine, that even cold Virgil mentions it with approbation; and Ovid, who was a much better judge, is said to have asked for it when dying. The island was so famous for its wheat, that Mercury was sent especially from Olympus to fetch it; and it was used by the bakers of the gods. If this assertion, however, resting as it does merely on poetical authority, should be too much even for the faith of an antiquary, I have still something to say about the Lesbian bread, and support my information by an appeal to the excellent judgment of Archistratos. Archistratos was a lover of delicacies who flourished about two thousand two hundred years ago. He was the Brillat Savarin, the Soyer of the ancient world. He knew where everything worth eating was to be found, as well as was possible. When, therefore, he especially praises the bread of Lesbos, we are bound to believe that it was good.

Then, Lesbos was so remarkable for the delicacy of its oysters, that they are spoken of with a watery mouth and a luscious chuckle, both by Strabo and Pliny; while the beauty of the Lesbian ladies was long a proverb. Now, I ask any conscientious getting-well person whosoever, Can there be anything of pleasanter digestion than an oyster — with fresh lemon-juice squeezed over it? Mytilene cannot be said, in our days, to have a very plentiful supply of fresh butter, but it has abundance of excellent brown bread; so we must look upon the want of fresh butter at Mytilene rather as a misfortune than a fault, and eat our oysters without it. I had nearly forgotten the ladies; for the fact is, I am an old gentleman in a dressing-gown and slippers; so I cannot judge of these things. But the next time our friends in Australia want a few ship-loads of wives, I think they might do many less sensible things than send to Mytilene.

Physicians are agreed that the climate of Mytilene is decidedly the healthiest of even the healthy islands of the Ægean. It is invariably cool in summer from the sea-breezes, and remarkably mild in winter. Frost and snow are unknown to the oldest inhabitants;

and there is no day throughout the year upon which the sun does not shine cheerily for a few hours. The ancient writers are unanimous in its praise, and Pompey the Great is one of the many gentlemen who sent his wife here for change of air. Count Razinsky, the most modern traveller of repute, hardly knows how to express his admiration of the climate and scenery of Lesbos; and M. Olivier (a Frenchman) becomes almost incomprehensible from the same cause. Then, every inch of the land is storied. It was from the neighbourhood of the famous ancient town of Methymna, that Achilles bore off the beautiful Eriphile, whose supposed fate has furnished the subject of one of the finest of Racine's tragedies. Mytilene was the residence of the diligent antiquary Pocock, (the Greeks call him *Ποκόκιος*, which looks odd), during some of the most interesting of his valuable researches. A pensive invalid might go delightfully, book in hand, over the same ground. And, lastly, skipping many things, Mytilene was the theatre of the last Greek war of independence. The fighting began by the destruction of a Turkish man of war, off Erisso; and most of the memorable naval engagements which followed, where Kanaris and Miaoulis gathered their bloody and useless laurels, took place in the same neighbourhood.

The medicinal waters of Lesbos were amongst the most famous of the ancient world — and the ancient world was bathing mad. If they have now fallen off in repute, it is probably because they are unknown, as many things are unknown about Turkey which we should do extremely well to learn.

The baths of Vassilica, perhaps the most important in the island, were of high repute in former times. Careful observation may still trace ruins of considerable extent in their neighbourhood. The waters of the springs of Vassilica were analysed by Pocock, and found to contain iron and sulphur, with a small quantity of copper. Their taste is salt. The water flows in great quantities from a rock, and is caught in a large basin, now used as a bath for men. Its heat is about thirty degrees Reaumur. It is of known efficacy in derangement of the spleen and liver, scrofulous humours, gout, and rheumatism. The last-mentioned disease is unhappily one to which Europeans are particularly liable in these countries — not to mention their own. Finally, the waters of Vassilica are said to have *a specific action in the cicatrisation of wounds*; and were employed with success for this purpose by no less a person than a late minister of Sardinia, at Constantinople, who had been often wounded in the wars. I have it on credible authority, that this gentleman was lifted out of the steamer on his arrival, and was shooting partridges on the hills three weeks afterwards.

The waters of Vassilica are hot

enough to boil an egg; but, lest their efficacy in this respect should be proved too often, the country people have a prudent proverb, which says, that the egg "will not boil if it is stolen." For the rest, Vassilica is now a mere collection of huts, situated between Kalloni and Iera. It derived its name from having been the residence of the exiled Erinna, wife of the Emperor Leo the Third, and mother of Constantine Porphyrogenitus. She died there in eight hundred and two. Vassilica is also remarkable for having been the refuge of the Emperor Stephanos, son of Romanos. Here also fled Ducas, the historian, after the capture of Lesbos by Mohammed the Second. Ducas was the contemporary of Phranza, and far excelled the latter in clearness and elegance of style. It is remarkable that the great abilities of Ducas and Phranza, were, in those remote times, no obstacle to their employment in diplomacy. Now, of course, the employment of men of letters in an office which chiefly requires facility in communicating the results of acute observation, is out of the question. Rule Britannia!

Olivier has described some other springs near Port Iera. They chiefly contain nitre, and are said to have been beautified by Hussein, a capitan-pasha of much more celebrity than he deserves. M. X. Landerer (Professor of Chemistry at the University of Athens) however, has most to say about the medicinal springs of Lesbos. I shall chiefly follow his lights in the remainder of the present article; for M. X. Landerer was a German, and exhausted his subject with national patience and honesty. He is not unreasonably surprised that such valuable waters have not attracted more serious attention in modern times. He attributes their origin to volcanic influence; and quotes Strabo (who was not necessary) to prove that the whole island must have been detached from the main land of Asia Minor from the same cause.

Galinos says that about forty stadia from Mytilene, there existed in his time certain hot salt-water springs, which acted as a diuretic. They were highly astringent, and said (like the water of Carlsbad) to be particularly efficacious in reducing immoderate fat. They were also a remedy for dropsy and unhealthy watery tumours.

One of the most important springs thus mentioned by Galinos, is situated at a place called Korpho, and is now known as the Pasha's Bath. It is within about half an hour's walk of the capital of the island; and its waters are serviceable from the month of April to September. They act as a slight purgative; and are valuable in obstructions of the stomach and liver. Taken internally, they prevent determination of blood to the head. They are also determined enemies of hemorrhoids. Hassan Pasha, one of the heroes of Hope's Anasta-

sius, beautified these baths. Hassan had the amiable weakness of desiring to leave some trace of his passage wherever he went, so that Turkey owes all sorts of public works to him. There is a local tradition here (true, by the way), that he went about with a lion. Luckily, the lion bit him one day, and ceased to be the terror of the neighbourhood.

Another of the hot-baths of Mytilene is situated at a charming village called Thermi. The springs here are of two distinct kinds, — the one sulphurous, the other salt. The latter are merely purgative; but the former act usefully in all diseases of the skin. They are a sovereign remedy against the Turkish rash, as frequent as it is obstinate, during the hot months. They are also reputed to be an antidote to metallic poisons, and especially the effects of mercury. Finally, they are employed in rheumatism, with which our army doctors will have more than enough to do.

Then near the pretty village of Tellonia (abounding with game) are some purgative waters called the Springs of Liota. They gush out from a singular rock, and are usually visited in August. On the twenty-fourth of that month, there is an interesting local festival held here. Near the Springs of Liota is also found a hot sand, in which rheumatic patients are buried for half an hour daily, until cured.

Close by the sea-shore, and near the site of the ancient town of Methymna, is found the last of the Lesbian springs I shall now notice. Its waters are also said to be efficacious in chronic rheumatism, which is one of the most inveterate plagues of imprudent livers in eastern countries.

God forbid that I should play the part of Mr. Croaker in the comedy, and suppose that all sorts of possible and impossible diseases will follow our soldiers to the East. Let us rather hope that care and prudence will keep them in good health. Still we are not infallible, and if people will now and then do unwise things, it is as well to know how and where to get relief from their consequences. Therefore I have made these present notes, with a serious sense of the responsibility of doing so on no slight research and inquiry; I hope sincerely that the few observations my total want of medical science has enabled me to offer, may direct the inquiries of abler men in the same direction.

I believe that a moderate amount of common sense employed in the use of baths and exercise, early hours, one meal of meat a day, a due respect for the sun, the instant change of damp clothes on returning home, an attention to keeping the feet warm, a wise fear of cold at the stomach, reasonable temperance, and a stout heart, may laugh at medical men and medical waters in the East, or anywhere else. But soldiers marching to battle, cannot adhere to a rigid dietary, or take many timely precautions; and, it

is for them that I venture to recommend these springs.

MAN AS A MONSTER.

Strange things might be written in a chapter upon Supernatural Zoology, being an authentic description and history of dragons, unicorns, basilisks, and other curiosities that once belonged, as properly as owls or lions, to a history of animals. From histories of plants, dating three centuries ago there is also a supernatural botany to be extracted, and as for the mineralogy of our forefathers that was supernatural almost from the beginning to the end. Into these gardens of superstition I hope I may, some day, be allowed to pass for a few minutes, but not yet; since, above all things, it is important to be systematic. There have already been discussed in this journal the spirits of the elements and the chief races of the proper goblin world, as they entered into the daily household thoughts of our forefathers, and were household words to them. Nothing has been yet said of the supernatural varieties of man himself as a dwarf, giant, or hero; as ghost, as subterranean watcher, wehrwolf, lamia, and so forth. Man before beast.

And spirit before flesh; let us begin therefore with man as ghost. Ghosts assume many forms, of which Lavater writing in the year fifteen hundred and eighty, thus specified a few. They appear sometimes in the shape of four-footed animals, as of dogs, swine, horses, stags, cats, hares, &c. Sometimes they take the shape of birds and creeping things, as of the raven, owl, snake, dragon. Now and then they appear in lovely guise, at other times they are disgusting. One may be on horseback, another on foot, and another, it is said, creeping on all fours. On one occasion fiery men are seen, and on another bleeding men, or men ripped up, whose bowels hang before them. At times only a shadow is seen, at times only a hand, at times only a particular instrument, as a dagger or a sword that is being carried by the spectre. Often a wisp of burning straw is observed, or a hoarse voice is heard. It may occur that one is only conscious of an unseen wanderer who moves in certain chambers, turns the leaves of a book, chinks money, sounds an instrument, or raps upon the walls. A strange noise may be heard as of the discharge of great guns at a distance. It will also occur to a man that a spectre grasps him by the arm or by the hair, and in that way becomes his companion for many miles upon a journey.

Out of so many possibilities who could not pick authority for the belief that he had seen or felt a ghost? An ill-favoured stranger in the street, a stray dog, a nervous twitching in the

arm or tickling at the roots of the hair, might be enough to justify such an opinion, and all the terrors that it brought. They were substantial terrors, for it was accounted dangerous to see a ghost. "Often it happens," Lavater writes, "that they who have seen spectres or heard them, or have felt their breath, get a swelling of the mouth and of the whole face, or may even lose their reason, as experience has proved."

I think that if men had been as clever at statistics three hundred years ago as they are now, and if the truth could have been set down, we should be amazed at the contents of a sixteenth century blue-book on the subject of insanity. It is proved that, in our own day, the mere folly of belief in one relic of old ignorance, spirit-rapping, has supplied many inmates to the madhouses. But when men's minds were firmly possessed by a crowd of the most tormenting sort of superstitions, taking a hundred forms and entering into a hundred daily incidents of life; when minds too, were weaker, because bodies were less wholesomely provided for; when half the life of every common-place man or woman was sheer nightmare; how many thousands must have been made as "experience proved men often became who had seen ghosts!" The annals of superstition include much that should properly be only the annals of a mad-house. Men, and especially women — more particularly those belonging to the lower classes — were formerly to be found in almost every town and village, who deserved to be pitied and nursed, but whose lunatic ravings, on the topics that turned their brains, were accepted as so much horrible truth, stored up in evidence of error, and brought death or ruin on their utterers. Thus Fincel, in his second book of Marvels, tells of a poor fellow at Bessan who believed himself a wolf — a wehrwolf — and scampered about the fields. He was caught with difficulty, and earnestly protested to his captors that he really was a wolf, but that he had his skin on with the hairy side turned inwards. "Therefore, some merciless men, who, in good sooth, were devouring wolves, cut his skin through with a sword, and hewed off his arms to ascertain the truth. The man being proved innocent they gave him over to the surgeons, but he died in a few days."

It is in this sense that we must read the strange stories told, and strange confessions made, not only by torture, but voluntarily by people who had all to lose except their wits. More than half the witch prosecutions of our forefathers were instituted against lunatics; the superstitions of the age fastened upon the hallucinations of these poor afflicted people; the borders of the kingdom of terror were enlarged by them. This production of lunacy

by superstition, and this reaction of lunacy upon the superstition that produced it, should be always remembered in connexion with the whole study of either subject. The importance of a history of insanity, in connexion with the social history of Europe up to the end of the sixteenth century, does not seem yet to have been thoroughly felt.

There was a peculiarity about the movement of a ghost, usually pointed out by learned authors. Thus Camerarius writes, upon the testimony of experienced persons, that "the more fixedly a spectre is regarded the more horrible it becomes; but, above all things, it is to be known by its eyes and by its gait. For it does not walk in the natural way by alternately lifting of the feet, but as a ship blown by a light wind over the water, or with a sliding movement, as if slipping over polished ice."

"Ghosts fly on clouds and ride on winds," said Connal's voice of wisdom.

Of course the theory of them was duly reasoned out by scholars. Plato taught that the souls of good men were raised heavenward by their virtues, but that those of wicked men were miserably weighed down and bound to earth by the burden of their sins. Here, however, our concern is not with Plato, but with Europe, as it was three centuries ago. The prevalent opinions among philosophers concerning ghosts were those taught by Paracelsus and Cardan. Paracelsus followed Servius, Honoratus, and Sabinus, in dividing man into three parts: soul, shadow, and body. The shadow he called the astral spirit. "At the death of a man," he said, "the soul goes to heaven, the body to earth, but the astral spirit, which is kindred to the firmament, and consists of the two superior elements, namely, air and fire, returns also to its own grave, namely, to the air. In this it decays, but slowly. It takes more time in decomposition than the body, because its elements are purer than the body's. Moreover, all astral spirits do not take equal time in rotting; the purer sort are more enduring than the rest, and lie in the air much longer before they can be decomposed." These astral spirits are the spectres.

Cardan's theory brings us to our own day — to Bacon, Reichenbach, and Odzle. Spectres, he says, are emanations from the dead, which, being condensed, terrify men with the image of the body out of which they come.

But they were regarded commonly as astral spirits when they were not evestra; an evestrum being a demon raised by the black arts in shape of a dead man; as it was held to be an evestrum that the witch of Endor raised.

Concerning astral spirits, it was taught by Paracelsus and by others that they are so delicate of texture as to suffer pain when exposed to a blaze of light.

Therefore spectres are to be met with in caverns and dark places, and appear abroad only in the night-time. It is of course also for that reason, as the philosophers supposed, that they retire at cockcrow, warned to escape the first stroke of the morning sun.

Spectres were transparent. To quote Macpherson again: "The ghost of Congal came from the cave of his hill. The stars dim-twinkled through his form." Dante's idea of a ghost is thoroughly brought out by his incidents, that contrast the body of himself and Virgil's spirit moving among shades. A ghost, according to Dante, casts no shadow, moves nothing that it touches, or against which it strikes, and — does not breathe.

In the old abbey chronicles kept by the monks, ghosts were registered as quietly as any other incidents of life. We find such entries as these, for example, in the annals of the monks of Corbei: "At the feast of St. John the Baptist, a Will-o'-the-wisp misled Brother Sebastian, who had preached in an adjacent village, and was coming back to Corbei in the twilight. On the succeeding day he died of his terror." "In the oratory on the Solling, huntsmen have seen lights, and heard beautiful voices singing. Upon their shouting, all was dark and silent." "Brother Becelin, librarian, going into the library at noon, on the twenty-third of September, saw a man in our dress, who sat at a table and turned over the leaves of the Psalms of David. He shuddered; but the other, looking round, bade him be of good cheer. He exactly resembled our Ansgarius as he appears in his picture hung up in the convent." "Spectres have abounded nightly in the kitchen and orchard, but by prayers they have been expelled." "Christian Cramur and Christopher von Swichelt having denied that there are ghosts, were cruelly tormented by them, though nobody else in this room has either seen or heard one."

To wind up, with an illustration of its character and tendency, this mention of the good old positive belief in ghosts, I quote a passage from the published records of a little continental tour. "In the year fifteen hundred and sixteen, a wonderful but true thing happened in St. Laurence's church and churchyard. When a pious aged matron went early one morning before dawn, according to her custom, to the Angel's Mass, thinking that it was the right hour, she comes at midnight to the town door, and finds it open; so she goes into the church, and sees an old priest, whom she does not know, celebrating mass before the altar. Many people, most of them strange to her, sit here and there upon the benches on each side; some of them are without heads, and there are some who have been not long dead, and whom she knew when they were living.

"The woman sits down with great awe and terror on one of the benches, and as she sees none but dead people known and unknown, supposes that these are souls of the dead, and does not know whether she shall leave the church or stay in it, because she has arrived too soon, and her hair stands on end. Then comes a woman to her out of the crowd, who in life had been a cousin of hers, and was dead about three weeks, certainly one of God's good angels, and pulls her by her cloak, that is made (as usual among us) of skins, wishes her good morning, and says, 'Why, my dear cousin, Heaven preserve us, how do you come here? I beg you, for mercy's sake, and by the mother of mercy, to take care when the priest begins to come round or consecrate, and mind then that you run as fast as you can without once looking about, or it will be the death of you.'

"Thereupon, as soon as the priest began to move, she ran with all her might out of the church, and heard behind her a mighty tumbling and rattling, as if all the church were falling in, and all the ghosts followed her out of the church, and caught her in the churchyard by the cloak, and dragged it off her neck; but she then, leaving that behind her, got free and outran them.

"Then when she came back to the town gate, she found it still closed, for it was but one hour after midnight, was obliged therefore to rest three hours in a house outside before the door was opened, from which it may be observed that no good spirit could have helped her through the door when she went out, and that the pigs which she had seen and heard at the gate (as if it were the usual time for driving out the herds) must have been so many devils. Nevertheless, as she was a brave woman, and had so far escaped unhurt, she did not take the matter much to heart, but went home and suffered no harm, beyond being confined to bed for two days by the fright. But on the same morning after this had befallen her, when she sent somebody out to the churchyard to look about and see whether her cloak was lying there and was to be recovered, the same was then found torn to small pieces in such manner that upon every grave there lay one little shred of it, at which the townspeople who flocked out in crowds to the churchyard marvelled greatly."

Another superstition connected with man after death, the bleeding of a murdered person in the presence of his murderer, I should be glad, if there were space, to illustrate by quoting from a legal protocol, setting forth the result of an inquiry into a case of murder instituted in accordance with this superstition. The wound was declared not only to have bled when the assassins three times repeating the prescribed oath, touched the corpse with two fingers, on the

mouth, the wound itself, and the body; but the corpse indicated also the gradations of guilt in persons accessory to the deed. Before one man who was simply present at and acquiescent in the murder, red foam issued from the mouth. In the presence of another who took part in the fatal quarrel, but was not the striker of the fatal blow, there was the foam, and also a slight flow of blood out of the wound. At the touch of the murderer himself blood flowed rapidly over the sides, and the lips of the wound throbbed, as if the heart — it was a wound over the heart — were beating under them. A murdered man, it was thought, even if buried, bleeds when his murderer walks by.

Many strange things were believed, too, of the bodies of suicides. Such a body, for example, was light as a feather when being dragged up hill, but downhill as much as a team could move. There existed at the same time strong belief in the life of men, not as spectres, but as supernatural objects of a peculiar kind. The Wandering Jew, who is to us only the subject of a legend, was to our forefathers a person. Matthew Paris tells of an Armenian archbishop who had often entertained him at his table. Then there was Pontius Pilate, who, having committed suicide was thrown into the Tiber, where the evil spirits made such work with his body, that they caused, now floods in the river, now thunder, lightning and hail in the air. The body was for that reason taken out of the Tiber, and cast into the Rhone, near Vienna. The people of Vienna, unable to endure the whirlwinds and the tumult of demons that attended upon the body as it floated on their stream (it would not sink), carried it away into the neighbouring Alps, where they plunged it down a deep well.

Near Lucerne, there is a mountain that had been called, because of the cloud-cap always about its head, the Capped Mountain, which is, in Latin, Mons Pileatus. Superstition fastened upon this name, and declared that on Mount Pilate, Pontius Pilate appears once a year, in judge's robes, and that they who see him, die before the year is out. There, too, they say, is a pond; upon the surface of which you raise a storm by dropping a stone. Luther tells of it, and of another such pond on the Polsterberg. "They are places," he adds, "in which devils lie imprisoned."

Another person who was supposed to remain on earth, and to be sometimes visible, was our own hero, King Arthur. Arthur married in his old age a third wife, daughter of a British prince: and, travelling on hero's business across the seas, left his young wife behind him, to be stolen from him with the kingdom, by his nephew Modred. Arthur came back, and killed Modred in battle,

but was himself dangerously wounded, and disappeared. The fairy Morgana, who loved him, took him away to her own island of Avalon, and almost healed him there, but not quite; once every year his wounds broke out, as he himself related to a young man who met him in the wilderness about Mount Etna. Gervasius Tiberiensis tells how the meeting happened. The young man was groom to the Bishop of Catania, and was brushing his palfrey one day, when the horse escaped, and galloped up into the mountain. The groom hunted for him in vain among the precipices until after it had grown dark. What next? A narrow path led suddenly to a wide and lovely plain, on which he saw the palace of King Arthur, and the king in it, sitting beneath a royal canopy. The king asked what brought the young man to his presence, and, being told of the mishap, caused the bishop's palfrey to be brought and handed over to him. He then obliged the young man with some account of himself, and "even," Gervasius goes on to say, "sent presents to that bishop, which have been seen by many, and marvelled at by some." But in the woods of Great and Little Britain, such things seem often to have occurred, for foresters relate, that on different days, at noon, at nightfall, or in full moonlight, they have often seen a concourse of hunting knights and hounds, who blew their horns, and answered to inquiry, that they belonged to the chamber and train of King Arthur. His reappearance in the world was expected for centuries, and even in the middle of the sixteenth century, that expectation had not ceased. Looking for King Arthur had, however, before that time grown from a common truth into a mocking proverb.

Arthur had the proportions of a giant. With his sword Coleburn, he slew four hundred and sixty enemies in a single battle. William of Malmesbury states that in the reign of Henry the Second, his mighty bones were found under the high altar of Glastonbury abbey. The fact that he was lying by, under the shadow of Mount Etna, at Avalon, in the English forests, or elsewhere, until the time should come when he would again fight for his country, was not thought to be incompatible with this discovery.

Another famous bider of his time is the Emperor Frederick. This is Frederick the Second, the last Suabian emperor, who died in Apulia, in the year twelve hundred and fifty. Dying far from his court, the people believed that the account of his death was a report spread by himself, to the end that he might live in seclusion. Men here and there came forward to assert that they had seen him. Five pretenders in succession took his name, of whom one was burnt by the people at Cologne, and one was

put to death by the Emperor Rudolf of Hapsburg. Still the multitude believed that he was alive. He had withdrawn, it was said, to a remote part of the world, to escape a danger threatened him by his astrologers; but he would come again. After a time it was settled that he kept watch in the castle of Kiffhausen. When this seemed too improbable or impossible, he was provided with a home in the heart of the Kiffhausen mountain. There, it was believed, he waited for the time when he should come forward to save his country. This belief is now the basis of a multitude of pleasant legends, and one at least of these Kiffhausen legends is familiar to all readers of English as forming the substance of the tale of Rip Van Winkle. In the old times, and particularly in the sixteenth century (when the idea revived) the belief in the existence of this subterranean court was very real. When Charles the Fifth was struggling with the enemies of Christianity, Frederick was especially expected to come forward; he was to assist in securing for Charles the mastery of Constantinople and Jerusalem, to destroy the Mahometan faith, and slay the Turk on the soil of Cologne. Even the year of these events was prophesied; they were to be accomplished in the year fifteen hundred and fifty.

By that time a new legend had arisen, to account for the Emperor Fredericks continued life. He had been a learned man: master of five languages, Greek, Latin, Turkish, German, and Slavonian. Being captured by the Turks, and held a prisoner for many years, all ransom refused, the grand Turk at last offered him his liberty on one condition.

He, the Turk, had in his gardens many fierce beasts whom no man, for hundreds of years, had approached or dared approach. These beasts had in the midst of them four priceless jewels, with which they could be seen from the palace-windows that overlooked the gardens, playing every day at noon. If the Roman Emperor would fetch those stones for the Turk, he should go free. "And what virtue or power resides in them?" Frederick asked: stones being then valued more for supposed virtues than for beauty. "The first," said the Turk, "has the power of invisibility, its holder cannot be seen; the second confers impassibility, its holder cannot be hurt; the third agility, its holder cannot be overtaken; the fourth immortality, its holder cannot die."

The emperor knew very well that if he had the first stone it would enable him to get the rest, and agreed to undertake the adventure on condition that he should be supplied with some loose clothes or articles of clothing, and that an underground passage should be dug leading to the spot fre-

quented by the animals, in order that he might break his way up to them and come upon them suddenly. These things being arranged, the emperor jumped nimbly out of his hole among the beasts at noon, when they were playing with the jewels. Hurriedly snatching up one stone he threw the cloth down instantly behind him, and sprang back into the mine from which he had issued. The beasts tore the cloth to tatters. Then the emperor coming again outside the garden and among the people, found that no man noticed him, and soon became aware that he had brought with him the stone invisibility.

After that, he went without any fear to fetch the other stones. The Turk, indeed, saw from his window terrible commotions among the beasts — he saw the jewels go, but neither Turk, nor beast, nor Christian, saw any more of Frederick. After this adventure Frederick retired from human ken to the mountains, in which, said the legend, he now bides his time for reappearing to the rescue of his kingdom, swift, impassible, immortal, and (as long as it shall please him so to remain), invisible.

Of the exact manner of his life in the Kiffhausen mountains there were two or three accounts; one tallies exactly with the account of the solemn men visited by Rip Van Winkle; but that which had most acceptance among the people of the district represented him as sitting with his companions before a stone table, asleep, and with his head resting in the hollow of his hand. His beard, people said, has grown through the table and now reaches to his feet. He nods perpetually with his head, and blinks with his eyes, for he is one who is not sound asleep, but is about soon to awake.

Legends borrowed from this story of the Emperor Frederick, of later date, and never like their great original, extensively and seriously credited, have been created on behalf of Charlemagne at Nuremberg, and of Frederick the Fourth at Salzburg. A more genuine superstition of the same kind is that of the Three Tells.

William Tell, multiplied by three, has been waiting ever since his death in a cavern, near the Lake of Uri, ready to come forward in the day of his country's greatest need. A young shepherd, lost among the mountains, found the sleepers in their cavern. The eldest, the real Tell, stood up and asked, "What time is it in the world?" The boy, frightened out of his wits, replied, "High noon." "It is not yet time for us to come," said Tell, and fell asleep again. The boy's father afterwards went out to wake the Tells whenever he heard that the country was in danger, but neither father nor son ever found the cave.

Of dwarfs, giants, and heroes, we all know tales enough. I shall

set down only the theory explaining their existence.

Dwarfs were made when the earth was ill-cultivated and sparely peopled, because the mountains were full of silver, gold, and precious things — stones that gave strength, invisibility, and other virtues. Now, the dwarfs went among these, and had a special power of understanding them. They made fine hollow mountains, and had riches given them by Heaven. When men began to speculate upon old legends and call them myths, dwarfs were said to be the symbols of the busy working classes, whom it should be the care of every brave knight to protect.

Giants were created to destroy wild beasts and dragons, and so to provide more safety for the dwarfs; but, as by great increase, the giants would become too many for the dwarfs and bring them into trouble, heroes were called up to protect dwarfs against unjust giants, and generally to keep giants, and all forces likely to be misdirected, under proper check.

It would be easy to work out an allegory here if it were worth while, but these things were not received as allegory by the unlearned, and (except the poets) rarely indeed by the learned or the wise, until the sixteenth century was ended.

I meant to have included in the list of human monsters, wehrwolves and lamias, but these are the links that connect man with beast in superstition; and something about supernatural beasts, birds, and fishes, plants and stones, I hope at a future time to have an opportunity of saying. Then we shall have galloped post across the realm of superstition, taking four stages from border to border.

TURKS UNDER ARMS.

No spectacle is more distressingly spoilt by a wet day than a review of troops. However they may stand fire, your men of pipeclay look ridiculous enough under a heavy volley of water from the great sky-batteries. Turkish soldiers, perhaps, are not men of pipeclay; at any rate, I have never seen them under water. When I did see some of them reviewed we had a splendid day under the azure sky Constantinopolitan; we were all full of military ardour — it was last October when we had just buckled on our fighting minds — and we poured out of the suburbs of Pera and Galata with immense enthusiasm to that choice promenade, the Great Field of the Dead. There we were to see the Turkish troops, inspected and encouraged by his Highness the Sultan.

This potentate, only a few days previously, had assembled the Grand National Council, and, by voluntarily renouncing the

absolute exercise of his own power, in some way or other, given an example of some sort unparalleled in Turkish annals. The people were gratified not only by this event, but also by the decided steps taken in the Russian question. The liberals were in a state of absolute enthusiasm, and all classes were stirred with unusual excitement.

The review was nothing special in itself, it was the one which takes place every year at the examination of the students of the Polytechnic School.

The Great Field of the Dead at Pera, has a magnificent site, and is famous for the holiday gaieties that take place there. Holidays at Constantinople fall on nearly all days of the week. Friday is the holiday of the Turks, Saturday is the holiday of the Jews, and Sunday is the holiday of Christians; besides these there are Greek, Armenian, Catholic, and Hebrew holidays of many kinds, and be the holiday-keeper Greek, Armenian, Turk or Jew, the chances are three to one that he comes out to enjoy himself upon the Great Field of the Dead. The Field of the Dead is a vast plain full of poplars, cypresses, tombs, coffee-shops, sherbet-stalls, and tents of story-tellers. The tents and stalls spring up and disappear from one hour to another: established, perhaps, under the shade of a tree, or monument: or perhaps taking a commanding position on the top of a large tomb.

On one side of this plain, sacred to death and frolic, is a long broad road, commonly well crowded with French cabriolets; with taliches, — a taliche is a coach like a cradle, in which passengers recline; and with flarabas (harubas) — which are cars drawn by oxen dressed with bows of ribbon, hanging ornaments and bells. Furthermore, innumerable horses paw the ground, and suffocate the public. Furthermore, on the road and off the road, and over the whole plain, when holiday is made there, orchestras and single instruments poison the air with noises either on their own account or as accompaniments to songs and dances. Italian cadences break into Greek Klefta songs — which are all lamentations — while drums, timbrels, and certain iron plates struck together so as to produce a sound like the clanking of chains, called the Armenian harmonies, institute a massacre of their own among all other sounds.

The Great Field of the Dead is a beautiful hill flanked by two valleys, which unite on the shore of the Bosphorus, at Benhik-taf, where stands the new palace of the Sultan. It is bounded, as Arrowsmith would say, on the south by the grand barracks built after the design of General Sebastiani, in the reign of Mahmoud, and the vast artillery park; on the north by the barracks of the Lancers and the Polytechnic School; on the west by

a long range of houses, and on the east by the Artillery hospital and the Latin Archiepiscopal palace, between which the Bosphorus, the promontory of Scutari, the cemeteries of the Ichcalè, the Olympus of Bithynia, and the islands of the Sea of Marmora, stand out in bold relief between the blue horizon and the bluer sea.

On our arrival on the ground we found the troops, consisting of horse, foot, and artillery, already arranged in two long lines of double file, forming an avenue of considerable length, extending from the Polytechnic School along the northern valley to the point which leads more immediately towards the Sultan's palace. The trains of artillery were planted on the plain which lies over the school.

Already the cannon had anncunced his Highness's emergence from his own abode, the call to arms was sounded, and the troops fell into order. We were obliged to retreat before them, through a crowd of people shouting joyously and proving wonders as to the good likely to be done by the Turkish climate to those troubled with weak lungs. The dead were close at hand, but happily not awakened. The air was so transparent that I could not detect whether it was rent or not.

The Sultan made his appearance on a superb black charger, riding at an ambling pace. The Grand Seraskier and the Grand Master of the Artillery, immediately followed him. The Grand Seraskier was appearing in his character as commander of the garrison of Constantinople and its environs. Then came the marshals, the generals of division and of brigades, the colonels of regiments, and, after these, the officers of the Imperial palace, grand-master of the ceremonies, and the rest of them.

This last group of officials constituted a great object of attraction in the eyes of strangers. There was one who carried on his breast a large box covered with gold and arabesque ornaments, and foliage, and in the box were white and coloured handkerchiefs; this gentleman was the Ciammasergi-agassi, who takes charge of the linen and dresses in the palace. Another was provided with a bundle of canes of cherry-tree wood and jessamine, ornamented with mouthpieces of amber and diamonds; pipes of his Sultanic majesty, their bearer being called after them the Cibukgi-basci. Another wore a pouch very much like a large cartouche-box; it was of black leather, and suspended from his neck by a string of the same material: this was the Tutungi-basci or tobacco-bearer; he alone had the honour of being allowed to light the Sultan's pipe. Then, because, after the pipe, coffee is indispensable, this officer was followed by the Khaffegi, who, in his bag of state, carried everything necessary for

the concoction of coffee, at whatever instant it might be required. This individual was followed by the ibrikgi (water-bearers), and by others who were designated agas, and whose office was not fixed. All these noble gentlemen were mounted, and improved the general effect of the cortége, by galloping promiscuously round about their royal master. This being a Polytechnic field-day, the Sultan was received at the entrance of the school by the director, by the council of public instruction, and by the different professors, who were chiefly Italians, Frenchmen, or Germans. By these good people, to our great discomfort, he was detained about two hours.

The garrison of Constantinople, including the body guard, with the troops in the different forts and castles on each bank of the Bosphorus, from Scutari and Constantinople as far as the Black Sea on one side, and to the castle of Seven Towers on the other, consists of about forty thousand men; but not above one-half of this force was to be seen at the review. There was the first division of the second class, composed of three regiments of infantry, each of them containing four battalions, with two regiments of cavalry, lancers, and chasseurs, forming twelve squadrons, and three companies of horse-artillery, mounting eighteen pieces of ordnance. Then, there was the second division of the first class, consisting of sixteen battalions of infantry, commanded by a chief who, since his head quarters were at Scutari in Asia, had not been required to bring artillery and cavalry across the sea. There was also a body of reserve, which had been called out only a few months, and was expecting to set forth immediately for the Danube. They represented the first division of the district of Constantinople, with only two battalions. In all there were present about eighteen or twenty thousand men.

The review was a review. The Sultan passed through the avenue formed by the assembled soldiery, and stopping at the end of the plain of Tataula, received the customary salutation, and witnessed with evident pleasure and attention, the various manœuvres. A running fire continued for about an hour without any intermission, frequently changing its direction; parties were in movement, now attacking, now defending; the movement was mixed up with the noises of artillery, and it was all of course a very gratifying spectacle. The Sultan, in passing along the line of his troops, bestowed many commendations on the officers of the different corps, and duly praised the men.

We had frequently seen Sultan Abdul-Medjid, even on occasions of great national solemnity. The predominant expression of his countenance seemed to me always that of calmness, and the same quality is evident in all his

acts, both as legislator and reformer: constrained to direct the public mind towards beneficial improvement, he proceeds always gradually and moderately, endeavouring to make the advantage of reform rather to appear as a desired benefit, than an imposed obligation. On this occasion, however, his countenance, generally pale, and quiet, was brilliant with life and full of quick emotions. He appeared to be delighted with his people, and to fraternise with them, and with the army; from free choice, perhaps he was tasting for the first time the exhilarating draught of popular applause. His reign had been too full of liberal ideas to make him to smell sweet in the nose of your true Turk. At last a day was come when he could satisfy all parties by a righteous course, and conscious of their satisfaction, he was lingering among the people, longer than it had been his wont on any previous occasion. It was not until sunset that he retired from the ground, through a volley of acclamations long and loud. His dress on this occasion was, as usual, quite simple, and no stranger would by the clothes have known the Sultan from the pashas who followed him, if it had not been for the fine trappings of his horse, and the great diamond that glittered on its forehead.

The crowd began to disperse, and the soldiers to quit the ground, preceded by bands of music. Some of these bands are led by excellent Italian masters; one of them by the brother of Donizetti. As for the departing soldiers, I had of course reviewed them as well as the Sultan. My opinion of their behaviour was that, although they were ready and active enough in the execution of their manœuvres, they displayed more vivacity and spirit than regularity and exactness; indeed, it must be confessed that the Turkish troops still evince a repugnance to that severe and mathematical discipline, which renders the European armies so many machines moved at the word of their commanders. I do not indeed think the Turks are without discipline, or regardless of a certain regularity of movement. I mean only that this regularity is not carried to a point which renders the Turkish manœuvres absolute machine-work, though it is not neglected to the damage of the generality of warlike operations. The troops do not get into confusion, and they waste no time; they obey promptly the word of command. At the same time they have a freedom of movement which a more scrupulous observer than myself might regard as a defect, but which I own that I like. What the Turkish soldier loses in the simultaneous execution of any movement, I believe he gains in the energy with which he performs it; he loses in exactness no more than is necessary to ensure the freedom that puts vigour and spirit into what he does. The

officers of these troops had an air of great intelligence and quickness; some of the more youthful were from the Royal School of Artillery, and from the Military School, taught by professors who are almost all Europeans, and obliged to remain in one of these establishments for four, five, or six years, at the expense of the governor, before they can be admitted to any military post. These young men are very competent. But how long have the two schools been in existence? The first was not reorganised upon a new system after the limited foundation granted to it by Sultan Selim the Third, until the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven; and the second was not founded until the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine.

"The few officials, two or three hundred at the most, which these institutions have supplied, are not yet sufficient in number even for the garrison of the capital; the powerful army of the provinces, and of the reserve would be entirely unprovided with good officers were it not that the Government had availed itself as much as it could of the services of skilful foreigners.

The Turkish artillery, instructed by Prussian officers, is admirable in point of cleanliness, order, and discipline. It is said that the Turks have extraordinary aptitude for artillery practice, and I readily believe it. The energy displayed by them in the review just described, and on other occasions when we have seen their exercise in the artillery park, almost suggests to me the reason why this is their favourite mode of warfare; it leaves more scope for action and free movement and perfection in it; therefore is comparatively easy to them. The mounted artillery have strong and beautiful horses from Anatolia, an Arabian mixed breed.

The cavalry are nearly all placed under French instructions. That I think a pity, for a Frenchman cannot ride, and never does ride, properly, while the Turks have a great talent for horsemanship. Generally speaking, they display firmness, activity, and grace on horseback, without any particular instruction. In the French riding-school there is taught only the balance-seat and clumsiness. There is scarcely a Turk who has not, from his earliest years, been accustomed to perform upon a fiery steed very long journeys to one of the bazaars that are established every year in the different provinces for interchange and sale of national commodities. Extensive plains and desert sands, broken and rugged paths up and down steep mountains, currents or broad river-beds, never divert the Turkish rider from his path.

The Turks' cavalry horses are of medium size, active and spirited; they are provided by the Government from their stables of Enos and Roumelia, where they

have joined the races of Mecklenburgh with that of the Arabian horses of Baghdad.

One pecularity of the Turkish soldiery ought to be named. They *will* smoke. It is a very common thing to see a sentinel with a cigar in his mouth; and it is not unusual in passing a corps de garde to be respectfully asked, "Have you any tobacco, Sir?" Nothing is commoner when one happens to be smoking than to be checked by the military, in a voice pitched between entreaty and command, "Wait, Sir! A light, Sir, if you please!" This is by no means done in discourtesy, but, because, in spite of all the Bashaws and all their tails, the Turks have a simple democratic way with them which often takes the stately Briton by surprise.

MISS FURBEY.

I MUST have been a very little girl — not quite fourteen years old, I think, when Miss Furbey offered to take me off my guardians' hands, and instruct me (as a useful branch of education) in her business of a milliner and dressmaker. Miss Furbey kept a little shop beside Bow church, near Stratford (she has been dead so many years, and everything is so changed since then, that there can be no harm in mentioning it). Her house was an old, tumble-down tenement of lath and plaster, stuck all over with little indentations, like the marks of giant finger-nails — so old, indeed, that timid gazers through its cloudy lattice windows might once have beheld the company of Puritan soldiers who ransacked the old church opposite, and made a sacrilegious bonfire among its graves. You went down two steps to get into the shop (not forgetting to stoop upon the threshold; and if the sun had been shining in the street, you seemed for a minute or two to have plunged into total darkness, and had to shut your eyes and open them again before you could see the dusty rounds of white chip that hung upon the walls, or the enormous black-silk, coal-scuttle bonnet, which she kept there as a relic of her own apprenticeship days. It was not a cheerful place for a child to begin the world in. It smelt mouldy, and woody; and if by rare chance a sunbeam crept in there, it seemed more full of busy motes than it ever was elsewhere. On wintry evenings, the one wretched, flat, double-wicked candle in the window (gas had not reached those parts then), made the place so dismal, that I would as soon have sat in one of the church vaults opposite. I used to be sent into the shop to snuff it every now and then; but I could never attend to it enough. Before I could get back to my seat in the back parlour, and set a dozen or two of stitches, it had a long crusted wick again, or there was a thief in it, or it was guttering, and dropping its tal-

low upon the white sheets of paper that lined the window show-board. That candle alone was enough to make me wish myself at home again.

My fellow apprentice was a big, slovenly girl of the name of Tunnicliff. Miss Furbey had told me, going home with her outside the Romford coach, that Tunnicliff was a good girl enough, but so giddy at times that she did not know what to do with her. But Tunnicliff, when we were going to bed that night, said such things about Miss Furbey, that I cried half the night to think into what hands I had fallen. She said that she was "a spiteful old maid, a tyrant, a Paul Pry, a screw; ay, and a thief too. Yes; a thief." In consequence of which, I went about in great fear of Miss Furbey for some time, hourly expecting her to throw off her disguise, and become a Brownrigg. But she continued so long in the same mood, and treated me with such gentleness and consideration, that my fear gradually wore away. She kept no servant, but she never put us to any menial work. Tunnicliff said, "A good reason why: she knew well that she (Tunnicliff) wouldn't do it." An hour or two before we were up, on summer mornings, I have heard her moving about the house; and when we came down, everything was in order. Only once, for many weeks, did I catch her in a white nightcap, with broad frills, polishing the fire-irons with a pair of leather gloves on. She told me dress-making was too sedentary for her, and that if she did not do other work she would be ill. But this was an excuse for not keeping a servant, and I quite believed she was a screw. Tunnicliff said I was beginning to find her out; but I soon found out that Tunnicliff had herself no objection to keeping a servant, so long as it cost her nothing. Before breakfast she would ask me to go half-a-mile or more down a back lane into the marshes, to buy her a couple of newlaid eggs, at a cowkeeper's there, with a particular caution to feel them first, and ascertain that they were warm. These she would cook herself, and spread them over her toast, and coolly eat the whole in the presence of myself and Miss Furbey. Her excuse was that she never had any appetite of a morning, and that without some such little relish, she should eat nothing, and so lay the foundations of a weak constitution. Tunnicliff was often getting money from unknown sources, and bringing it forth, generally in coppers, with a request that I would go and buy her something which she fancied. Sometimes it was a hot roll, or a tea-cake, or a dried fish; sometimes it was grapes — slightly damaged, but a great many for a penny — at a grocer's a long way down the road. Far or near, early or late, were all the same to Tunnicliff. What she

wanted must be fetched; and if I was a little behind time, I was grumbled at for my pains. When she complained of Miss Furbey behind her back, it did seem to me strange that she did not think of how she sent me about herself; but I never dared to refuse to go. Tunnicliff's knowledge of the world, Tunnicliff's notions of how she ought to be treated, Tunnicliff's powers of ridicule and contempt for what I should have respected, made me afraid of her. I believed that Miss Furbey would think twice before provoking her. Indeed, I know that she once caught her in the looking-glass making grimaces, and shaking her fist behind her back, and never said a word, pretending that she had not seen anything. When we were all sitting at work by candlelight in the parlour behind the shop, Tunnicliff used to wink at me to bid me notice the shadow of her tall, angular figure on the wainscot, as she sat, quite upright, on her chair. I do not know how old she was. My fellow-apprentice said, "Forty: if she 's a day;" but I do not believe she was so old as that. She wore a plain stuff dress, with great bishop's sleeves, and was as hollow-chested as an old man. Her nose was rather longer than becomes a female face, and her left eye had something peculiar about it. I never knew exactly what was the matter with it. It was not a glass eye, I know; for it moved a little; though there was a want of correspondence between its movements and those of the other eye that quite annoyed you. When the one was intent upon her work, the other seemed to be watching me. I had a dread of Miss Furbey's eye, and could not bear, for a long time, to be alone with her, on account of it. My companion had, of course, something to say about it. The first day I was there, she said to me privately, "Have you noticed her eye?" She said she could always tell when she was in a bad temper by it. But I never saw any difference in it all the time I was there. Miss Furbey would scold Tunnicliff occasionally, which was generally about her habits of giggling. I believe she thought it the most unfortunate failing she had, and that, but for that, they might have got on very well together. Tunnicliff, every now and then, would break out in a fit of laughter without any reasonable cause, and would end by setting me laughing too, though I hardly ever knew what it was about. There seemed to be a kind of intoxication in it; for Tunnicliff could not help it. The fit would seize her sometimes in the morning, and would be sure to break out again at intervals all day. A sneeze from me, or an ineffectual attempt to thread a needle on the part of Miss Furbey, was sure to set her off. It would generally come on at tea-time, when her mouth was full. Miss Furbey said it made her so nervous that she really

could not sit in the room if she gave way to it; and I have often seen her tremble at the sound of it. She even implored her once so earnestly to desist that I could not help pitying her. She was actually pale and breathless, and seemed as much distressed as if she had been subjected to some cruel persecution. There was a careworn look in her face, that I think made me like her from that hour. I talked to Tunnicliff about her conduct afterwards; but she said that she was an old fidget, and it served her right; and that it was rather hard to have to slave all day for nothing, and not to be allowed to laugh if one was inclined.

Tunnicliff's relatives lived a long way off, and Miss Furbey considered herself in some measure her guardian, and bound to look after her moral conduct. The principal grievance of Tunnicliff related to Sunday afternoons, and Miss Furbey's prying anxiety to know where she went at those times; but when I came down, and we used to go out together, Miss Furbey became less anxious about her. Tunnicliff, for fear of an unfavourable report to her friends, feigned a dislike to the preacher at Bow Church, and a preference for one at West Ham: but as soon as we were clear of the house, she boldly proposed tea-gardens. We used to go to Clay Hall, where there was a curious exhibition of puppets; or to the Adam and Eve beside the river at West Ham; or to a public garden down at Old Ford, where two painted sentinels guarded the entrance, and the grounds were ornamented with big figure-heads of old vessels, highly painted, and looking very grim peeping out of the shrubberies. Here Tunnicliff made the acquaintance of a baker, which made me very unhappy in my mind; for the baker began to talk of Miss Furbey (whom he had never seen) with great familiarity, and advised open defiance of her. Tunnicliff bound me, under the most solemn threats, not to tell about her acquaintance with the baker; and when Miss Furbey asked me if we had been to West Ham Church, I am sorry to say that I answered "Yes" in a trembling voice, and so became too deeply implicated in the affair to get out of it.

One day, Miss Furbey told us that she was going away for two days, and spoke so confidently of the trust she reposed in us, that it gave me a pang of remorse. Tunnicliff found out somehow that she was gone to fetch her father at Billericay, and having once heard of somebody who had become reduced, and been compelled to go into the workhouse in that town, she decided that Miss Furbey's father was in Billericay workhouse; and that the overseers, irritated by her implied neglect, had at last peremptorily insisted on her removing him to her own roof. Having settled this (for Tunnicliff always snapped at a sudden idea of the kind), and

being, therefore, convinced that no trap was intended on Miss Furbey's part, arrangements were made for entertaining the baker out of the secret funds. The baker came early, and took us to Bow Fair (which was going on just then), but they let me lag behind, as they always did; and went into shows, leaving me outside; till I felt like a little vagabond, and came home crying, and walked about the door, till they returned in alarm and let me in. When the baker, after supping on beefsteaks and onions. went out and returned with rum in a stone bottle, and began to mix it, and to smoke tobacco in Miss Furbey's back parlour, I was in great terror, and could enjoy nothing. I have but an indistinct remembrance that a grand scheme against Miss Furbey was agreed upon that night; and that I was much petted, and told that those who had stuck by them hitherto would not be forgotten. The baker talked of a snug little place that he knew, which was doing a great many sacks a-week, and was only going to be given up to him on account of ill-health; and added, with a wink, that as soon as an apprentice was actually married, she might fearlessly snap her fingers in the face of master or mistress.

Miss Furbey came home the next night in some kind of a coach. Tunnicliff sat up for her; but I went to bed, and lay awake in great fear of her smelling the stale tobacco smoke. I heard Miss Furbey arrive, and somebody bringing her father in; and it sounded like a number of persons moving a large sofa or pianoforte up a narrow staircase; but I never saw her father, all the time he was there. No more did Tunnicliff; though she opened the door to them on the night of his arrival. He was always in Miss Furbey's bed-room, by which she was compelled to sleep in an attic; and Tunnicliff, from a yard at the back of the house, once saw a grey-headed figure through the little diamond-paned window, sitting in Miss Furbey's old stuffed chair, as motionless as a statue. We knew he was afflicted in some way; but Miss Furbey seldom spoke about him. In her prim and quiet way she went about preparing his food, which he used to rap for, when he wanted it, with a stick, upon the floor overhead. She made him a black velvet cap, with a gilt-wire tassel, and spent half her time in attending upon him — never going out, as she used to do. I think this impoverished her, and was the cause of her stinting herself more than ever. Tunnicliff began to grumble, because we always had boiled mutton now, from which the greater part of the broth went upstairs; leaving us, Tunnicliff said, nothing but boiled rags. Miss Furbey, with more deceit than I ever knew her to be guilty of before, used to make a show of discussing every day what we should have for dinner, and always end-

ed by having mutton. Since her father had been there, she used to ask me to fetch such things; but this particular errand I always detested. My instructions were to ask for two pounds of neck of mutton, at sixpence, and to be sure to get it at Higginbotham's. Higginbotham was a rich butcher, whose shop stood out towards the roadway,. a little lower down. He was very sharp and quick with such small customers; and when he got to know me, and my invariable order, he used to make me ashamed by spying me coming from the other side of the road, and beginning to cut and weigh the exact quantity beforehand. I hated him, and if he is living there still (which is not very likely) I hope he will see this. Tunnicliff's matrimonial scheme must have been ripening about this time; for her ideas ran much upon weddings. One day she said to Miss Furbey, after coughing and treading on my toe under the table, "I wonder you never got married, Miss Furbey."

Miss Furbey answered calmly, as if the question had been merely the whispering of her own thoughts: "Well, I was very near being married once." Tunnicliff trod on my toe again, and asked for particulars. Miss Furbey took a pin out of her mouth, pinned her work to her knee, — for she was stitching upward, — and answered: "My papa wished me to break it off." Tunnicliff could not keep down a giggle at this, and when Miss Furbey added that she was firmly resolved never to marry during her papa's lifetime, nothing but Miss Furbey's dreamy absorption in her stitching could have prevented her remarking Tunnicliff's amusement. She trod so much upon my toes, and took (as she always did) so little precaution to prevent its being seen, that I was obliged to move my chair. When the fit had somewhat subsided, she said, "Oh, do tell me who he was like, Miss Furbey." Miss Furbey rose from her chair, and taking a little ring of keys from her side pocket, opened one of an old-fashioned chest of drawers, dipped her hand in, and brought up immediately a little casket. And there, in an oval gilt ring, upon a black ground, was the portrait of a gentleman in a scarlet uniform. I recollect it now, for I saw it often afterwards. He had light blue eyes and light hair. His appearance was not very soldierlike; but I think it surprised Tunnicliff, and made her wonder whether Miss Furbey had been goodlooking in her youth. I asked Miss Furbey if he had ever been to battle? She said, "No; he was a volunteer, and used only to wear the uniform now and then." But Tunnicliff regarded the bringing out of the portrait as a defeat, and let the subject drop; upon which Miss Furbey put the little casket away again, and locked the drawer. Not very long after that, Tunnicliff suddenly absconded, having first of all taken away what belonged to her piece-

meal, and so stealthily, that I, who slept in the same room with her, and believed myself in her confidence, never perceived any change till she was gone. She had always boasted to me that when the time came, she would boldly declare herself to be the wife of the baker, and defy any one to detain her. But her heart must have failed her; for she stole away, upon some pretence, after breakfast one morning, dressed just as usual (only a little cleaner) and was seen no more. Miss Furbey, after running about frantic half the day, received a letter from her, in which she enclosed certain lines, which she said would let her know what had taken place that morning at West Ham Church, and wound up with the insolent defiance which she had promised to deliver by word of mouth.

We went on very quietly after that, and I got to like Miss Furbey more and more. It was incredible what a difference Tunnicliff's departure had made. Miss Furbey found out now that she had slandered her very much in the neighbourhood, which she said did not matter; but I know it vexed her a little. We managed to get through just as much work as before, and used to chat a little, too. Both of us felt the change; but old Mr. Furbey, overhead, seemed to get worse. She used to get him some prescriptions made up at the Dispensary, in two bottles (a large black wine bottle, and a small phial), and she had to run up to give him some of these, besides both occasionally, every two hours; but he became so irritable at last, that I have seen her come down in tears. If she was but a few minutes behindhand, he would rap so violently on the floor as to make us jump, and repeat his rapping louder than ever before she could get up the stairs. Miss Furbey told me that he got worse and worse, but I remarked that she never seemed to like to send for a doctor; till one morning, just at daylight, she came into my room and shook me till I awoke, and begged me to dress immediately, and go and fetch a physician who lived in the Bow Road. The physician came twice, and I saw Miss Furbey each time count out ten and sixpence for him, and wrap that sum in a piece of paper; but his patient died on the third day after I had fetched him. Miss Furbey did not seem to me to grieve deeply—whether it was that she had become worn out with her watching, or that the stern business that she had to go about, alone, made her determine to suppress her grief, or whether (which I suspect was the truth), the deceased had been so grievous a burden to her that, in spite of her sense of duty and affection for him, a feeling of relief which she scarcely recognised herself was mingling with her regret. Some mystery was attached to her father of which I never knew the truth. Tunnicliff's last idea, before she ran away, was that he

had forged to a large amount, and was there hiding from justice. There was a rumour in the neighbourhood that he had been a bankrupt many years before, and had, for some reason, neglected to give himself up as the law required; but I do not believe that any one (save Miss Furbey herself), knew whence he came, or what was his true history. On the morning of his death, Miss Furbey wrote a number of letters on black-edged paper, which she posted herself, and I think she expected visitors in consequence, but none came. We two were the only persons (except the undertakers), who attended the funeral. This undertaker also professed to be a coal merchant and an agent to a fire and life insurance, which he might have been, but he was no more an undertaker than I was. Miss Furbey learned that he gave the job to a carpenter and joiner, who gave it to a real undertaker, and all that the original person did, I believe, was to attend in a rusty suit of black, and (to use an undertaker's phrase), to see the funeral "performed." Miss Furbey drove a hard bargain with him for eight pounds, five pounds down, and the rest, as he said, to be made easy to her. And so, for a year and a half afterwards, she used to scrape together small sums of half-a-crown, or five shillings, with which I made many a journey to the coal and fire agent, who wrote each instalment down on the back of a bill with sad embellishments, which became worn to tatters before that everlasting debt was paid.

Miss Furbey, I am sure, never deliberately regarded the death of her father in any other light than as a misfortune that had befallen her; but there was a change in her now, and it seemed in the place too — from gloom to a certain degree of cheerfulness — which my youthful mind was quick to detect. I had been nearly twelve months with Miss Furbey when her father died, and for twelvemonths more we took no new apprentice, and there was scarcely any change in our way of life. But, one afternoon, I came in from a little journey, and found a stranger in the shop, talking with her. He was a pale little man, dressed in black coat and trowsers, shoes fastened with black riband in large bows, and a white neckcloth, which had a yellowish tinge, and was spotted, here and there, with what laundresses call iron-mould. He was not exactly shabby in other respects; but he looked as if he had been brushed and made up to the best advantage. He was slightly bald, but his hair was light, and not so grey as his whiskers, and he might perhaps have been no older than fifty. I did not know then where he came from, nor what was his excuse for coming; but he talked very slowly and deliberately about the weather, and other trifles, and loitered about, and seemed very loath to go. He came many times after that, and

gossipped in the same way; till at last I found him sitting in the back parlour. He took snuff at long intervals, and sat cross-legged with his handkerchief always on his knees, and liked to look at his broad shoes, which had bumps all over them, like the top of a plumpie. He was rather slow and prim in his ways; but he told anecdotes of the volunteers, and of old actresses, and bucks of long ago, which amused us very much. Miss Furbey told me he was a very old friend; the faithfulest friend that ever was (she said this with tears in her eyes) although they had not seen each other for many years, and that he was a stockbroker, and that his friends were highly respectable; and by degrees I came to the knowledge that he was courting, and to find out, when he laughed, a slight resemblance between his features and those of the portrait in the casket. Miss Furbey used to dress specially to receive him, for she had a large store of dresses of Irish poplin and brocaded silk, rather out of date; but, as she said, "very good," and I several times saw her arranging her two cork-screw curls in the looking-glass, and picking out a grey hair with a pair of tweezers. She was rather fond of talking about her lover. She admitted to me that he was much changed since she first knew him; but, she added, "so am I, I dare say." I believe she still liked the stockbroker very much indeed, in a quiet way. It was arranged, after a while, that he should visit her on three stated nights per week; but he dropped in accidentally one morning, just after Miss Furbey had stepped out, and waited to see her in the back room. He talked with me on that occasion a good deal, and asked me whether we were very busy, and whether I was a little apprentice, and whether we were always as busy as we were then, and other questions which I have forgotten, but which I think I answered at the time to his satisfaction. Soon after that, Miss Furbey told me, in great agitation, that they were about to be married, and I went home for a week's holydays. When I came back, the stockbroker was living in the house, and Miss Furbey was no longer Miss Furbey, but Mrs. Parmenter. I know her husband always treated her kindly; but he sat about a great deal with his handkerchief on his knees; and beyond muddling in the garden behind the house, or knocking a nail into the wall, or putting up a shelf when required, he was evidently no great assistance to her. She kept him well supplied with white neckcloths of a better colour than he used to wear, for she starched and ironed them herself. He went up to town now and then. He called it going on Change; but whether he really went on Change, or had anything to do there, I do not know. I fancy his friends gave him a little money now and then; and that his stockbroking business (if

he had any at all) was not lucrative.

On the whole, I am inclined to think that in her matrimonial venture, as in everything else, Miss Furbey was, to some extent, the victim of the selfishness of others; though she always spoke well of her husband, and as she survived him, kept the oval portrait hanging on the wall, years after she had put off her widow's cap, and had dropped again into her old, prim, quiet way of life.

BLINDNESS.

It is a curious speculation why so much more compassion and sympathy are shown to the blind than to any other class of sufferers from personal imperfection or infirmity. Their case is sad enough, no doubt, and their privations are great and constant. But their disadvantages are not to be compared with those of persons of deficient intellect, or with those of the deaf, while their personal suffering is much less than that of the deformed or maimed. Those who suppose blindness to be a worse misfortune than deafness, are thinking, we suspect, of total blindness in comparison with partial deafness; whereas we must have both total or both partial, in order to a true comparison. The full power of communication with other minds enjoyed by the blind gives them all that is necessary for the development of every essential faculty; while the deaf and dumb must remain radically deficient in mental power and training all their lives, for reasons which have been assigned in our former account of that class.* Accordingly, no deaf and dumb person has ever yet excelled in any matter in which intellectual power, a vigorous and sound mind, was required; while there is scarcely anything that some blind person or other has not excelled in, except painting and decoration. Yet the blind obtain by far the readiest and most genial sympathy. They are picturesque and affecting on the stage, where the deaf are made simply ridiculous. The deaf are abundantly quizzed; their mistakes being eminently quizzable. But who quizzes the blind? The commonest remark in the world is that the blind are cheerful and agreeable in company, while the deaf are morose and unhappy; yet it does not seem to occur to observers that, to make the comparison complete, they should follow the two into solitude. If they could peep through the keyhole, they would see the counterpart of the contrast; the deaf busy, unembarrassed and happy; and the blind, not necessarily idle or unhappy, but without the animation inspired by social pleasures, which are the delight of their lives. Now this superior sympathy in the case of the blind must be natural, or it would not be so general. It is no doubt owing to the smaller essential

* See Vol. XXV. page 182.

differences between the blind and the generality of persons, together with the very evident and appreciable nature of their privations. In proportion as the case of the deaf becomes better understood, the sympathy will be more equally balanced; and, we imagine, will finally transcend all that is felt for any other imperfect beings, except the mentally deficient. The blind are, on the whole, pretty well aware of their own case. Not only those who have become blind know what they lose, but those who are born blind, gather enough from the people about them to be in a great degree sensible of their privations; and the thing to be looked to in their case is to keep them cheerful and happy; whereas the deaf and dumb are so oddly complacent, so conceited and flippant, so given to joke and quiz, that their guardians have rather to repress their levity, and take down their complacency. And here again is another natural and general reason why the blind inspire the readier and more general sympathy. They are the superior and the more consciously suffering order; although their case is infinitely the less really unfortunate of the two.

With all this sympathy, however, the case of the blind never even began to be truly considered until the structure and functions of the brain began to be understood. Certain powers and acts of the blind seemed as like a miracle, up to a quarter of a century ago, as the idiot striking the hours in the absence of all clocks and watches. When the blind Dr. Saunderson was dying, he said, in answer, to the astonishment of a friend at his remark about some matter of measurement, "Ah! this is one of the many things we blind people can do, that seem to surprise you very much, but are very simple and natural to us." During Dr. Saunderson's life, which lasted fifty-seven years, his abilities were the amazement of one king after another, one philosopher after another, and doctors, scholars, and common people out of number; yet nobody seems to have learned a lesson from him. He was only a year old when he lost his sight by small-pox; so that he could not be supposed to be qualified for his subsequent attainments by anything he had seen in that time. No doubt, even that much experience of light, form, and colour, was of high value to him. When we consider how an infant of a year old knows father and mother, and the cat, and the moon, and likes flowers and gay colours, and tries to catch flies and birds, we may understand that, whether Dr. Saunderson was conscious of it or not, his notions of persons and things must have been very different from those of one who had never received any impressions through the eye at all. The general action of his mind must have been aided by the brief glimpse of light that

was allowed him; but his peculiar attainments were precisely those in which sight is least needed; though observers at the time, and his biographers since, have noted as a sort of miracle his achievement of much that they are accustomed to use their eyes about, and therefore suppose to be impossible of accomplishment without eyes. They are not so much astonished at his telling more accurately than anybody else the size of a room by the sound of the voices and footsteps in it; nor at his telling by the feel in the open air when the smallest fleece of cloud passed over the sun. Whatever he could learn by nicety of sense they can believe in at once. And his classical learning, — so great that he lectured in admirable Latin, with plenty of Greek citation, — they can easily admit, understanding how oral instruction might serve his turn. It was his geography, mathematics, and astronomy that amazed them. That a man who could hardly be said ever to have seen earth or heaven should be the friend and commentator of Newton, should announce discoveries about the equator and the poles, should describe the solar system, with its motions, and its forms, and its spaces, without ever seeing sun, moon, or star; these were the things that seemed marvellous to other people, but very simple and natural to himself. Whereas, now that we know what separate faculties we have for these things, they seem almost as simple and natural to us. Mental arithmetic is a common exercise, in most good schools. The shapes of things are as readily known, by touch as by sight, by all who practise going about in the dark; and the blind pupils of every asylum show that this is quite as easy without ever having seen the form. The difference between them and us, is, that if they were to see the objects they would probably not know them before touching them; though even this turns out to be not quite so certain as it was supposed some time ago. More of that when we have done with Dr. Saunderson. As for his geographical knowledge, why should he not have it as well as we? When once he had learned in his walks how much a mile was, why should he not extend the conception to one hundred miles or one thousand, as well as we? And when he had learned any form at all, why not the form of a continent, or a river-course, or a chain of mountains? What he did *not* know was, what they all looked like; which is not precisely the question in geography. Accordingly, in all good schools for the blind, there are globes and maps with an embossed surface, instead of black, white, and coloured marks. In a foreign country where we travelled several thousand miles, twenty years ago, we met with a blind boy, who was much interested in hearing of our travels. He got his embossed map, and traced our route, without a single

mistake, up one river and down another; over the mountains, now south, now west; there was not a town, nor any chief stage of that great journey, that he did not put his finger on. To him, as to Dr. Saunderson and all his class when educated, this thing seemed very simple and natural. Dr. Saunderson learned his Greek and Latin at a Yorkshire school, where he took his chance among other boys. His father, who was an exciseman, took great pains in exercising him in arithmetic; and the success was so remarkable that two gentlemen undertook, when he was about eighteen, to have him taught algebra and geometry. He made his own signs, — an excellent system of them, — on a board which had sets of pinholes, and pins with large and small heads. His geometrical figures he made with pins and threads. One fact worthy of notice is, that he found great difficulty in understanding a demonstration of Dr. Halley's which appeared not very difficult to other geometricians; but when he had got a notion of what was wanted, he worked out the same problem in his own way, so as to make it clear to others as well as to himself. Dr. Halley's statement, in fact, involved a visual idea, of which probably no one concerned, except the blind man, was aware. This blind man succeeded Whiston, by Newton's recommendation, in the mathematical professorship at Cambridge. Queen Anne made him Master of Arts for the purpose; and George the Second made him Doctor of Laws. A higher honour than all, his commentary on Newton's Principia was published simply on the ground of its value, nearly twenty years after his death. Surely the case of a man who, so long ago, used to sit with his board before him, listening to the reading of Euclid and Archimedes in Greek, should have prepared us much sooner than it did to recognise and train the faculties of the blind. How was it that we went on for above a century gaping and staring at this learned man, without setting to work to see what other blind people could do? Some say it was because Dr. Saunderson's temper was very bad. He was extremely quarrelsome, certainly; but, so are some persons who can see; and we are rather accustomed to suppose that education will mend their tempers, than that it can possibly make them worse. The good exciseman who took such pains with his boy may have indulged him too much, and may have treated that temper of his with false tenderness; but we presume it would have been worse if so energetic and industrious a nature had been left without object and employment.

As to the difference between the blind and the seeing about knowing form by the eye, there are some curious facts on record. It is, we believe, a very ancient puzzle whether a person born blind and obtaining sight, would

know by the eye a cube from a globe. However ancient it may be, the question was revived when the great surgeon, Cheselden, couched a boy who was born blind, and observed what he could do with his new sense; and again, when, a quarter of a century ago, a great stir was made about educating the blind. We ourselves were fond of putting the question to all manner of persons, and comparing the answers. Take a blind boy, who has handled a globe all his life, and who knows it perfectly well from his mother's square work-box of the same size: restore his sight, as Cheselden did, and show him the globe (taken out of its frame) and the box set side by side on the table. Don't let him touch either; and then see if he can tell which is the globe and which is the box. Can he tell? Ignorant and thoughtless persons say off-hand, "Tell! To be sure he can. If he can see, how can he help knowing?" Metaphysicians say (what we, in our metaphysical years, used to say very confidently), "Certainly *not*. The ideas of one sense are in their very nature different from those of another sense, and need to be combined by association. Here, no association has been permitted, and the sense is wholly new, and therefore he cannot possibly tell the cube from the globe." Now that we know more about the brain and its faculties, men of science speak much less confidently. They wish to try a case before pronouncing; but they would not be surprised at finding that the express faculty of recognising form might serve for the purpose, without the help of touch. In this uncertainty, what facts have we? That same boy was very fond of pears. He was shown a pear and an apple lying side by side, and told: "Now you know an apple from a pear, by feeling it. Tell us, with your hands behind your back, which is the pear, and you shall have it." He looked and looked again, his mouth watering all the time, and he could not make it out. In an instant, he darted out his hand, with his eyes shut, knew the pear by the first touch, and ate it in a trice. So we learn little by that, and that little seems to show that he did *not* recognise form by the eye.

The first feeling after the restoration of sight, is, that everything seen touches the eye, and when the person wants to lay hold of any object, he lays hold of his own eye. These bewildering impressions may well confuse and confound the brain-action of the sense. One of the most curious perplexities of this same boy, came out of the clasp of a bracelet. That clasp contained the miniature of his father. He knew the portrait, but was excessively distressed to know how it could come there. Measuring it by his father's face he could not make them agree; and he said it was as unaccountable to him as putting a quart of any-

thing into a pint measure. And yet it is said that Dr. Saunderson could converse learnedly, — really with perfect correctness — on the laws of perspective; a proof, if the assertion be a fact, that some things which seem most to depend on sight are really independent of the eye, as others are of the visual faculty itself.

We now know something of the latent capacities in the blind. If ever we thought that they could only make baskets, and mats, and ropes, and play the organ passably, we now perceive how much we were mistaken, and our sense of duty towards that class of sufferers must be exalted in proportion. This same sympathy that we are all so prone to feel on their behalf is often very mischievous to them, instead of being any solace. The commonest, — let us say boldly, the vulgarest, — shows itself first in taking excessive care that the blind child does not hurt itself. Pray observe, we say *excessive* care. In its home, we see the mother, and everybody else, removing every thing out of its way, opening all doors, catching hold of its petticoats, or never leaving hold of them, never letting it alone, to do what it can and likes. It is tender-spirited, timid, and excessively cross or passionate. Put the same child into a good school for the blind, and what is it like in a month's time? Why, it runs up and down stairs, scuds along the passages with merely the finger-tips touching the wall, lays a hand precisely on the knob of every door, washes and dresses with perfect neatness, swings, runs races — even playing blind man's buff by the ear — says lessons, dines quite cleverly by the aid of the blind man's fork, — so made as to hold just a proper mouthful — laughing instead of crying, at any tumbles, blunders, or little difficulties not yet surmounted. The mother, coming to visit her child, is all amazement. Can this merry, active, dexterous, agile child be the same that was so lately fretting in her arms, the constant anxiety of the entire household?

Next, when there must be addresses spoken, or hymns sung, on anniversary or other charity occasions by the children, the address and the hymn will always be found stuffed full of the very things the children know nothing about, and would not naturally speak of. They tell the audience precisely what the audience knows, and they themselves do not know; — how much they lose by not seeing sun or star, how beauteous are the hues of the flowers and the rainbow that they shall never behold — that to them nature is a blank, and so on; whereas, if they speak or sing at all, it should be what they can feel, about what they have gained, and not about what they lose. It was bad enough that Dr. Blacklock, in Scotland, and a blind lady, in England, wrote descriptive poems. They had a mind to

do it, and they did it; and of course the descriptions were merely wonderful as a matter of memory, and not good as descriptions; but it is far worse to put such things into children's mouths as genuine utterance, and, above all, as religious sentiment. We were once behind the scenes in such a case. There was to be a public meeting for the benefit of a Blind Asylum. An address, in verse, was asked for in various directions, and several were sent in, and thought very beautiful. But a bystander observed that they were all crammed with stars, beams, gleams, hues, and so forth, and suggested that trial should be made to produce one without a single direct visual image in it, — nothing but what some inmate or another of that very school had felt or thought. This seemed a new idea to the managers; but they acted upon it, and with clear success. We do not relish such addresses and public hymn-singing (we mean by a body of sufferers exhibiting themselves to raise money, by means of their privations and devotions together); but, if such utterance must be for a time permitted, at least let it be true.

Next, we object to the false sensibility which would keep the blind (or indeed any other imperfect) persons from "a knowledge of what they lose," as the expression commonly is. Surely they lose quite enough, after the utmost has been done for them; and what right have we to keep from them anything that they are able to learn? We do not mean, of course, that we are to bemoan their lot, — to sit down in the dust with them, like Job's comforters, and enumerate all the blessings they may wish for in vain. All that may be left to the consciousness of the blind. What we mean is, that we do not see the kindness of being silent to a lame person about the view from a mountain top, or to a deaf person about the echoes at Killarney, or to a blind person about a sunrise at sea, or a sunset among the mountains. If the blind person ever saw sunsets, he will be eager to have the impression revived by descriptions. We know one who gets read to him all the critiques upon the picture galleries from the newspapers; as we know a person become deaf, who once was musical, who reads with vast pleasure all accounts of new oratorios, and London concerts. If the blind have never seen, they ought to know as much as they can of what interests other people. Really, one might as well caution young people against dancing in the presence of the old. For that matter, we might as well put our finger in our eye, when a sailor or traveller tells us of the beauties of Batavia, or the glories of the Himalayas. How many of us will see those beauties and glories? The less chance there is of our going to see them, the more important it is that we

should learn from those who can describe them to us. A bedridden old lady likes to hear, when her daughter comes in from her walk, about the dew on the hedges, and the purple light upon the hill: and we ought to take for granted that the stricken blind will enjoy the rousing of old visual memories, as we all enjoy reviving the stories of our youth. The fact is, it is now too late to prevent this happy process of participation. The blind can now read — a good many of them — and all will, by and by; and when our literature is opened to them, none shall say them nay, as to any matter that is contained in books. Their nice sense of touch, which used to be little more than an empty marvel to us, we have now learned to make use of in unbarring the doors which shut them out from literature. We now print books for them, in a type which they feel, instead of see; an embossed type which they learn to run over with their fingers with great readiness. We know a rich lady who spends many of her lonely hours in reading in this way; and we know a poor old washerwoman become blind, who has got over the difficulty of the thickened skin of her finger, and, with eyes upraised, sits enjoying the Pilgrim's Progress during the time that her family are out at work. In our blind schools, the children read in classes, as quickly as, and far more intelligibly than, pupils in most schools: where the custom is to poke over the book, and stop the harsh voice between every two words. A monthly Magazine for the Blind has been recently published by Chapman and Hall, which will be a daily blessing to finger-readers. In Saunderson's time, who would have listened to a prophecy that the blind would be educated much like other people; that the girls would sew and dress their hair as nicely as anybody else, — and that there would be other Saunderson's, men learned in mathematics and classics; that all would read and write to amuse their leisure; read books in a raised type, and write on desks so made that they can scribble private letters in all privacy, and fold, and fasten them without help? Yet all this we now see done; and who shall say how much more amelioration may grow out of it?

This embossed printing is tried on various plans, each of which has some merit of its own: but we feel no doubt about sticking to the ordinary alphabet.* We have no doubt that several changes would be desirable if we now had to introduce the whole art of printing; but, as it is only printing for the blind that has to be practised, we think that no advantage can compensate for the hardship to the recently blind of losing their accustomed alphabet, or for the difficulty of

* See Vol. XX. p. 262, — "Books for the Blind."

preparing good literature for the use of the blind, instead of sending our ordinary books direct to press. We look about us and see — first, tens of thousands of blind persons who want to read — next, a whole literature of noble books, which it would illumine the life of the blind to read — then, a printing-press, and its types ready to bring the other two together; and we say, Do not stand speculating, and inventing, and devising, and keeping all that multitude waiting. Give them what you have ready for them now, and see about improvements afterwards.

The press is Mr. John Edward Taylor's, at 10, Little Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. And either he or his friend, the Reverend William Taylor, 73, Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park, London, will give any information about this new magazine, or receive any subscribers' names. The monthly numbers are only sixpence each. Six shillings a year will give that great pleasure and benefit to some who said, when the films were gathering over their eyes, and when no straining of their sight would avail any longer, that they should never read again. How pleasant to ask them now whether that was not a little mistake of theirs!

DOING BUSINESS IN FRANCE.

They order this matter better in France, says Sterne, at the commencement of his Sentimental Journey; but, as he does not state what the matter is to which he adverts, we are left to imagine any one of a thousand matters, according to the amount and degree of our faith in French excellence. A little experience of travel in France has satisfied me — who am not of the sentimental class — that in holding up this unknown quality for emulation, Sterne could not have meant to eulogise the way in which business (as we understand the word on this side of the water) is carried on in many parts of that vivacious country.

The passport question — that constant source of irritation to the wandering Briton — is too familiar to a Frenchman to cause him much concern, although he sometimes likes to make a difficulty. I remember a case in point.

Some twenty years ago, a beautiful girl landed at Boulogne from England, surrounded by all the éclat which attaches to a primadonna's successful first season. The formularies of examination were not so brief then as we now thankfully acknowledge them to be. When Mademoiselle Bellarosa presented herself with her dame de compagnie, to undergo the ordeal, the young

Costum-house clerk gazed more intently upon her than was usual with him in passing travellers along. It might have been her fame or it might have been her beauty, undimmed by the sea-sorrow of a rough passage; or, perhaps it was her fame and beauty combined. He limited himself, however, to the formal questions, and Mademoiselle Bellarosa, glad to be dismissed, sought her hotel. The next morning she was anxious to set out for Paris; but, it was found that the provisional passport usually given in exchange, until the original was returned at the central office in the capital was not forthcoming. The commissionnaire of the hotel had charged for it in his bill — it was *his* way of doing business — before he received it; he could not tell why the passport had not been delivered; there must be some little mistake; "I will arrange you that," were his own (English) words, "before you can think twice upon him;" and he really departed with the intention of fulfilling his promise. But in half an hour he returned with a perplexed — and, if he hadn't been a Frenchman and a commissionnaire, I should have said, a downcast — air, without the required document. "It must," he observed (in English, which language, as the lady was Italian, he appeared to prefer in communication with her), "it must that Miss have the goodness to render herself to the office even of passports to retire her own;" which meant that a personal attendance was necessary.

I have known some who — but, without instituting disadvantageous companions, I shall merely remark that Mademoiselle Bellarosa behaved admirably, and walked with her dame de compagnie and the commissionnaire to the bureau. The individual who presided there was magnificently attired — perhaps for the occasion. Without describing his toilette, it may be enough to say that he had on a pair of very tight-fitting white kid gloves, so closely buttoned at the wrists, that how he managed to write in them seemed a miracle. It was he who had officiated at the Custom-house, and had taken down the address of Mademoiselle Bellarosa. He was profuse in expressions of courtesy and regret. It desolated him to be compelled to demand the presence of so charming a person, but the rigour of the law (he was telling stories all the time) left him no alternative. A million times would he have preferred to die under the most fearful tortures rather than — of his own free will — have caused the slightest inconvenience to Mademoiselle; but a Frenchman's duty to his country was paramount over every other consideration. His duties did not, however, appear to be very pressing; for, he immediately opened a conversation which, from the variety of its topics, and the energy bestowed on them, would have

occupied until the hour for shutting up the office, if Mademoiselle Bellarosa had not brought him to the point by asking for her passport. Recalled to this frail world, the magnificent young clerk dipped his pen in the ink and proceeded to put a series of official questions, making pretence the while of writing down the answers; which, if they had been literally entered, would not have occupied him two minutes had he not frequently left off to look at Mademoiselle. The lady's patience was at last exhausted, and she urged him, rather angrily, to make an end of his task. Like everything else, therefore, it was brought to a close, Mademoiselle signed it, and, tendering the accustomed fee, demanded her passport.

"Such a thing had never been heard of! The bare thought of it was enough to drive him to distraction! To treat Mademoiselle, a person so distinguished, so —" Here he checked himself. "No, he would rather die a thousand deaths (the old story) than not himself carry the passport to the lady's hotel the moment the office was closed."

"But," exclaimed Mademoiselle Bellarosa, in a state of mind divided between vexation and amusement, "I want immediately to leave Boulogne. The horses are already in the carriage; I wait for nothing but my passport."

"It is not yet stamped, Mademoiselle," returned her official persecutor, driven to his last resource; "that formality accomplished at another bureau, I hasten to deposit the paper at your feet." There was nothing to be done. Mademoiselle Bellarosa cast an angry glance at the infatuated young clerk, and left the place. When she was gone, he (as he afterwards mentioned to a friend) seized the pen with which she had signed her name, and kissed it "a thousand million times." Then he got the document stamped, and sought Mademoiselle Bellarosa at her hotel. I must make short work of a scene which was much longer in acting than was agreeable to one of the parties. Undismayed by the presence of the dame de compagnie, the young clerk threw himself on his knees before Mademoiselle Bellarosa, and poured forth a passionate declaration of love! Suddenly a commissaire de police, whom some inkling of the affair had reached, entered the apartment. "Madame," said the commissary with a low bow, taking possession at the same time of the clerk and the troublesome passport, and handing her the latter, "I wish you a pleasant journey, and have the honour to salute you. Venez donc, gr-r-r-redin!!!" You would hardly think it possible even for a commissary of police to have had such different tones in his voice.

The paper obtained with so much difficulty was subsequently examined, to see if it were perfectly regular. To her infinite

surprise, instead of the usual description — hair, teeth, eyes, height, &c. — Mademoiselle Bellarosa read the following words: "C'est une ange!"

It must be acknowledged that, when the time came for exchanging the paper in Paris, she gave up her provisional passport with regret.

Generous to a fault, and confiding, too, beyond measure, the French are often unnecessarily suspicious. The thorough-going swindler — such a one as lately closed, at the Conciergerie, a career of some five and twenty years' fraud after using up half the names in the English peerage — has only to call himself Milord, order anything, pay for nothing, put on a bold front, and all the world (in France) are at his feet; but the timid traveller, whose honesty is his misfortune, finds it difficult sometimes, with money in his pocket, to obtain credit for a breakfast.

An Englishman generally supposes that a Bank of England note will frank him to its full amount wherever he goes; but it has happened to me on several occasions to discover the fallacy of this notion; for instance, at Vire, that charming little town in the heart of the Roman bocage so famous for its poets, the chief among whom, Olivier Basselin, originated the songs called Vaux-de-Vire, which were afterwards altered into Vaux-de-Ville, and finally gave their name to the popular Vaudeville of the French stage. But however poetically inclined, the prosaic but not unpleasant fact of having dined well at the table-d'hôte of the Moulin Rouge, the principal inn at that time at Vire, recalled me to one of the consequences of dining at my own expense — the necessity of settling the small bill. I was informed of the amount by a very pretty waitress, who wore a cap like a gigantic extinguisher. "Very well," I observed, "but I have no French money. You must change this," and, as I spoke, I took a ten-pound note out of my pocket-book, and poured out another glass of the very excellent Bordeaux with which I had been rewarding my morning's exertions. "What is it, Monsieur?" said the girl. "It is English money," I replied; "I wish to have it changed." The fair Norman took the tissue paper between her finger and thumb as if it had been a spider's web, with the spider in the centre, looked at me for a moment with a smile, and then took it to the bureau of the mistress of the establishment, at the farther extremity of the dining-room. What she said I could not hear; but I saw by her gestures, to which those of her mistress corresponded with telegraphic accuracy, that the appearance of a ten-pound note at that bar was a novelty. The landlady called her husband by the name of Jules. Jules came from a corner of the room where he had just sat down to a bout

of dominoes (and cider) with a friend. A consultation took place, — I was frequently referred to, by signs, both by wife and waitress. Jules shook his head, looked serious, and summoned his friend. Another consultation, more serious looks, more gestures, more shaking of heads: the bank-note passing from hand to hand meanwhile, a hieroglyphic which none could decipher. At length the conclave appeared to have arrived at a decision. They advanced in a body to where I was sitting, sustaining myself (which was not unnecessary) with my Bordeaux. Monsieur Jules, the host, was the spokesman, though there was a chorus of four voices at the end of each remark he made. He addressed me with all the courtesy of manner for which the Normans are distinguished, regretting extremely the fact of his being under the unfortunate necessity of informing me that the piece of paper which I had done him the honour to send to his wife was utterly worthless. I did not at first apprehend the true condition of affairs, but imagined that he fancied the note a forged one. "Suppose," I thought, — "but no, I had it from a London banker — I know it's a good one;" and I told him so. Still smiling, Monsieur Jules replied that he doubted not it was good — for some purpose or other — but that he could not do it the honour of calling it money; in short, that it was, as he had already permitted himself to observe, to him, useless. I now saw the whole bearing of the case: my ten-pound note was, simply, not negotiable. "Was there no money-changer in Vire, the same as in all other French towns?" A shrug of the shoulders all round was the reply. "What was I to do?" I asked, as the circle closed me in, and I faced them, with my back to the table, unable to fly, and not at all disposed to fight. A second shrug, succeeded by the remark from Madame Volpecq, the hostess, that "probably Monsieur knew somebody in Vire who would satisfy her claim;" as to anybody changing the note, that seemed never to enter into her calculation. "No. I was a perfect stranger. Had only arrived that morning." Might Monsieur Jules ask in what way I was travelling? A hired carriage. Then the driver could testify something respecting me. Did I oppose myself to his being sent for? On the contrary, I was only too glad. The man came, and in a few words relieved my anxiety: he had twenty francs, which were quite at my service. I gladly borrowed them, settled with Madame Volpecq (who then restored my ten-pound note), ordered the horse to be put-to, and a quarter of an hour afterwards took leave of Vire, making a mental memorandum never to go there again unprovided with the coin of the realm.

I could speak of other places

in France, more in the common route of travellers, where I have known similar doubts to prevail as to the solvency or respectability of the Bank of England, chiefly arising from the circumstance of the existence of "the old lady in Threadneedle Street" being entirely unknown. But what surprised me more than the refusal to discount paper, which might or might not have been of value, was what befel me on another occasion, at Saint Lo, also in the province of Normandy. It was the ordinary predicament, want of change, to obtain which, I went to the shop of a certain Monsieur Babou, who announced himself to the public as a jeweller and goldsmith; and, moreover, a dealer in specie, so that it appeared to me if one thoroughly cognisant of metallic values were wanted in Normandy, Babou would probably have been the individual selected. The shop-window did not make much show — a silver crucifix, a coffee-pot on an ebony pedestal, under a glass shade, and half a dozen very sharp-pointed tea-spoons, appeared to comprise the whole of the stock paraded for public admiration; but there was the announcement that specie met with every polite attention within, and that was sufficient for me. Accordingly I entered. Behind a counter, on which was a case not over full of ornaments, such as ear-rings, hearts, and crosses made of much attenuated gold, sat a young lady of about sixteen years of age, with her head dressed à la Chinoise, and a small curled look (the "accrochecœur") gummed close to each cheek, which performed, amidst other duties, the office of a feminine whisker. I inquired if the shop were not a Money-changer's, to which the young lady, who was a demoiselle of the house of Babou, replied in the affirmative, and begged me to give myself the trouble of being seated. I obeyed her wish, and placing myself on a somewhat lofty stool, with a very shiny surface, took out my purse, and placed a few sovereigns on the counter. "Ah, you desire to change some gold!" said Mademoiselle Babou. "Wait." I waited, and with some effort, she drew from beneath the counter an enormous folio, which she opened wide upon the glass case, at the imminent risk, as I thought, of grinding it to powder. She then began carefully to turn over the leaves, and from the number of plates — all of them representing similar objects — I judged that it was a work on coins, and served the purpose of a Numismatic Cambist.

"Business," I said, to myself, while the young lady poured over the huge tome — "business can't be very brisk at Saint Lo, if this is the way they set about it." Presently there was a pause; a smile dimpled the pretty cheek of Mademoiselle Babou, she extended her taper fingers, and taking up one of the sovereigns placed it on the page, side by side with one of

the engravings. "I see," she said, with an air of supreme satisfaction, "those are guineas!" I rectified the mistake by remarking that the coins to which she referred were sovereigns, bearing the effigies of George, of William, and of Victoria. She examined them more closely. It was true. The obverse bore some resemblance to her engraving, but the other side was very different. Moreover, the "milling" puzzled her. "I should not be surprised," she said, "if this were gold" — I assured her it was — "but I am not in a position to say how much it is worth." I explained the actual amount in francs. "It is possible," was her reply, "but see, Sir, I am all alone to-day; my papa, who understands perfectly all these things, is gone to visit my aunt to arrange some family affairs. The house of my aunt is two leagues distant, and papa, who dines there, will not return until late in the evening. Still, if Monsieur desires, and will confide to me one of these guineas (she could not get out of that track) I will send the servant with it to my papa, who will instantly know its exact value, and, when once I am informed on the subject, I can, without difficulty, calculate how much the whole of this comes to!" I answered that the arrangement which Mademoiselle Babou proposed was excellent in all respects except one: that her messenger could not reasonably be expected to return in less than five hours, and I was obliged to leave Saint Lo by the diligence for Caen in about ten minutes. Mademoiselle Babou was very sorry; did I desire any other thing? her papa had recently invented a very ingenious mecanique for catching flies, which had been patented by the Government; he made them of silver-gilt as well as pure silver, and if Monsieur would like —"

I was obliged to cut short the proposition that was about to follow, by pleading my immediate departure, and bowing to Mademoiselle Babou, I left her to study numismatics, or catch flies, whichever she preferred, while I went to the diligence office, where my sovereigns were converted into five-franc pieces without a syllable.

This is the opposite phase of French character: implicit belief in the pecuniosity of any Englishman who chooses to aver it. At Bordeaux once, on High Change, I tendered a bank note for twenty pounds to an old lady who sat before a small table covered with piles of silver and gold. Without looking at it, she asked me what was the amount; and, on my assurance, gave me the value in French money with the additional premium. I could not help saying that if she gave herself no more trouble with others than she did with me, she ran the risk of being cheated. Her reply was an indescribable grimace, and then followed the admission that she had been "done" once to the tune of three or four thousand francs.

But it did not seem to have made her a whit more cautious. In Paris, too, amongst people who are so eternally on the qui vive, every one knows the facility with which notes are changed, but then, it may be said, that the quick eyes of the changers can detect a forgery as rapidly as a banker's clerk. That is true enough, but all their skill cannot enable them to tell at sight whether the note presented be your own, or stolen property; it may have been advertised in the Times of the day before, or it may not; the chances, at any rate, are in favour of the offerer, and against the money-changer; but he is content; a certain profit attaches to the exchange, and he tosses the note into the window, while he methodically piles up the five-franc pieces, or hands the rouleau.

But supposing you have neither gold, nor bank notes; only a credit. In Paris this makes no difference, but there are some capitals I wot of where you may present the best letter of credit in the world, and get for answer — what? That which I received at a certain city, where I was informed that nothing could be done that day because the principal had gone to the mountains for a day's hunting!

FRENCH DOMESTICITY.

A FRENCHWOMAN'S characteristics are generally that she is unexceptionally shod; that she wears inimitable gloves; that she has a toilette of two colours only, with a distracting way of wearing a shawl; that her manners are bewitching, full of small graces and delicately-shaded coquetteries, but never wanting in the nicest appreciation of external proprieties, to which her flirtations are always subordinate; that she has a marvellous facility of walking clean through the dirty streets of Paris, and as marvellous a knack of holding up her skirts with one hand over her left hip (I have seen many Englishwomen try to imitate this, but I never saw one succeed); that she has a supernatural preservation of youth, and a bewildering habit of mistaking her friend's husband for her own. These are her popular characteristics, and few people allow her any other; but those who know her well, know that other thoughts besides dress and flirting work beneath those smooth bands of glossy hair, which look as if they had taken a life-time to bring into their present high condition of polish and intricate arrangement, and that the hands, in their close-fitting gloves, can do something better than make up caps or crochet purses; that she is not only an agreeable woman of society, but also a careful housekeeper, an affectionate mother, and a submissive wife.

Look at that pretty little woman, tripping pleasantly along the boulevard, and chatting gaily

with the bonne in the high white Normandy cap, who walks familiarly by her side. The bonne is carrying an infant, clothed all in white down to its boots, or in blue and white, which shows that it is voué au blanc, or au bleu et blanc: that is, consecrated to the Virgin for one, perhaps for two years, either for fear or for gratitude. Our little woman herself is dressed in perfect good taste; from head to foot not an incongruous colour, not an ill-fitting line. Her bonnet alone would madden the country milliner who should try to discover the structural secret of all those clippings of silks, and laces, and ribbons, and how it was that each colour and material seemed to belong so entirely to the others, and to harmonise with, or form the complement of the whole. Examine closely, and you will find this pretty bonnet, and that elegant-looking gown which fits like wax, are both of the simplest material; they appear to be good enough for an English duchess, but it is the richness of good taste and arrangement, not of stuff, that our Parisian coquette delights in; and she knows how to look better in a cheap print than many others in satin or in velvet. She has an elegantly-shaped basket in her hand, and she carries it gracefully, and not at all as if it were filled with common household stuff. But lift up the cover, and you will find a bunch of sorrel leaves (oseille), or a thick slice of pumpkin (potiron) for to-day's dinner, if it be Friday, when they must have soupe maigre for conscience' sake; or, perchance, if inclined to expenditure, and the dinner may be gras, you will see a small ris de veau (in a bill we know of, this article of food, called in English sweetbread, was charged as the smile of a calf), or a mutton cutlet, or a piece of bifstek from the entre-côtes, or anything else small and relishing for the plat de viande. Anyhow, it is sure to contain something useful and domestic, whether in the shape of fruit, vegetables, meat, or butter and eggs, of which there is a large consumption in a French household; something that few English ladies would buy for themselves, and fewer still carry home through Regent Street, when dressed, as our little friend is to-day. We have seen a marquise of the real old nobility, a rich woman too, carry a big flower-pot from the Marché des Fleurs, at the Madeleine, with as much indifference as our fine ladies would carry a bouquet or a fan.

Let us follow this little woman, and see how she lives in her own house, and if she be there only the gay butterfly she looks in the streets, or if she have any graver notion of the duties of life than dress and flirting. We follow her into a by-street, and into another by-street, a third, and a fourth — perhaps to the Quartier du Roule, perhaps to Chaillot, or just in the contrary direction, to the Marais, or to Bercy. She suddenly extin-

guishes herself in the yawning jaws of a porte-cochère in one of these by-streets, let us say in the Rue de la Pépinière, near the Faubourg Saint Honoré. She stops at the porter's lodge to take her key, and speak a few words pleasantly to the porter: in all probability more than a few, for our little woman loves talking, and is usually well informed on all the gossip of the quartier. She hears all that has happened in her absence, including the arrest of certain unfortunate brigands, who have been marched between files of soldiers with fixed bayonets, to the house of the commissaire, opposite: or that Madame Une-telle has gone out in a petit coupé with Monsieur Un-tel; and, Mon Dieu! — but some people are blind. Our friend shrugs her shoulders in virtuous indignation, and, mindful of a possible future, calls the concierge Monsieur or Madame with praiseworthy perseverance; for she pays respect to every one. In France the rendering, in England the exacting, of respect, marks the true blood, in rather diverse manners. She and her child, and the bonne, now mount the stairs. First, second, third, fourth flights; again another, and at the fifth the bonne unlocks the door, and the family enter.

It is an apartment of four pièces, or rooms, inclusive of the kitchen, and exclusive of the antichambre; a small vestibule without light, where, if they want an additional room, the servant is often put, to sleep, when not domiciled in the kitchen. The rest of the suite is composed of a salle à manger, a salon, one bedroom, and a kitchen. This is a very common partition of the upper stories in Parisian houses, and goes under the name of a petit appartement. The rooms are well furnished, and the first thing which strikes the visitor is the lightness of the general effect. The window-curtains are of muslin, clean and pure; they cost very little, yet they are exceedingly elegant; there is no carpet, but little round pieces, woven expressly for the purpose, and placed before each chair, and a few low footstools, or tabourets, do carpet duty; and the floors are highly polished, and generally of wood, worked diagonally. The chairs, tables, and sofas are of beautiful shapes, and the easy chairs are delightful. Flowers grow in a jardinière in the window, and cut bouquets are in vases on the table, and on the chiffoniers, and, on each side of the ormolu clock, which is sure to be in the centre of the chimney-piece against the mirror — for you may be certain of the mirror over the fire-place: that is one of the great facts of French furniture, never absent. This is the salon. The dining-room is more scantily furnished. The floor is of hexagon-shaped tiles, and there is no fire-place, but a stove instead, which is

pretty sure to smoke, and quite certain to stifle, without warming you; and in summer, flowers and flower-pots stand on the stove instead of on the chimney-piece. There is a table, there are some chairs, and two arm-chairs, a kind of side-board, and a clock — not so handsome as the drawing-room clock, but still a clock. We pass now to the bed-room, which opens into the drawing-room. Indeed, we ought to have given the description of the rooms as they stand. First, the antichambre, which opens into the dining-room; through the dining-room is the salon, and through the salon, with a door leading into the antichambre and facing the kitchen, is the bed-room. The bedroom is almost more tastefully arranged than the salon, for the mistress spends chief part of her in-door life here. The two beds are close together, and very small; they stand within a kind of alcove or recess, and are almost entirely screened by white curtains, bordered with pink, and tied up with large pink rosettes, that hang before the recess. The armoire, or wardrobe, is of mahogany, and has large mirrored doors; and there is a round glass; framed in muslin, tied up also in pink, as in the days of Louis Quatorze; and the dressing-table, where it stands is clothed in the like drapery. The washing apparatus, we are bound in sorrowful truth to say, is small and inefficient. A skeleton tripod holds one baby basin for the whole family, and the ewer is not much larger than the milk-jug used for the coffee at breakfast. The skeleton has two small ribs; the upper one for the soap-dish, and the lower one for a tooth-glass — rarely used; but there are none of the luxurious addenda of sponge-basin, nail-brush, dishes, &c. &c., which we have made necessities. We cannot help wondering how the French are able to make themselves even look clean with such scanty provision for the purpose. But, passing by that lean tripod, we come to vases of artificial flowers, placed on the table close by; to another clock, not quite so handsome as the one in the drawing-room, but very pretty, nevertheless; to a sofa, an easy chair, a table covered with woman's work, more rounds of carpet and circular tabourets, and a second wardrobe, also with glass doors, for Monsieur le Mari. This completes the inventory of the bedroom, which does service for the lady's boudoir as well. The servant's room (when she does not sleep in the antichambre) is up stairs, still higher; and the child or children sleep with the parents.

This is an exceedingly common style of house arrangement in Paris, and is by no means a despicable style. It secures a good position and a respectable appearance, with modest private accompaniments. It does not stamp poverty with degradation,

and force the less wealthy to herd together in low neighbourhoods, where house-rent is cheap because houses are badly built and badly situated. In such a house, barons and marquises may live on the best floors, while the other occupants graduate off, through the well-to-do middle-classes, up to workpeople in the attics; the general arrangements being public to the noble and the workman alike. Small as this circumstance may seem, it is one of the many causes which refine the French workman and bring him into pleasant brotherhood with the rich and high.

In an apartment such as we have described; where all is simple, elegant, plain, and thoroughly well-assorted; where there has been very little expense and a great deal of artistic taste in the choosing of the furniture; our young wife begins her housekeeping, when she does not live with the parents of one or the other side, as often happens with newly-married people, and which is indeed the mode if the wife be young, as she generally is. But the little woman we have followed over the pavement of the Italians, has earned herself the right of independence now, by her motherhood; so she and her husband, who is an employé in a government office, have established themselves in their present home, and have taken their stand as one of the nuclei of society.

But there are other things necessary to domestic life besides chairs and tables; and a ménage must have a well-organised commissariat, as well as an upholstery department. Here it is that our true Frenchwoman shines pre-eminent. How best to market — how to save a few centimes by haggling, cheapening, stinting, without absolute dishonesty or starvation — employs her faculties to the utmost; as much so as a general's victualling his troops in a hostile country. Early in the morning, our little woman, so fresh and gay in the afternoon, sallies out to market, dressed in garments that defy appearances and fashion. She enquires the price of everything she sees, whether she wants the article or not, and offers about a third, sometimes half, less than the sum demanded for what she does intend to buy. In vain the marchands scream at the top of their voices to madame, exhorting her to be reasonable — in vain they pluck her by the sleeve and assure her that Monsieur son Mari will be charmed with her if she take him home these delicious greens, or that ravishing asparagus. She tells them they must talk common sense, and bids them ask such prices of the English, who know no better. She generally ends by bargaining her articles down to her own prices, and walks off with them in triumph: for she has saved perhaps a couple of sous by half an hour's vociferation. At the butcher's it is the same.

She helps to cook the dinner she has bought; for servants are wasteful with char-coal, and she knows to an inch how little she can use. In that marvellous place, a French kitchen — where two or three little holes in a stove, cook such delicate dishes, and perform such culinary feats as our great roaring giants of coal fires have no conception of — she flits about like a fairy, creating magical messes out of raw material of the most ordinary description. She mixes up the milk and eggs that make the foundation of the soupe à l'oseille, if it be meagre day. This sorrel soup is a great favourite in economical households, and is vaunted as being highly refraîchissant for the blood; indeed, one of the most refreshing things you can take, next to a tisane of lime flowers. She mixes the salad — oil, salt, and pepper are all she puts into it; she fries the potato chips, or peeps into the pot of haricots, or sees that the spinach is clean, and the asparagus properly boiled. And then she turns to the plat sucré, or sweet dish, if she have one for dinner — the riz au rhum, or the œufs à la neige, or the crême à vanille — all simple enough and cheap, and not to be unwittingly rejected, if properly made. In fact our friend does the work of head cook; the servant doing the dirty work. Yes, though a lady born and bred, refined, elegant, and agreeable in society, a belle in her way, yet she does not think it beneath her dignity to lighten the household expenses by practical economy and activity. The dinner of a French family is cheap and simple. There is always soup, the meat of the stew-pan — sometimes, if not very strict in expenditure, another plate of meat — generally two vegetables dressed and eaten separately; and sometimes, not always, a sweet dish. If not that, a little fruit, such as may be cheapest and in the ripest season. But there is very little of each thing; and it is rather in arrangement than in material that they appear rich. The idea that the French are gourmands in private life is incorrect. They spend little on eating, and they eat inferior things; though their cookery is rather a science than a mere accident of civilisation. At home the great aim of the French is to save; and any self-sacrifice that will lead to this result is cheerfully undertaken, more especially in eating and in the luxury of mere idleness. No Frenchwoman will spend a shilling to save herself trouble. She would rather work like a dray-horse to buy an extra yard of ribbon, or a new pair of gloves, than lie on the softest sofa in the world in placid fine-ladyism, with crumpled gauze or bare hands.

A word, too, on the more feminine matters of economy; for they are curiosities in their way, and may be of use to one class of the readers of Household Words. Only those who have

seen the results of this side of saving would believe in their possibility, unless initiated in the process. A Frenchwoman cleans her gloves, light boots, ribbons, silks, and laces, at the cost of a few sous, and with surprising success. They pass for new at any but the closest inspection, and are worthy to do so. A Frenchwoman never buys a lining for a new gown; she cuts up her old gowns, or worn-out petticoats instead. She unpicks and stitches up again, changes, turns, irons, and renews, until every inch of the stuff has served half-a-dozen purposes, and there is not an unworn thread left in the whole garment. A Frenchwoman is always noticeable for her clean linen — cuffs and collars always white and fresh; but then she works them herself, and washes them at home; and thus procures another large feminine luxury at small cost. It is the same with her table-linen. Napkins at breakfast, napkins at dinner, and fresh tablecloths or upper napkings constantly renewed. These real luxuries are also gained by industry and energy, for the bonne washes them at home. But perhaps, if she have only one child, our little woman keeps no servant, and gets on with a femme de ménage, or a femme de journée, who comes twice in the day; to clean the house in the morning, and again in the afternoon to help prepare dinner, and wash up the service afterwards. In this case, there is a frotteur once or twice a week—a man who scrubs and polishes the floors by skating over them on brushes. The water, wood, and charcoal are brought up by men; and, by the way, the water-carrier is generally one of the honestest men of the quartier, and may be trusted like a commissioner, or the horloger who winds up the clock in an hotel. And it is our little woman's supreme delight, after she has dusted all the ornaments in her rooms, and superintended the second déjeûner, to dress herself smart and gay, and sit at the open window and work; an amusement varied in the summer by leaning out of the window, which she will do many times in the day; especially if it commands a street. After dining she may be invariably seen there, side by side with her husband, who is propably smoking, and frequently, if it be very warm, in his shirt-sleeves. After they have lounged there for half-an-hour, they stroll into the Champs Elysées, or on to the Boulevards, and, if he is in a good humour, they take chairs at a café chantant, and sip a glass of sherbet, or a cup of black café; and thus for a few sous — perhaps she saved them between the butcher's and the greengrocer's to-day — they enjoy music, fresh air, society, and gaiety, in their most innocent and attractive forms. Or they go to the play: especially on Sundays, after they have done their duty at the eleven o'clock mass.

Our government employé is poor, it is true. He has only about a hundred pounds a year, —perhaps he may make up three thousand francs, or a hundred and twenty pounds; but thousands of well-dressed young married people have no more, and many who look every bit as well as they, have not so much. They think their fine toilettes and their theatre tickets well purchased by a few stinted dinners, and a little extra handiwork. They would rather slave in the mornings, and enjoy themselves in the evenings, than spend a monotonous existence of dull idleness and lazy respectability. Perhaps they are not so far out in their code of social philosophy.

Nothing can be more innocent than the pleasures of a French family, and nothing more domestic, if domesticity mean family union, and not house incarceration. A French father and mother take their children with them wherever they go. Into the Tuileries gardens, that paradise for little people; into the Bois de Boulogne, and under the shadow of the stately trees of Saint Germains; or through the royal avenues of Versailles. Wherever they are, there is mon fils of six or seven years old, and ma fille of two or three. They see no degradation in amusing even their youngest children; and you will often observe a stalwart fellow, six foot high, dandling his baby as deftly as a professional nurse; and that before the open eyes of the whole Tuileries world. People don't laugh at him for it; some respect him, but most take it as a matter of course—they do just the same themselves. This does not look like that universal renunciation of family ties which has long been a popular idea among us concerning the French. Indeed, they live more with each other than we do; and are both more respectful to the aged and more careful of the young. The affectionate respect paid to parents is peculiarly delightful, and must strike every English person who mixes in French society. As for the children, they live entirely with the parents. After a certain age, generally after they are four years old, they dine with them at six o'clock, and they are never absent from the mother's side until they go to a college or a convent to be educated. Thousands of young French girls have never slept a night away from the paternal roof; and, if thoroughly well brought up, their bedrooms open into, and are only approached from, the mother's. French nurses and mothers are exceedingly indulgent, and have a great horror of Englishwomen, whom they believe to be harsh and cruel. Only those deeply bitten by the Anglo-mania, which Bérangerreprobates, would place an Englishwoman near their children. It is a common saying that those who keep an English servant must keep a servant to attend on her.

However, it is certain that a little wholesome discipline might not be thrown away on the Adolphes and the Eulalies of our acquaintance; and a strong-hearted Saxon, of good sense and vigorous mind, might work a salutary reform among many of those tiny Gallic rebels who set at naught all law, and utterly despise all order. Still, if the result be that the children are over-spoiled, at least it proves the kind-heartedness and patience of the parents. It is a strange and at first sight an anomalous fact, that a nation so free and individual as the French in many things, supports such stringent parental discipline as their code allows. Up to the age of twenty-one, a son may be imprisoned by his father for vicious, or, as we should term it fast, habits — gaming, contracting debts, and so forth. At no time of his life, if he be not a widower, can he marry without his parents' consent, unless he have recourse to three judicial citations. A mother has power over her daughter to the end of her life, if she be not married; and it is a common form of punishment for unworthy mothers, to deprive them of this power for a term of years. Again, the practice, universal even among the poorest, of saving up marriage portions for the daughters, shows that the parental affections can take the form of self-sacrifice as well as of over-indulgence. Then, as to the more purely domestic habits. In the middle class, once a week certainly, perhaps oftener, they have family réunions of fathers and brothers, and sisters and mothers, and they make dinners, and form parties, only among themselves, with wonderful zeal and constancy. Our little woman, for instance, has a married brother, and her husband has another married brother, and a sister also married; and these several fraternities, with their children, and fathers, and mothers, make up a goodly company. Yet, large as this home circle is, it all converges into a point once or twice a week; and dinners and soirées are given in the most domestic manner possible. True, the husbands sometimes go out and smoke their cigars in a café, and read the newspapers there, while sipping their absinthe and water, or chocolate; and sometimes, too, they dine out together at a restaurant, instead of at home. But these facts argue no want of family feeling. They are simply characteristics of Parisian life, not necessarily including either license of habits or indifference. Indeed, the whole tenor of the French middle-class life is strongly the reverse; although we know this is a new view of French character, and one which many will not accept.

On the whole, there are many worse things than a French ménage, with its cheapness, its gaiety, its out-of-door pleasures, its social charms and artistic arrangement. And though that

little dark-eyed woman has the terrible fault of perverting the thing that is, and of reading letters that don't belong to her, and of suspecting every one she knows, sees, or hears of, of immoral practices, yet, in spite of these fearful misdemeanours, there is something so arch, animated, and bright in her, that, between her tact and her cleverness, her gracious manners and her spirituelle conversation, she is a very fascinating little person. If she were but truthful and severely honourable — which she is not always, more's the pity! — she would be an admirable specimen of feminine attractiveness and loveable womanhood.

DONE TO A JELLY.

Professor Owen, when lecturing on the results of our late Exhibition, spoke warmly and well respecting the economical value of little fragments from the animal world — little bits which our forefathers were wont to throw away. He dwelt on the fact that the most uninviting, and seemingly most worthless parts of animal bodies, are turned to uses of the most unexpected kind by the inventive skill and science of man. He remarked that the most signal progress in the economical extraction and preparation of pure gelatines and glues from the waste remnants of the skins, bones, tendons, ligaments, and other gelatinous tissues of animals, has been made in France, where the well-organised and admirably-arranged establishments for the slaughter of cattle, sheep, and horses in large towns, give great and valuable facilities for the economical application of all the waste parts of animal bodies. Indeed, this is one way to measure our social progress. While some men are striving to make better use than our forefathers of substances always recognised as valuable, others are directing their attention to humble and lowly bits and scraps which a former age would have spurned, kicked, trampled on, despised, burned, and otherwise ill-used and maltreated.

Given, a bone — to find a basin of soup in it. Here is a problem in gelatinous mathematics; and a very sensible problem it is too. Many generations ago the French chemist, Papin, set to work in good earnest on this matter. He made a vessel which he called a digester, closed everywhere except at a small hole at the top, which was provided with a safety-valve; the digester was enormously strong; insomuch that when the valve was weighed down heavily, water could be made to boil at a much higher temperature than the familiar two hundred and twelve degrees. This was the gist of the whole matter; for whatever may be extracted from bone by hot water, much more can be extracted by doubly hot water. Papin broke his bones, put them into the digester, made

the water boil at a fierce heat, and obtained a gelatinous extract which became a tremulous solid when cold. Another old philosopher of those days, Boyle, found the means to make the most of a cow-heel. He exposed it to a moderate heat for four hours in a perfectly close vessel, without any water; he then found the entire cow-heel to be so softened, that he could cut it up with a knife, as if the softer parts had furnished moisture for mollifying the rest. The late Mr. Aikin found that, after extracting much gelatine from bones by ordinary boiling, there was another portion which nothing but a higher boiling heat could liberate from the cellular structure of the bone. During the long Napoleonic wars, bone-soup was made in some of the hospitals and military headquarters of France, by Papin's method; and many pamphlets were written in advocacy of the plan of collecting bones as a soup-making article of food in besieged garrisons. Those who have tasted it say, however, that bone gelatine extracted at this high temperature, has a sort of unpleasant burnt flavour; and certain chemists have suggested quite a laboratory-like mode of proceeding. First take, or beg, or borrow, or pick your bones; boil them to extract the fat; steep them in very diluted muriatic acid, to dissolve the earthy basis; wash the remaining semi-transparent gelatinous mass in water; dissolve it in forty times its weight of boiling water; evaporate the jelly thus produced to a state of greater consistency; — and there is your soup. Whether bone-soup is really made, let the scientific cooks declare; but it is certain that the scrapings, shavings, and sawdust of bones are used by pastrycooks as a material for jelly, which is yielded the more readily on account of the attenuated state to which the fragments of bone have been previously reduced; and the jelly is said to be nearly as good as calf's-foot jelly. Bone gelatine, too, is imported from France in cakes or sheets, to take part in preparations for the table.

A well-disposed cow or sheep would not be niggardly in the bestowal of these gelatinous treasures. Skin, membrane, tendon, ligament, bone, hoof, horn, feet — all yield gelatine. In producing that gelatinous substance which artisans call by the somewhat unmeaning name of size, it is customary to use clippings of hides, hoofs, horns, and feet; and the refuse from the skins of horses, dogs, and cats; and the shreddings of parchment, vellum, and white leather, — all are welcome to the size-tubs: these are cleaned, and boiled, and skimmed, and strained, and cooled. But the making of glue is a yet more curious affair. Go into one of the glue-factories between London Bridge station and Greenwich. You find heaps of flaps, roundings, scrapings, and cuttings of skins — all sorts of

refuse, indeed, from the tanners' and leather-dressers' yards. You see how these bits and scraps are cleansed in lime-water, rinsed in clean water, dried on hurdles, boiled to a jelly; you see how this jelly is clarified, cooled in large masses, cut by a spade into square cakes, and further cut by brass wires into slices; you see how these slices are placed upon nets stretched across wooden frames; how these frames are piled up in the open air; how they are roofed over to protect them from rain; how the slices are turned two or three times a day to facilitate their drying; how they are kept in lofts for some months to harden; and how they then become glue.

There has been a new claimant to gelatinous honours within the last few years, under the name of marine glue. Wonders are told of the adhesiveness of this stranger; that it makes wood stronger than unglued wood could be; that it takes twenty tons of pulling force to remove a glued splinter; that an oaken cannon-ball will not split in the seams cemented with marine glue; with many other marvels. But this we have little to do with here; the marine glue is a cement, and a remarkable one; but it has, we believe, no animal gelatine in its composition.

Gelatine casts are a pretty example of one mode in which glue may be made ornamental, or at least subservient to ornament. They are not properly casts, but moulds for casts; and the reason why they are valued is, that the elasticity of the material removes many of the objections attending the use of sand, clay, wax, or plaster for moulds. Pure gelatine, or gelatine mixed with treacle, will furnish a very elastic material for moulds. Casts from anatomical preparations, casts from calcareous concretions, casts for vegetable substances, casts from ivory carvings, have been obtained in great beauty from gelatine moulds; the material is so elastic, that no amount of alto-relievo or under-cutting will baffle it. Gelatine casts for gelatine moulds can even be produced; and as these casts are very elastic, we may obtain carved basreliefs from flat or plain originals. The extraordinary electrotypic arts are not altogether unindebted to these gelatinous casts and moulds; for the gelatine may be impressed upon an electro-coppered work of art; or the electro-coppering may be effected upon a gelatine cast, properly coated on the surface with black-lead or some other material. In fact, gelatine, or else that peculiar mixture of glue and treacle whereof printers' inking-rollers are made, has a degree of elasticity which bids fair to give it a gradually extending range of application in the arts.

It may be within the memory of many who read this, how dazzling and holiday-like was the display of gelatine sheets in Hyde

Park three years ago. Beautiful they certainly were, for their thinness, their smoothness, their glossiness, their transparency, and their rich colours. The French manufacturer who exhibited these sheets, and who designates himself a Gelatineur, tells us, in his trade circular, that, until recently, the high price of pure gelatine has rendered this substance available only for articles of luxury; but now, when it can be obtained either from bones or from common glue, it is and ought to be cheaper. He magnanimously announces that he does not wish, by his improved processes, to injure the trade of his brother gelatineurs; and that he is quite ready to describe his own processes to all whom it may concern. By this means, he thinks, gelatine-making might rise to the dignity of a science.

The gelatineur enumerates, one by one, the several purposes to which this really pretty substance is applied. First, he says, he can apply it as a layer to the surface of an engraving or woven material, to which it serves as a varnish. He can make it into a thin carton, for address cards, visiting cards, or images réligeuses, which may be either coloured or colourless. He can make it of the same thickness, but yet more transparent, to assist wood-engravers and others in transferring or copying their designs. He can make it as exquisitely thin as the thinnest paper, as supple as silk, as transparent as glass. In this state he calls it paper-crystal, or crystal-paper; and he sells it to the perfumer as envelopes and wrappers for his dainty boxes and bottles; to the fleuriste as a material whence to make transparent artificial flowers; to the lithographic printer, as a delicate paper whereon he may print in gold, silver, or colours. It was this crystal-paper which shone so brightly at our Exhibition, in sheets as large as five feet by four. We suppose the gelatineur to refer to a sort of tapestry-hangings or drapery adornments, when he says, that with these sheets of crystal paper "on pourra tapisser des salles de bal." He claims for these thin films a power of resisting all the variations in the humidity of the atmosphere.

It may be interesting to know in what way these curious preparations of gelatine are sold in Paris. The gelatineur tells us that the sheets generally measure about fifty centimètres by thirty-four (equivalent to about twenty inches by thirteen). There are the thin sheets for cards, about fifty francs per hundred; there is the crystal-paper for perfumers and fleuristes, about twenty-five francs per hundred sheets; there is the papier glâcé, for designers and engravers, forty francs per hundred; there is the crystal-paper, with printed adornments in gold, or silver, or colours, about a hundred and twenty francs per hundred; there is the varnish film, twenty francs; there

is the impermeable quality given to any of the varieties, at twenty francs per hundred additional. Lastly, our gelatineur gives a specimen of the kind of productions which may serve as shop-bills or address-cards; he gives one of his own, about six inches by four, printed in gold on thin crimson-coloured gelatine sheets; and states that such productions he can supply at five francs per hundred.

We are quite prepared to learn that these prettinesses are made in London as prettily as in Paris; but the great fat Post Office Directory does not throw any light on this matter. There is, it appears, another Frenchman to whom precedence is given in this interesting art. This is M. Grenet of Rouen. Professor Owen, in the lecture before adverted to, speaks of "the different kinds of gelatine, in thin layers, adapted for the dressing of stuffs, and for gelatinous baths, in the clarification of wines which contain a sufficient quantity of tannin to precipitate the gelatine; pure and white gelatines cut into threads for the use of the confectioner; very thin white and transparent sheets of papier glâcé, or ice-paper, for copying drawings; and a quantity of objects of luxury or ornament, formed of dyed, silvered, or gilt gelatines, adapted to a variety of purposes, and to the fabrication of artificial and fancy flowers;" and he spoke of M. Grenet as having been the first to fabricate largely, out of various residues of animal bodies, of little value, these beautiful and diversified products, many of which previously were derived from the more costly substance, isinglass.

What is this isinglass here spoken of, and one of the two sources or groups of gelatinous substance mentioned in an earlier paragraph? There are many kinds of isinglass, good and bad, but all are fishy — whether "ancient and fishlike" we will not say — but fishy certainly. The best isinglass, it is said, is prepared in Russia, from the membranes of the sturgeon, especially from its air-bladder and sounds. These membranes, when removed from the fish, are washed with cold water, and exposed to dry and stiffen in the open air. The outer skin is removed, and the remainder is cut out and loosely twisted into rolls. The rolls, called staples, are of different sizes, according to the purposes to which they are to be appropriated. The substance is also brought to market in two other forms — scrapings, called leaf-isinglass, and packages, called book-isinglass. We are more familiar with isinglass in the state of slender filaments. These are prepared through the intervention of cutting machines. The purposes to which this isinglass is applied are numerous — jellies, ices, creams, blancmange are made with its aid; beer is fined or refined with it; isinglass glue, and diamond cement, are

two preparations of isinglass employed as adhesive compositions. As man is naturally prone to cheapness, and as isinglass is not always cheap, a substitute is not unfrequently sought for; one substitute is the cod-sound, which is brought from Scotland in a dried state, and melted into an inferior kind of isinglass. The nutritive as well as the adhesive quality of isinglass, of cod-sounds, of bones, of skins, of tendons, of ligaments, of membranes, of hoofs, of horns, of feet, result from the simple fact that these substances can be done to a jelly.

EXILED.

My brighter hours, like pleasant dreams,
have fled,
And left me here an exile, and alone;
I hear no welcome sound of human tread,
No voice except the echo of my own.
My life has pass'd its noon of sunny light,
And entered twilight shades; my hopes
are gone;
I watch'd them till they vanish'd from my
sight,
Like stars that fade, and mingle with
the tints of dawn.

And this I know, that when on wood and
wold
The setting sun his bright embroidery
weaves,
And when the latest of his darts of gold
Is shivered on the brazen shield of
leaves,
And, like kind visions at the step of night
Upon the thankless world the star-
beams fall,
I know that all those mingled hues of
light
Are only Nature's paintings on my
prison wall.

I roam at will on wooded hill and plain,
Their leafy folds by gentlest breezes
stirr'd;
But I would gladly give this wide domain
To hear a single kindly-spoken word.
I count the waves, — they are my only
friends;
All day I watch them perish on the
shore:
But I would lose the charm their music
lends
To see a form again that I have seen
before.

Or in the wood I wait, when, with soft
tread,
The shades of twilight glide among the
trees,
Stirring no leaf, like spirits of the dead,
Whose only voice is in the midnight
breeze;
When all the pomp and glory of the day,
Like a bright palace, not composed of
stone,
But built by spirits, has long sunk away,
And darkness, its sole ruin, stays on
earth alone.

A melancholy joy my bosom fills
When the bright moon, with perfect
calm endued,
Stands her full height upon the misty
hills,
Which are but pedestals for solitude,
And stretching o'er the world her arms of
light,
She scatters blessings from the sky's
broad dome;
For then I know that in the cheerless
night
The same pale moon falls light upon
the hills at home.

THE RUINED POTTER.

James Fielding was the son of a potter, and bred up to his father's trade. He married young — long before he could keep a wife — and with both his parents' consent, or rather with their forgiveness, as they could not help themselves. For, as they said, it war very nat'ral, an' he might ha' done worse: 'twar, to be sure, the first time, an' belike he would'nt

do it agen. And so they cordially shook hands with him, and pledged the pretty bride in a flagon of old Burton, and were both present at the first child's christening. But the cholera came soon afterwards, and took off the old man, and his wife. This was the opening-scene of James Fielding's sufferings — want — pestilence — and death. His wife and himself were soon afterwards both seized with the disorder, and, though they recovered slowly, it was only to find their father and mother, and first-born child, removed from their once comfortable home to the churchyard, and they themselves with feeble bodies and accumulated debts, which had run on wildly during sickness. First, James was put into jail for the doctor's bill, and then the landlord distrained for rent, and turned them on the world; and so they were ruined.

To be in prison, never serves a man; he gets a habit of shifting and shuffling, and leaning, and talking, and idling; he has the short hand-in-the-pocket walk, and the hang-down look of a jail companion; he is never a man again. James Fielding came out of Stafford jail, a changed character: more clever and less capable of work — daintier, but not so refined — prouder, but not more honourable; the edge was taken from the mind and given to the appetites; nevertheless, he was a fond father, for he shortly became one again, and a loving husband to a wife who doated on him. But a thoroughly fallen man seldom rights himself, and bankruptcy is a break-up for life in the constitution of successful industry. James Fielding laboured, but his toil was thriftless; he found friends, but, one way or other, he let in everybody who had anything to do with him. By degrees, he got, as was natural, a very bad character, and, as is generally the case under such circumstances, without altogether deserving it. He was an unfortunate, but not an evil man; and we all know how falling bodies quicken in their descent.

Still, he was a man born to suffer, and to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Men of all countries, stations, and fortunes, labour — from the serf to the lord — and Fielding's destiny was only that of his sex. But, the gentle, pretty girl, whom he had taken from her father's home to comfort and cherish, to keep his fireside clean, and to nurse his little ones around him, — her lot was not cast by God for labour, for toil and moil, and anguish; yet who can tell what arrows of grief pierced that woman's heart during her twelve years apprenticeship to wifedom! Who shall describe the unwomanly miseries, alas, too common in England! of her daily shifts and struggles, her pigmy gaunt looks, her threadbare clothes insufficient to protect her from the winter weather, her hard day-labour, her sharp endurance of her children's hunger, and

forgetfulness of her own: her long sad catalogue of distresses, compared with which the pains of childbirth and even the death of the child at the breast, are nothing, being feminine sufferings.

This poor woe-begone mother stood before good curate Godfrey, one of a noiseless wayfaring body of Christian men who make little stir beyond their own parish, but are there constantly felt and heard of; the true disciples of the Father of the poor, the world's first teacher of quiet charity.

"He be goin' fast, indeed he be," said Mary Fielding, speaking of the potter, who had been down some weeks in a low fever. "'Tis hard to lose the father of one's child'en. I could ha' borne any stroke but thisn. Everywhere is a churchyard now — the life is dug out o' me."

"Do not murmur, but think of the past. I remember christening some of those children, when he and you were full of health and joy. In this journey of life, Mary, there is no hill without its hollow. Your neighbour Susan Jackson will not have to mourn the loss of a husband, for she has never known the love and protection of one; and when she goes, she will not leave orphans to grieve for her. But, for all that, Susan is very lonely and destitute, and says nobody cares for her."

"Mayhap; but Susan Jackson can't be sorry for what she never had; and poor folk didn't ought to be fanciful. 'Tis me, Sir, partin' wi' my husband, that should fret."

"But you should remember, Mary, that when James and you were married, it was on the condition you were to part one day. We must not forget the ninety-nine favours because the hundredth is not granted. The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away."

"Oh, Sir, 't is beautiful to hear ye talk; you alway say summut so comfortin', feelin', an' sensible like. One is ashamed to grumble afore you, 't is so selfish and ill-natured."

"But how are the little ones, Mary?"

"I can't say much for 'em, Sir, — they be but poorly."

"They have had some food to-day, I hope?"

"'T is early yet, Sir." It was past midday. "But indeed they hante well."

"Did they eat anything last night before lying down?"

"Baby had a sup o' gruel out o' James's cup, but Billy an' Jacky, an' the t'other ent had nothing."

"And you?"

"Oh, Sir, God be praised, I am used to it. Ten years is a long 'prentisage. 'T is surprisin' how the famine feeds itself. An' then, the childern's cries, an' him a dyin', drives the thought away from me. I ant got the hard stomach o' hunger, Sir; 'tis unfeelin' in a mother."

No wonder she did not feel the gnawings of want; she had passed her being into other existen-

ces; she had lost her identity in the wife and the mother.

"Well, well, we must do something for the children, Mary."

"Oh, Sir, I did na come for that. What I wants is work. You ha' comed atween us an' death, many's a time. But indeed, what I am here for, is, afore Jeames goes I wish he could see you, Sir, an' talk wi' you a bit. His mind be strange an' uncomfortable like, about religion."

"I thought him a believer, Mary."

"Mayhap he be; but men tell their wives what, if they could, they would hide from God, an' I ha' heerd him say awful things; he war alway so courageous like. Howsomdever, his hour be come an' he ha' losed his darin, an' believes jist like a child. I thought, if he could on'y see you, Sir."

Mr. Godfrey rang the bell. An aged but notable servant woman came.

"Martha, bring Mrs. Fielding a little warm bread and milk."

"Oh, no, no, Sir! 'T is only my way, what you see in my face; I war alway' palish like — leastways this many a day."

Martha, who had promptly obeyed her master, returned in a few minutes with a basin.

"There, take that gently, Mary; it will warm you."

"Will you forgive me, Sir? Indeed I cannot. It 'ud choke me. The child'en — the poor hungry child'en, Sir!"

"They shall be thought of." Mr. Godfrey left the room, returning shortly after with his long surtout buttoned closely up, and a small parcel in his hand.

"This contains a loaf, Mary — and something else — you know what to do with it. Let me have the ticket when I call, which will be in the course of the evening. Leave me now."

The comforted mother looked on Heaven's minister and then up to heaven, and passed noiselessly through the small door, with faith, hope, and maternal love — the three strongest pulses of the heart — to support her. She had had the only full and perfect lesson of religion — charity. But she did not know, until she got to the pawnshop, that the poor curate had taken his only waistcoat from his back to feed her children. Then, indeed, the tide of religion came strong upon her. So true it is, that one act of kindness is worth a volume of sermons in converting people. The curate's vest was a baptismal robe to the unregenerated spirit of Mary Fielding, the freethinking potter's wife.

It was on an evening in the middle of June that Mr. Godfrey passed along to the potter's cottage. There had been some smart refreshing showers during the day, and the grass was healthily green, and the flowers were vigorous and balmy, and here and there was the restless uneasy chirp, in the tree or hedge, of the young bird in its nest. The sheep were settling down for the night in the meadows; and the cows,

after milking, were scattered over the distant pasturages. At intervals there was an unyoked horse exulting in abundance and freedom. The poor saluted Mr. Godfrey as he passed, and the rich cordially greeted him, for he was universally beloved.

"All God's works are beautiful and happy," said he to himself, as he wound among the green lanes, and gazed upon the broad benignant sky. "Man alone makes the world miserable. I cannot think the design of Providence was to make the chief of a joyous creation wretched: there must be some key to human felicity. The departing sun shines on these dingy cottages, and the few straggling flowers bloom cheerfully, and cast their sweetness abroad on the air. Outside is God's work; within, is man's."

And the curate entered the cabin of James Fielding, the potter.

There had evidently been preparations to receive him. The clay floor was newly sprinkled and swept, and the few articles of crockery and china, nearly all misshapen, or otherwise defective, were as clean as the pebbles in a river. The children's faces, hands, and feet — for they had no shoes — were all fresh from the washing-basin, and their hair was sleekly combed across their foreheads. There was evident poverty, but an equally evident wish to conceal it. Not a vestige of furniture or ornament was in the room, beyond the few articles of earthenware mentioned; all the rest, to the three-legged stool for the baby, had either been sold or burned for fuel. There were three or four hassocks of hay for seats, but these too had been preyed on for fuel, and ran out at the sides; and there were some layers of chipped, dried-up straw, as a bed in the corner. On this was stretched the dying man. The eldest boy ran to borrow a chair as Mr. Godfrey entered, and the thrifty housewife had just drawn the old rags from the three lower panes of the glassless and only window in the hovel, to let the sun and air in. This was the abode of an Englishman in the heart of England.

The patient had been propped up somewhat on his straw, and a neighbour had shaved him and lent him a shirt, which, though old, was clean. So, what with well-washed skin and combed hair, and a cup of refreshing tea, he was prepared to receive the curate's visit in something of a decent and Christian manner. One of the boys was in or rather on, the bed — for there was no covering — from sheer nakedness. He partly nestled in the straw, and was partly concealed by the rags taken from the window; he was contented and happy, for he had had the blessing of a full meal: a rarity in the hut of the dying potter.

The curate took the chair borrowed for him, placed it by the bedside, and leaned towards the sick man.

"Well, James, how do you feel now?"

"Better, Sir, thank you, but still weakly. God will bless you for what you ha' done. 'T is mony a long day sin' I could prove my gratitude to anybody."

"Never mind that. The Searcher of all hearts knows your intentions, James."

"Yes — true! But d'ye think God heeds a poor critter like me?"

"Undoubtedly. Our Father."

"Ah! Good — good. But I never found a true friend but Him and yourself, Sir — they all forsook and misbelied me. I never was as bad as people made me; He knows that, and the children. One's hearth is a fair assize."

"True, a fond husband and a kind father cannot be a very bad man. I never believed you ill-disposed, Fielding."

"No, bless thee for it, and *He* will bless thee. Ye ha' made me a Christian; the ways o' the world made me an infidel long ago. A man kindly treated, feels like a Christian, Sir."

"But we must give up resentments, now. I see, by your countenance you will soon meet your God. Prepare, Fielding, for that great judgment."

"Yes, I know it will come soon, an' that ha' changed me. But, indeed, Sir, I am aweary of the world. If it war not for her and the children, I had gone years back."

"The Christian religion always supposes poverty and suffering, James. Were all the world sinless and happy, the Atonement had been useless."

"I can well believe thisn o' thee, Sir. If yer wer dumb an' blind, yer han' would preach; 't is the on'y sarmint as goes home to a hungry man. Fine words be o' small account. But when a rich parson, or a bishop or such, as never gives, an' never suffers, tells starvin poor fellows like me to bear their crosses, as the only road to heaven, it looks like humbug, Sir. If heaven is to be won by poverty — sartintly nothing is so easy for 'em as to give all they ha' more than enow, to feed the hungry, an' comfort the afflicted."

"Ah, James, this is bad grace in a dying man. It is enough for every one to look to himself; to bear his own burden, and to know that in the midst of trial, and sorrow, and suffering, he can have recourse to One who knew them all on earth. This, surely, is fair comfort."

"It be Sir. 'T is at the point I am at now, a man feels he must believe in some religion, an' there is none so nat'ral like as our own. A dyin' man is not a doubter. I wish I ha' been o' this way o' thinkin' long ago — 't would ha' made me content — an' a contented man is a regular man, an' a regular man is a toilsome man, an' a toilsome man is a thriving man; but when one begins in grumblin' one ends wi' sorrow. Mary dear, gi' me a drink, I feel faintish."

The curate took the teapot from the yearning and attentive wife's hand, and the fevered patient, from the broken spout held to his mouth, drained the vessel greedily, till the few leaves at the strainer whizzed with their dryness. As he drank, Godfrey had an opportunity of observing his countenance. "This man," said he to himself, "was formed for a lofty destiny, but with him ignorance has marred nature. When will man vindicate the purposes of God to his fellows? When will England provide education for all her people?" As these thoughts passed rapidly through the pastor's mind, the sick man spoke with a fainter voice, but with renewed energy: "'the spirit war willing, but the flesh war weak.' Well, Sir, I know I am a dyin'. I war never a coward, but I does fear death. 'T is like a goin' over a common one don't know, on a dark night — there be none about you but sperits."

"Keep your eyes steadily on your guiding star, James. That light sufficeth."

"I believe, Sir. O Lord, help my unbelief."

"Thank Heaven for those words," said the curate; "and now, Fielding, since you are in this good frame of mind, I must tell you one thing that will lighten your last moments. Old Mrs. Williams is getting too aged for the parish school, and as she is to retire on a small pension, I have secured the post for Mary. I know she will fill it well. This will keep the wolf from the door, and I will look to the little ones. So you see things are not so bad as you expected. You will leave those dear to you pretty middling off, and they will remain, under Providence, to be a blessing to themselves and to their country."

"Thank God, thank God! My soul is at peace now. She is provided for, and they, too. Read to me, Sir, please; 't will rouse me up — I feel drowsyish."

The curate opened his pocket Bible, and in a sweet low voice read from the fourteenth to the seventeenth of John. As he proceeded, the little boy peeped up from his straw, and sucked in the words. The sick man opened his stiffening lids from time to time, and murmured a prayer from unparted motionless lips, which sounded strange and unearthly in the small chamber. The pale wife, with her infant daughter in her lap, wept silently; and the little boy, Jemmy, was seated on one of the worn-out hassocks, holding the candle, which was stuck in a bottle, for the good pastor as he read. The other boy was gone of an errand for a neighbour. Night had set in, and a gentle breeze fanned the chamber through the open door and paneless window. People glided cautiously by, from time to time, urged by pity or curiosity.

After about an hour's stillness, the sick man stirred, then tried

to sigh, but the groan died within him, and for a time he whispered; but nobody knew what he said. At length, after the curate had applied a few drops of moisture from an orange to his lips, he spoke audibly.

"I was dreaming, Mary, as we war happy with God. The children had enow to eat; they give me my good name back agen; an' we war all very happy." After a pause, and much internal muttering, he resumed with a perceptible spirit of energy, although his spent powers made him scarcely audible. "Oh, Mr. Godfrey, if more would, like thee, on'y come and see the poor, an what they suffers! Tell the lads, Sir, to wait a bit—but to struggle on, for there is hope for the working man. An' bid the rich folk consider the labourer, an' the parsons to be all like thee, an' England will be right. Mary, a drink, dear: the heart is as dry as a cinder within me."

His wife brought him a little cold water, into which the curate squeezed some orange juice.

"Mary! To our Father, I commit thee, girl, when I am gone. I am dead afore I am dead, leaving my Mary. Kiss my forehead, girl. God bless thee! Comfort these little children, God! they be orphans now."

And he prayed inwardly. In that hour he had no succour but prayer, and the remembrance of any good he had done in his life. The baby was crying on its mother's breast, and the candle trembled in the hands of the weeping boy who still held it. The wife was still and pale; her heart was being rifted from her. The curate had bent his knee in prayer, and comforted the dying and the desolate.

TURKS AT SEA.

Five-and-twenty years ago, the adventurous traveller on his way to Constantinople suffered many hardships altogether unknown to the traveller of the present year. He was fortunate, if he were not detained for a couple of days at some fording place in France, in an auberge without windows; if many unpleasant incidents did not check his progress through Piedmont; if, on his Mediterranean voyage, under the auspices of a garlic-eating captain, he did not find it absolutely necessary to sleep in top boots, to preserve his feet from the ravages of enormous ship rats; if, in short, he did not suffer under calamities too numerous to mention. As regards the rats, let us note that the Genoese admiralty allowed a sou a day for the support of a cat in each ship of war.

Arrived at Constantinople, the traveller was troubled for backsheish the instant he arrived at the entrance to the port. The captain of the port rowed off to the ship, begged for a gratuity, and if money were refused, talked about his sick wife, and requested

a donation of maccaroni. On landing, the traveller was introduced to the Turkish custom-house officers by an Armenian dragoman. These officers were seated in a row on a divan: each provided with a chibouque and an attendant to serve coffee. They were also provided with implements for writing, and scraps of muslin, in which they enclosed letters to persons of distinction. They wrote a passport, or teskereh, holding the paper on the palm of the left hand.

Once fairly in Turkey, the traveller, if provided with proper letters of introduction, was soon the object of great attention. The fair wife of hist host sprinkled his bed with rose-water: and to the clinking of the watchmen's iron-shod staves on the pavement, he fell asleep. At five o'clock the following morning, he was at the breakfast table. And then he strolled out to pay visits. He smoked chibouques at one house, and drank sherbet at another, so frequently, that he was soon in a most indolent condition, and was kept on his legs only by the various passages of life he met on his way. In one street he saw a baker nailed by his ear to his door-post, and coolly stroking his beard in that unenviable position. The exposed tradesman was suffering punishment for having played tricks with his bread in a time of scarcity. In an open space he saw some miserable troops under drill by a foreign drill master, watched from a window at hand by a little, ugly, red-faced man, dressed in a hussar uniform, and smoking his chibouque. This little man was the seraskier pasha, a minister of war. In another quarter of the town he would meet an araba — the ladies' barroche or chariot in Constantinople. The araba was a waggon without springs, drawn by oxen gaily decorated with ribbons. Before the palace, he heard a band playing lively airs, under the leadership of a young Piedmontese; afterwards the famous Donizetti. This band consisted of the royal pages, the embryo grandees of the empire. He saw the Turkish fleet — then preparing for a cruise in the Baltic against Russia.

To an English sailor of that year (eighteen hundred and twenty-nine), many details to be noticed in that fleet were curious, and often ludicrous. Now, we propose to follow an adventurous English sailor of those days — no other than Captain Adolphus Slade — on board the capitan pasha's first-rater, the Selimier, and to accompany him on a cruise of observation in the Black Sea.

Paint had done its utmost to give the ships a respectable appearance. The Selimier (with her bower cable bent round a large plane tree) was really a fine first-rate without a poop. From her peak a gay crimson silk

ensign drooped into the Bosphorus. A motley crowd of idlers were lying about her in various lazy positions. Achmet Papuchi, the capitan pasha, a sickly-looking man, dressed from head to foot in orange-coloured silk, was stretched on a couch in the middle of the quarter deck, smoking, from a porcelain narghilez. He was surrounded by obsequious attendants. The admiral did not know his letters: his secretary was therefore reading his despatches to him.

In various parts of the ship, the sailors were lounging, or eating bread and olives, or playing chess on the deck marked into squares with chalk, or performing their devotions. But, when the capitan pasha signified his pleasure to descend to his cabin, there was a great stir. Two officers supported him under the arms as he made his way to the state apartment of the Selimier. It was a cool, elegant room; furnished with sun and moon decorated chairs, and adorned with emblazoned sentences from the Koran, and two paintings of the ship. Piles of lemons, heaped in the cabin windows, gave a refreshing pungency to the air; and the fresh orange boughs twined about the rails of the steps, imparted to it a sweet odour. Amid the Turkish decorations were Damascus sabres, a Dollond's telescope, and French pistols. Pages were at hand to fan the flies from visitors, as they smoked and sipped sherbet. Here was the captain, dressed in a white suit, with a red fez and red slippers: when he addressed the capitan pasha, he kissed his robe. He took orders, and went off nimbly to execute them. The fleet was going on a cruise in the Black Sea for the ostensible purpose of giving battle to the Russians. It was droll to see a number of loosely-draped fellows tear down the fore-tack, and make the mast bend as the noble ship escaped on her way to the Euxine, at the rate of nine knots to the hour. As the sun went down gloriously, Imamis, from the mizen-rigging of each ship, called the faithful to prayer. The call was devoutly obeyed, and the crews of the ships were in a few minutes on their knees: each man on his own coat: each officer on a carpet. Their devotions at an end, the capitan pasha's supper hour had arrived. This meal was spread on a carpet between two guns on the main deck. The capitan and his English naval friend sat down upon the carpet opposite one another. Having washed their hands in ewers held by kneeling agas, and having had a napkin tied by these functionaries round their necks, the two began the evening meal by helping themselves to conserves, bread and cake, &c., placed before them, in little saucers upon a metal tray. The English sailor saw at once that knives and forks were not to be expected; for, on the appearance of the second dish (a

pile of red mullet), his host proceeded to turn over each fish with his fingers, in the unselfish search after the most acceptable specimen.

It may be supposed that his guest was careful in selecting that mullet which had undergone the least handling. The fish fairly disposed of, a fowl was produced; whereupon the capitan, placing his left thumb firmly upon the bird, wrenched off a wing with his right hand. Unhappily for the Englishman, he failed to imitate the dexterity of his host, being restrained, by a lingering sense of delicacy, from unceremoniously plunging his fingers into the dish. An attendant advanced to help him. This officer seized the fowl, pulled its limbs off, and then dexterously proceeded to peel the flesh from the breast with his nails. The bracing nature of the Black Sea air enabled the Englishman to avail himself of the officer's kind interference, and to set aside all delicacy when dealing with the lamb and olives, and other dishes which followed. After eating a little more than he required, the Englishman was silently hoping that the meal was at an end, when, to his horror, a substantial dish of greasy pilaff was placed upon the carpet. An honour which he did not anticipate, awaited him. The capitan pasha dipped his lean hand into the mess and drew forth a substantial lump, which he proceeded to roll into a ball. Having handled it for a few minutes, until it was reduced to the proportions of a grapeshot, he leaned forward, and holding the ball between his fingers, fairly pushed it into his guest's mouth. The attendants stared to see a capitan pasha pay so great an honour to a stranger; the stranger felt that it was possible to pay a compliment in a more acceptable manner, and hastened to dip his tortoiseshell spoon into the bowl of koshub which followed. Chibouques and coffee were afterwards served to the harsh strains of an Albanian bagpipe, and then the pasha's jester, attired in scarlet and gold, amused his master by turning somersaults, and saying sharp things.

To amuse the pasha and to superintend his comforts, seemed to be the main duties of the Selimier's crew. He could not read; his rank shut him out from all conversation; so there he sat, surrounded by slaves, with his narghilez to his lips, and his lazy fingers wandering about his comboloyo, or rosary. If he drank, the glass was held to his lips; if he expectorated, an officer was at hand with a cloth to receive the result. During the heat of the day, he crept into the little box, six feet by three, which served him for bed-room and dressing-room. Here, he lay until the cool evening came, when (after the performances of his band, consisting chiefly of drums and cymbals) his crew amused him with various coarse games.

At one time they ducked in tubs of water for money; at another, the game was bear and monkey — the bear and the monkey being rewarded for the sound blows they received in the course of the sport, by a few piastres; at another, two seamen hung by the spanker-boom until one cried quarter. Whether at sea, or in port, the pasha wanted some game, some luxury, to while away the hours. But he was no worse than the generality of officers he commanded. Nourrez, for instance, the captain of the finest frigate in the Turkish navy, had been within six months a royal page, and had never been to sea before. But then his second in command was more experienced. Our English sailor has described the government of an Ottoman ship of war twenty years ago in a few words. "The commander of an Ottoman ship of war, whatever duty is performing, sits on his bench on the quarter-deck, leaving the second captain to carry on the war. By the time that his chibouque wants replenishing, something may happen to disturb him; if a squall, a sail splits; if an action, the shot come in. In either case he gets nervous, and imagines faults in his subordinates. He jumps into his slippers, and gives orders that cannot be understood; seizes a speaking trumpet; knocks down the second captain; runs forward on the forecastle; repeats the same operation on the boatswain; then returns to smoke another pipe, exclaiming, 'Mashallah!'"

Our fleet, of which the frigate commanded by Nourrez formed part, consisted of three brigs, five corvettes, three frigates, and one three-decker. On board these ships, were men who had fought at Navarino; some of these (the pilot, and captain of the Selimier, for instance), were brave men and experienced seamen. This respectable force, or rather this force that should have been respectable, sailed out of the Bosphorus behind those beautiful gulls, tame as doves, so ardently admired and protected by the Osmanlis, which float about the cypresses of Buyukderé, or skim round about the vessels and caiques. It was with ill-concealed fear that the Turks found themselves in quest of the enemy; and the suggestions of the English captain that they should clear out Sevastopol, or perform some striking exploit, met with the coldest response. Indeed, the Osmanlis were little prepared to meet even the most timid enemy. All their shot was so bad that it broke by the concussion at the bore, and the English captain declared that the Selimier would have been an easy prize to an English frigate in twenty minutes. Her crew of fourteen hundred men (speaking twenty different tongues), drilled by aid of the topchi bashi's rattan, were in as disorderly a state as it was possible for them to be in. They were laziness personi-

fied. The fine ship was a floating castle of indolence. The gunners *could* manage to load, without putting the shot before the cartridge; but they never thought of stopping the vent. To be sure the loss of a man's arm was not much. As to pointing the guns at the object it was desirable to hit, they made no pretence of possessing any knowledge of the way to go to work, and the whole broadside would be fired, with every gun wide of the intended mark. The quarters were magnificent, but the matches were fastened to spiked sticks, and stuck about the decks in the most dangerous disorder. There were guns on board, which none of the crew had the courage to fire — not even the comboradgi, who had been drafted on board, specially for this duty. All ran away when the English sailor fired, to try the effect of the seventy-five pound granite balls with which they were charged.

The prevailing carelessness with the matches excited the Englishman's apprehension, and he requested permission to examine the powder magazine. The captain very nervously assented, and the Englishman left the old man vigorously handling his comboloyo. The visitor was accompanied by the topchi bashi and four mates, each carrying a crazy lanthorn, from which they wished to withdraw the candle, that their distinguished guest might the more easily admire the arrangements. These arrangements consisted of an entire absence of fire-screens and cartridge-boxes; the English sailor seeing the carelessness with which unprotected powder was carried along the decks, past flaming matches, thought that the Turks were their own most formidable enemies.

Still, in the face of the prevailing ignorance of naval affairs, the English sailor endeavoured to persuade the capitan pasha to sail for Sirepolis and Varna — even to Sevastopol — to damage the Russian shipping at these ports, and then to return and force a passage; but a council of war rejected the proposal, and the Turkish fleet very cautiously continued to seek the enemy, in the hope that the enemy might not make his appearance. The pasha possibly felt that an engagement might interfere with the enjoyment of his chibouque, or damage his natural relish for pilaff. And he was right. The danger he ran was not insignificant on board the Selimier, a ship that had no gunners, and was manned by a crew who went to sleep on their watch at night, with the lower deck ports up. One night this carelessness or ignorance would have sent the noble ship to the bottom, had not our English friend been awake to notice that all the crew were fast asleep, and that the vessel was moving ahead, with her royals set, her yards anyhow, and her lower ports open. A squall was rapidly forming, and

the Englishman had barely time to kick two or three fellows into a perfectly wakeful condition to trim and shorten sail, when it burst. The capitan crept out of his little box, only to order the chief of the watch to be thrown overboard immediately for his negligence; — from this fate, however, the Englishman saved the unhappy wretch, who repaid this intercession with his lasting enmity.

At length, after many days of idle cruising, the English sailor prevailed upon the pasha so far to screw up his courage as to chase a Russian frigate and corvette. But the pasha while urging the vessels of his fleet ahead, kept the Selimier under easy sail, so that nothing might happen to put his chibouque out. Had he been inclined to come up with the enemy, his noble ship might have been alongside the Russian frigate in three hours. The Russians escaped into Sirepolis; the pasha, rushing about the deck with a glass in his hand, followed by two attendants holding up the ends of his coat, gave orders to tack, and expressed his intention of engaging the Russians at anchor, or of meeting them at sea, to-morrow. This determination set the entire crew in commotion, and everybody pestered the pasha with advice. The jester had something more or less funny to say on every point: the chief butler declared that it was too dark to see anything; the man in charge of the tobacco advised his master not to run the risk of wetting his august person; at last even the cook tumbled up to explain his views. This last adviser fairly exhausted the patience of the English sailor, who seized him by the shoulders and precipitated him towards his proper sphere of activity. The arrangements for action were complete: the desire for retreat was general. The English sailor went to sleep, expecting to awake within sight of the enemy. But he was roused from his slumbers by rushing water. He ran upon deck and found the fleet sailing twelve knots off the wind, and away from danger. The pasha was joking with his officers. For the first time he did not notice his English visitor, fearing his dangerous advice. The little captain, however, sighed when he saw the brave Briton, who would have led the fleet to glory. And so the Turks flew into the Bosphorus, came to anchor, and throughout that war the tame gulls were never again disturbed from their resting places amid the rigging of the fleet at its moorings.

The description of this cruise exhibits the Turks at sea, twenty-five years ago, as very indifferent sailors. Since that time, however, busy scenes have passed in the Bosphorus under the direction of the English sailor, to whom we are indebted for the facts of the present article, and who is now in command of the fine Turkish

squadron, now armed and disciplined to do effective work against the Russians. To Adolphus Slade (now a Turkish Admiral), and to Sir Baldwin Walker, the Sultan owes that effective naval force which commands the entrance to the Black Sea. Turkish guns are now excellently worked; and men used to salt water have replaced the effeminate landsmen who once lazily smoked their chibouques and sipped their sherbet on the quarter-decks of the Sultan's men-of-war. The sailors on board *do* fire the guns; the lower ports are not kept open at night; the men do not sleep on the watch; and naval jesters enjoy sinecures.

Therefore we have every reason to hope that the Turks at sea, at the present moment, do not very closely resemble the Turks at sea in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, as described by Adolphus Slade, now Michavez Pacha.

THE WAR WITH FEVER.

We receive encouraging news from one of the chief seats of the war against Fever, which we may head, if we please, Latest Intelligence. Defeat of the enemy by a British army thirty-thousand strong — loss by killed and wounded only ten. We take the particulars from a despatch just issued to the world, — a capital report — short and to the point — the second report of the indefatigable police-commissioner, Captain William Hay, on the operation of the Common Lodging-houses Act, in the Metropolis.

The Common Lodging-houses Act gives certain inspecting power to the police, and certain compelling power to the magistracy, for the purpose of keeping poison, whether generated of cesspools, filth, overcrowding or want of ventilation, from passing down the throats of "common lodgers." The end attained by this power of interference would justify the strictest means that honesty permits. There are fourteen hundred and forty-one registered lodging-houses in London, in which thirty thousand people have been living under the circumstances of simple decency required by the act, and during the year now accounted for, among all these thousands of persons, how many cases have there been of fever? Only Ten.

That is the end: the means used to attain it are by no means of the strictest. Even in its amended form the Common Lodging-houses Act, like every act of Sanitary legislation, has yet to be revised and made more vigorous. Poisoning with filth in every form should be as illegal as poisoning with prussic acid. The Act provides authority for removing dangerous nuisances that exist "in or about" a common lodging-house, and magistrates have ruled that "about" a place does not mean in its immediate proxi-

mity but anywhere upon it. Filth of the most disgusting kind creeps and stagnates, lies in heaps before the windows of such houses; yet, under this act, the police has no distinct authority to interfere. No landlord has any more right to let a poisoned house than a brewer has to sell fatal drugs in his beer. It is the province of law to see that men who sell to their neighbours any necessary of life furnish the article in a reasonably wholesome state. The law that condemns bad meat and bad fish as unfit for human food, is not only entitled to condemn, but is bound to condemn, all houses that are unfit for human habitation. The obligation upon the law is rendered greater by the carelessness or ignorance or helplessness of those for whom it has to care. Many a poor housewife who would not fail to put her nose to a mackerel, neglects to apply the same test to her house.

No choice between right and wrong can honestly be left to house-owners. The house-owners who have the very poor for their tenants often belong to a class of men unable to understand more of their duty than the duty of securing the receipt of rent. There was a house, Captain Hay tells us, beset with more filthiness than we care to express further than by mildly saying that the cesspool overflowed into the kitchen. The tenant's wife said they had lost their health and money, and it was no use applying to the landlord. The owner did nothing, even when he had notice of proceedings that were to be taken against him under the act. It was only when compelled by a magistrate's order that he filled the cesspool up, and drained his premises into the common sewer. Another example: — A cesspool that contained the long-accumulated filth of four houses, overflowed and ran into a room used as a sleeping apartment. One child had died in the room, and the inspector found another lying ill. The drain in the yard was stopped, causing the yard to be covered with filthy water, in the midst of which stood the butt that contained the water drank by the inmates of the house. The owner would do nothing but look after his rent. He was summoned before a magistrate, and held the language of an injured Briton. "He thought," said the police report, "he ought not to be dictated to as to the way his property was to be managed." By mistake, the order for correcting this state of things was made against the name of the poverty-stricken tenant. The owner took advantage of the error, and did nothing. It was not until a fresh notice had been served against him in his proper name, and the case had again been brought before a magistrate — it was not until he was thoroughly and perfectly compelled that he would stir a finger to save himself from becoming the murderer of other people living in his house. Such men

are very mercifully used when they are only forced into the better path, and are not fined, imprisoned, or transported as offenders.

The truth is, however, that they are only in a few cases forced to give honest return for the money of their victims. The police exercise this supervision only over common lodging houses, and for the more real homes of the very poor little or no thought has yet been taken. Even the common lodging-house is an expensive home for the poor who live in little families: twopence a night for each bed would make a weekly rent beyond the two shillings — more or less — that suffices for the hiring of an independent room. The homes made by these people are cursed as often as ever common lodging-houses were cursed by the neglect of landlords, and they still remain under the curse. Legislation on their behalf, and that, too, of a most stringent kind, is absolutely needed.

It is also needed that the provisions of the Building Act—and of other laws that, if fully and properly enforced, would, in many respects, amend the condition of the humbler orders — should be acted upon to the letter. There is still plenty of room for the achievement of much good by a right use even of the few powers that have been already placed within men's reach.

Before we shut up Captain Hay's report, we shall do well to quote from it four or five lines, on a topic which we have ourselves quite recently discussed. We have shown that there is need of accommodation for families poorer than those provided for by the existing societies, that erect wholesome dwellings for the poor. Very poor families that have to pay, and continue to pay, two shillings and half a crown a week for single rooms, of the most wretched and unwholesome character, might have provided for them at the same price, by any associations taking thought for their especial wants and accepting the restricted conditions under which they are compelled to live, accommodation infinitely better. This truth we lately urged. Captain Hay points to families that pay for their single rooms still lower rental, for whom it may be more difficult, but surely is not impossible to provide decent homes, and for whom it is not less necessary to take thought. "The model lodging-houses that have been erected," he says, "secure to respectable artisans, who occupy them, much of the comfort of a private residence; but the charge for this accommodation is quite beyond the means of those who have no regular employment, and whose means of subsistence are narrow and uncertain. Accommodation for a family at a rental of a shilling or eighteenpence a week, as a maximum, for this class of poor, is what is urgently required, and should in some way be found."

The requirement certainly is not extravagant. The building of tall houses lessens the expense of ground-rent to each room that they contain, and it is not too much to ask that in such houses wholesome rooms should be planned, if small, especially well ventilated, letting each at about three pounds a year. They would be always full, and the losses by unpaid rent would be trifling, as they are always trifling under a system of weekly payments, maintained with a reasonable strictness. It would be essential of course to the success of any undertaking of this kind, and as necessary for the good of the poor who are supplied with homes, as of the richer men who seek an honest profit by supplying them, that the punctual payment of the weekly rent, either by halfcrown or by shilling rent payers, should be enforced with the utmost strictness short of inhumanity; there should be the firmest adherence to the spirit of the contract short of a too obstinate adherence to the letter.

GENERAL AND MRS. DELORMO.

Uncle John has been the terror and admiration of all our family for twenty years. He has passed his whole life in town, and it is amazing what an immense advantage that gives him over his country relations. He knows everything; and convicts my cousin (who farms his own land in Devonshire) of ignorance of the first principles of agriculture, and writes letters filled with shiploads of guano and successions of crops. He also superintends the navigation of another cousin who has gone thirteen voyages to China, in command of a twelve hundred ton ship. He is, in fact, profuse of his advice on all subjects and at all times. And the provoking part of it is, he is constantly right. He waits his time, and a blight comes on the potatoes in Devonshire, or a storm dismasts the merchantman off the Cape; then he triumphantly dwells on the hints he gave about farming and seamanship, and, as he is unmarried, and has thirty thousand pounds in the funds, there is not a word to be said.

I don't think I am a favourite. He is fond of talent — he meets so much of it at his clubs and everywhere else in London — and I have none. In short, I sometimes think he considers me rather deficient in intellect. Perhaps I am. He has told me two or three times I am a fool, but he used to do the same perpetually when I was at school, and always accompanied the unpleasant observation with a tip. This leads to an agreeable association of ideas, and I rather like to hear him revert to his old opinion. When I told him I was going to be married, and to whom, he was very decided in his declaration of my silliness; but when the deed was done, he furnished our draw-

ing-room, and presented Marianne with a twenty-pound note. This seemed rather odd to me, for he couldn't possibly have thought Marianne a fool. Me, he is quite welcome to despise — I never set up for a wit or a learned man — but Marianne! I sent him up her album, with such lovely poetry in it. I am sure if she published, she would be thought equal to Mrs. Hemans. There can be no doubt whatever on the subject of my wife's talents. I say nothing about her beauty, nor about her speaking French, nor about her music, nor about her thousand brilliant accomplishments, which endear her to all who have the delight of her acquaintance. Many of her friends I confess become jealous of her and leave off their visits — but she doesn't care. She has a world of her own into which she retires, and sometimes admits me for a short time to hear the beautiful lines she has been composing. Oh it is a splendid world, the world of imagination, where Marianne has everything her own way, and talks of nothing else but roses and tomb-stones.

For she is very melancholy in her verses, is Marianne, and regularly makes me cry. We married a year ago, and Uncle John refused to be present at the wedding, but sent a note to say that he liked me very much as a good-natured honourable ass, and could not refuse his consent, since I seemed to have chosen a very congenial mate. This was very kind, for of course he did not mean the ass to have the slightest reference to Marianne. So, we accepted his blessing, and twenty pounds to purchase a pony. We fled from the noisy haunts of men. Marianne insisted on that. We left the metropolis behind us, and found out a nest of sylvan blessedness (Marianne's own expression), in a village near the New Forest, in Hampshire. She wouldn't let me call it a village. She insisted on its always being talked of as our hamlet, and in fact, she wrote some lines upon it in the first month of our residence, which I sent to Uncle John, and which he said were below contempt. I did not tell her this cruel opinion. How could I? I thought the lines very clever. Here they are:

"On the difference between Shakespeare's Hamlet and ours.

"Of Shakespeare's Hamlet we are never tired;
Our Hamlet too is very much admired."

Nothing could be neater or more complete, and she composed them in so short a time! I don't think the whole poem occupied her above an hour.

I saw she began to hate Uncle John, though of course she never suspected him of such ridiculous bad taste as to be really indifferent to her productions. She began to hate other people too. In fact, she soon began in our sylvan solitude to be rather ready to take offence. Our curate called — a nice old gentleman as ever I saw — always pottering about in

in the poor people's cottages, and I have heard giving away more half-crowns than he received for salary. He had only been in London once in his whole life, and that was forty years ago, and he had read only one poet since Tom Warton — whoever Tom Warton may be, for *I* never heard of him — and that was Bowles. He knew nothing of Byron or Moore, but had a great lot of absurd looking books in the small dining room in the old parsonage house, which were all covered up in parchment, with their names written in old letters on the back. I saw one, once, on the table, and it was either in Greek or German, I could hardly make out which — but very learned — and must have been nearly impossible to understand. We got on famously at first. Marianne was enchanted with his fine old white hair and gentle manners; but, all of a sudden, when he told us of the dangers of intellectual pride, and said it led to an undue appreciation of ourselves, and was fatal to Christian humility, she disliked him, in spite of his reverend locks and paternal smile. She said he preached at her in the pulpit; that she could not help being cleverer than other people, and that his own daughters — a set of unideal prosaic dowdies — were just as vain as if they could write. She said, "the world is turning away from me, beloved! I shall be left desolate." "No!" I said, "Marianne! I will never leave you." "I want a congenial spirit," she said; "my soul sighs for sympathy." "My dear," I said, "we live too lonely here. I must invite a friend occasionally — perhaps Uncle John would not mind coming for a week."

I never thought Marianne could look so savage. She said nothing, but I felt as if I had had a violent blow between the eyes. I expected to find the mark of it next day. I did not mention Uncle John any more.

But the hint had been taken. We took a paper once a week. It contained all the news of fashion, and had a page devoted to charades in rhyme. She saw an advertisement in it. It was headed, "No Salary Required" — just the thing for us. "A lady of rank and accomplishment desires a happy home. A sympathetic heart required — and nothing more." Arrangements were speedily made. I went over to the station in a car, and brought back Mrs. Delormo, a fat lady of fifty, with very little luggage — in fact, none but a small basket in her hand — and the most prepossessing manners I ever saw. We were all united at once: three happier people did not exist in the world. I wrote to Uncle John that we had secured the society of a highly-cultivated companion. He wrote back that people now-a-days seemed to get foolisher instead of wiser as they grew older, and he had not expected even me to be such an egregious ass. He enclosed, however, a cheque for twenty-five pounds to buy a gig, and I left

him to the enjoyment of his ill-nature.

Marianne was enraptured. "The tear of genuine sensibility," she said, "trembled in the eyes of Mrs. Delormo when she read her some of her poems." Mrs. Delormo's voice was delightful, and her experiences of life had been so sad that I wondered she had any grief to bestow on fictitious sorrow. A dreadful life to be sure. Separated from the husband she adored, who had volunteered into the service of some struggling people (somewhere in America) who were casting off the yoke of ages, she said, and spurning the despot's throne, — how had she struggled through years of poverty and neglect! Her father had died impoverished by legal expenses in trying to recover the forfeited title and estates of his noble ancestor, who had bled on the scaffold for his injured sovereign — and whose castles and even whose honours were held by an intruder into the possessions of the earldom. Marianne wept for hours, and in about a week we resolved, in deference to the rank and sufferings of our guest, to resign the best bed-room in her favour. She took it — for she said the generous soul finds its true reward in sacrifice of itself. Her trunks had not come, Marianne's wardrobe was hers, and I loved Marianne more and more: she was so mindful of other's comforts, so neglectful of her own — and also of mine. We slept in the garret, for we had only furnished one bed-room; and Mrs. Delormo's correspondence was so great, and her love of privacy during the forenoon so strong, that we gave up the drawing-room to her as a sort of library, and she soon looked on it as her sanctum. The letters she wrote, I suppose, were beautiful. Those she received were touching in the extreme. The nobility of England is not rich; the dignitaries of the Church are not overpaid. The number of Duke's grandchildren who confided the tale of their necessities to Mrs. Delormo was enormous. Marianne, dear liberal little soul, pinched our domestic economy to a frightful extent, and sent all the money she could collect. Deans seem to me to be in the habit of giving away all their income in charity, and leaving their families unprovided for. We sent our humble aid to the daughters of thirteen deans in one month. The widow of a general officer offered to come as cook — shame on the parsimony of a paltry government, as Mrs. Delormo said, that leaves its brave defenders exposed to the sting of want! They were most of them her cousins, or persons whom she had known in happier hours. "I am but the almoner of your bounty," she said to Marianne, "and my poor cousin finds a warmer response from your sympathetic heart than from her uncle the bishop, or her grand-aunt the Irish marchioness."

A letter came one day. Joy

beamed in Mrs. Delormo's eyes as she asked us to come into her room, and threw herself on Marianne's neck in a burst of gratitude. "He is returned," she exclaimed. "The General is restored to me, covered with glory — but poorer than when he went. But oh! what is wealth, my darling Marianne!" She had never called her Marianne before; and my little wife was proud of the familiar expression. "What is wealth," repeated Mrs. Delormo, "compared to honour! He is on his way hither: we must meet him at the station. In two hours he will be here to thank you for your care of his unprotected wife. I envy you the feelings of this moment, when your kindness to me will be so nobly repaid."

Marianne sobbed out her congratulations, and I got ready the gig. A tall and noble figure was standing on the platform when I arrived. By a sort of intuition he knew me at once, lifted up a small portmanteau, and hurried towards the gig. Just when he had said, "My benefactor, my friend!" the porter touched him on the shoulder and said, "Beg pardon, old gentleman, I think you 've took the wrong luggage." A flash of pride suffused the General's face. "A mistake," he exclaimed, "I give you my honour," and handed the portmanteau to the man, receiving in exchange a small parcel wrapt in a blue cotton handkerchief with white spots, out of which projected the heel of a Blucher boot. "I have had so much baggage to attend to," he said, "that I sometimes get confused; but drive on, my kind protector. I long for the first glance of Lady Serena's smile — I mean, of Lady Delormo's, pardon the indiscretion, and don't mention it."

He was a man of about sixty years of age, with scanty white hair falling over his ears, very large eyebrows, a long high sharp nose, and eyes which seemed to me to look everywhere at once. He had thin colourless lips, and his front teeth were remarkably yellow. A very military personage he was; but his trunks and his uniforms and orders had been lost in the transport, which was wrecked on its way home; and he had escaped by swimming ashore, and had accepted the loan of the surgeon's apparel, whose wife he had saved at the risk of his life. The meeting between the noble pair I will not attempt to describe. It will suffice to say that Marianne was a witness to it with a burst of tears, and that her description of the interesting scene had an irresistible effect on my feelings. We sat down to tea. How the General ate! He told us in the few intervals when his mouth was nearly empty, that before even flying to his darling wife, he had gone to discover his nephew — the brave, the good, the gallant, but unfortunate Sir Cecil; and, merciful Heaven, what did he find? A cornet of thirty years of age hanging over the couch of

his dying wife, while in a neighbouring bed three lovely children were lying in the crisis of scarlet fever! An adverse lawsuit, a series of unforeseen misfortunes, giving his name to a bill to oblige a friend, and the burning of his uninsured house, had reduced that charming family, that handsome father, that angelic wife, those innocent children, to want, to beggary; ay, to starvation! He gave them his all. Little was that all; but it preserved life for a day. By this time the wretched fund was exhausted, and he trembled to think of the agonising subject." Marianne trembled too; but it was with pride. "General," she said; "the tea-spoons are all gone, and all the silver forks but three, to the daughters of your cousin the late archdeacon; but the teapot remains — will Sir Cecil excuse the humbleness of the offering? We have an earthenware teapot in the kitchen."

"Excuse it, lady?" he said. "Forgive my sobs." Mrs. Delormo covered her face with her handkerchief. I pressed Marianne's hand. "Bless you, my little wife!" I said; and there was silence for a long time, except when the General broke the shells of three or four more eggs. When tea was over, the General took the teapot. "Will you pardon me for thanking you once more?" he said. "Ah! would the precious gift could be divided! — my poor sister — my lost Sophia! I say no more!" And with a tear in his eye, the gallant officer went up stairs to the bedroom, and locked the teapot in the drawer.

"What does he mean, my friend?" inquired Marianne of Mrs. Delormo. "Who is his sister?"

"The loveliest woman in England — once the most guilty — always the most unfortunate. The General never utters her name except under the pressure of extraordinary feeling; there is disgrace as well as misery connected with her story. She left her husband — she suffers for it now — she is lost, lonely, miserable, starving — but penitent, and oh, so submissive!"

"She shall NOT starve!" cried Marianne, with a flush upon her cheek. The cream jug and sugar bowl remain. My husband and I are content with china — aren't we, dear?"

"Oh yes!" I said. "I never met with such lofty intellect, combined with so pure a heart!" I kissed the dear girl as I spoke; and Mrs. Delormo joined her husband upstairs, with the silver articles in her hand, without being able to utter a word of her gratitude and admiration.

That night my clever and enchanting wife read us a great many of her poems. Such power! Such pathos! The General had been intimate with Byron! had held his dying hand, and supported his dying head at Missolonghi. He had lived some weeks with Shelley on the Lake of Ge-

neva; had met Thomas Moore at the French Embassy three times a week for nine years; and preferred Marianne to them all. And certainly, if I am any judge, she is more pathetic than any of them. What a happy night it was!

But such domestic joy was too much for Mrs. Delormo. She was attacked with a hysteric complaint to which she was subject when greatly agitated, and ordered a kettle of hot water, a little sugar, and a bottle of brandy, into her room at an early hour. Marianne and I retired to the garret, happy in the consciousness of having done our duty; and in the middle of the night I knew our guests were happy too, for I heard the noble General singing Old King Cole. I wrote to uncle John an account of all our doings. I told him of the General. I begged him to exert himself on behalf of Sir Cecil. I sent him a list of the young ladies we had relieved, and the aged prebendaries to whom we allowed a few shillings a week. I expected a note for fifty pounds to enable us to extend our donations.

A letter came which turned me purple with indignation. He said I was the most infern — But why commemorate the harsh language in which he conveyed his feelings of contempt? He said we were ruined: and that Marianne was a perfect idiot, and ought to be sent to Doctor Conolly. And in a postscript he added, "Tell your friend the General that in three hours after the receipt of this letter he will receive a visit from me, accompanied by my philanthropic friend, Mr. Horsford, who is strongly of opinion he has often met him before. So make ready to receive us." I conveyed the intelligence to our friends. They were startled at first, but soon recovered, and said the pleasure of being introduced to our good uncle and his philanthropic companion was the crowning happiness of their visit to dear Marianne. "The joy of your reception of so kind a relation will be too sacred for the intrusion of comparative strangers, so we will retire, the General and I, for an hour or two, and join the happy family circle when the meeting is over. You will drive me, my dear General, through the glades of the New Forest. It will remind me of the happy time when you used to carry me in that noble phaeton through the woods of your illustrious uncle the field-marshal. But he was harsh to his next of kin. He was indeed the Iron Duke!" She rang, and ordered the gig to the door. Marianne caught me by the arm. "Joseph," she said. My name is Joseph. "Only think! The General is a nephew of —"

"I know it, my love," I said: "and the nose is very like."

"What an honour!" she continued. "I don't the least regret the silver plate — nor my dresses — nor my rings and bracelets.

Oh! I will write some lines on this charming discovery which shall surpass all my previous efforts!"

"Adieu," they said, as they stood at the front door. "We will be back in two hours. But, by the by," said Mrs. Delormo, "how are we to know the time? The General is so strict a disciplinarian he considers unpunctuality as bad as cowardice. Lend him your watch, my dear Joseph" — (calling me — me! — by my Christian name!) "and we shall be back to the minute fixed." "God bless you, my sweet friend," said the General, taking his seat, and smiling to Marianne. "Heaven recompense you, my excellent Joseph, for all that you have done!" He lifted his eyes to heaven with such a holy air that we were quite overcome. But no wonder — for he had an uncle a bishop.

The hour appointed for Uncle John's arrival passed without his appearance. The General and Mrs. Delormo — Lady Serena we used to call her when we were alone — were much behind their time. Dinner grew cold; the evening began to close in; I became uneasy for the safety of the interesting pair; Uncle John we knew to be unpunctual — so did not care much for his non-appearance; but the strict disciplinarian, the military man, who had actually borrowed my watch on purpose: that *he* did not return surprised us. I put on my thick shoes and walked across to the railway station! I met a man in my gig — a man I did not know — a man with a pipe in his mouth, a man in top boots, and corduroy shorts, a red waistcoat, a glazed hat, and carrying a flexible whip in his hand such as is used by horsedealers at a country fair.

I said to this man, "Are you going to Rosebower Cottage?"

"No, I ain't," he said, pulling up, and looking not at all respectful.

"Then, where *are* you going," I said to this man, "with my gig and horse?"

"*Your* gig and horse?" he said. "I tell you what, young man; you looks soft, so I'll gie ye some advice. Don't you interfere with another gentleman's property, or you 'll get the worst on't. I've bought this trap from Hulky Bill, which has been in the trade for years."

"Hulky Bill is a thief and a robber," I replied, "and has imposed on the confidence of General Delormo."

Why, that 's him — and no mistake. He said it was give him as part payment of his wife's salary, which was companion to a young woman which was out of her mind in this neighbourhood, and didn't like to go into an asylum; so I gave him ten pound for the concern. I don't mind handing it over to you for a tip of five more."

I was struck silent. I wandered home and did not speak a word to Marianne all night. Next morning a letter from Uncle

John. "By this time," it said, "your visitors have left you, for I knew the very name of Horsford would be enough. Sell off the remainder of your furniture, gather in your bills, promise never to admit anybody into your house desiring a comfortable home and sympathetic hearts, and to whom salary is no object. Let Marianne burn her manuscripts, and learn to sew, and to keep accounts, and I will set you straight once more, and endeavour to get you into some government office, where no great intellect will be required. But we must make haste; for if a preliminary examination is introduced, you will infallibly be plucked."

Uncle John, as I began by mentioning, always considered me an Ass. I think he will die in that opinion.

THE LEARNED SAILOR.

Once upon a time it was the ne'er-do-well of any family who went to sea, and he went out under the impression that he would not do very well, even if he should rise among sailors to the head of his profession: always supposing that he had not entered the navy or John Company's service. He would be, when at his best, only the captain of a trading vessel, a man scarcely distinguished intellectually from a dealer in marine stores. His occupation was held to be no voucher for his respectability, or for his knowledge of anything more than a few practical details about ropes and sails and compasses. Little more science was credited to him for his power of guiding his ship from London to Rio Janeiro than would be supposed to be in the possession of a cab-driver able to guide his horse from Peckham to the Bank. Now, however, times, if they are not much changed, are changing, and the advance from barber-surgery to an age producing Jenners and John Hunters, was not greater than the advance will be from the decaying race of skippers to the age that will produce merchant officers looking upon their profession as a learned one, and ranking with the best class in the aristocracy of intellect.

That the youngster who goes to sea shall ever be considered by his friends really to have embraced one of the learned professions may seem a remarkably foolish expectation. Time will show. Medicine was once a calling exercised only by slaves, who had no reason to anticipate its present dignity. But a boy, it will be said, goes to his ship while very young, and afterwards has little time for study. For book-study, perhaps. Yet, inasmuch as book-learning consists largely of intelligence received by hearsay from all quarters of the world, he may be no bad scholar whose work carries him about the world, and who is qua-

lified to observe those things for himself in nature which are by others only seen in print. As one may learn French among Frenchmen, Spanish among Spaniards, almost without opening a dictionary, so may a sailor, who is always seeing that about which shore-going philosophers can only read and write, become, with a right use of his time and opportunities, ten times more truly learned than a landsman, — and that, too, perhaps, by help of but a tenth part of the landsman's literary toil. A certain quantity of book-work is of course essential, as the means by which a sailor becomes qualified to understand what he sees, knows what to look for, and how to observe. The learned sailor will not be in a condition to dispense with books; we only contend that he can become learned without more reading than his mode of life will readily permit.

And there will hereafter be great need that the merchant officer should be, in the broad and true sense of the word — by which we steadily abide — a learned man. The same change is coming over the profession of the sailor that has come over other professions long ago. Its means and appliances are enlarging. Knowledge has increased enough to make it evident that an investigation of many secrets, and an application of many known principles of nature, are more and more becoming necessary for its perfect practice. The sailor in a hurricane now uses, or ought to use, his knowledge of the theory of storms, and saves his vessel from distress or loss easily enough by help of a little of his learning. The sailor on a voyage observes winds and currents; and, thanks to a subtle comprehension of what we may call the internal anatomy of the seas traversed by his vessel — such, for example, as may be found broadly displayed in Lieutenant Maury's Wind and Current Charts, and his Sailing Directions — he makes clipping voyages, that bless the man of trade with quick returns, and bless the world through the increased vitality of commerce. Nearly a thousand merchant captains now leave the American ports freighted with results of the latest investigations, and at the same time instructed how to investigate, so that fresh information may be stored. Their voyages to California are, through such knowledge, shortened by a third; and the seamen who are competent to take notes, sailing abroad in all directions, have determined accurately the limits within which sperm-whales and other whales are found to the great help of the whale-fishery; have discovered a system of southwardly monsoons in the equatorial regions of the Atlantic, and on the west coast of America; have determined a vibratory motion of the trade-wind zones, with their belts of calms and their limits for every month of the year; have added

greatly to the distinctness of our knowledge on the subject of the Gulf Stream; have discovered the existence of currents nearly as remarkable in the Indian Ocean, on the coast of China, and on the north-western coast of America, besides storing up other knowledge, all in the most direct way conducive to the interests of commerce, besides being gains to exact science. The rapid expansion both of commerce and knowledge for which we have in these days reason to look, will produce in the next generation higher and more numerous demands than ever on the energies of the merchant officer; the sea will become in a greater degree than it ever has been, the highway of nations; and the sailor's vocation will become one of the noblest in the world.

How much the sailor has to learn and teach, Lieutenant Maury, we think, was the first to show, and to cause to be felt in an effective way. We doubt whether any seaman hitherto has done so much as this gentleman for the real elevation of his calling among all nations and in every kind of service. He belongs to the American navy, but he seeks cordial co-operation with all merchant officers.

There is the sea, he says in effect, covering three-fourths of the surface of the globe, the widest field for discovery and observation that this planet offers. There is the atmosphere over earth and sea; the sailor has three-fourths of the whole human power of investigating that. More than three-fourths, for the sailor's atmosphere is found always subject only to its own uncomplicated laws; its winds blow over a vast plain of water, offering them no such hindrance, forcing them into no such shifts as they are put to in passing over land, where they are vexed by mountain-tops, valleys, plains, woods, lakes and rivers, that all meddle with the movement of the air. By applying to their use the secrets of the air and water, ships travel from shore to shore. The better they know such secrets — and more than half of them still remain unrevealed — with the greater safety, certainty, and speed *will* the ships travel. The sailor has only to carry with him proper instruments, a mind instructed to observe, and an accurate and punctual habit of note-taking, to become not merely a promoter of the interests of his own calling — though he is that in the first place — but also a benefactor to all kinds of men. The observation that may mean little when taken by itself, has only to be placed in the hands of an instructed hydrographer, or meteorologist, who has at the same time laid before him the contemporary records of observations made by other sailors at different points of the surface of the sea, and truths of the grandest kind are confirmed or elicited. Whom does it not concern to understand exactly, as

only sailors can enable us to understand, the laws that regulate certain conditions of the atmosphere? We call weather capricious, only because we are not yet clever enough to penetrate its mysteries. Moist winds, essential to the growth of plants, all blow from the sea; the cultivators of the vine and olive may be helped by the same knowledge that is collected for the service of the mariner; the husbandman, the merchant, statesman, and philosopher, all look for most important aid from the learning that is developed and acquired at sea.

To the mind of the learned sailor, everything will bring knowledge. "The wind and rain," here we quote Lieutenant Maury's own words, in the preface to his Sailing Directions, "the wind and rain; the vapour and the cloud; the tide, the current, the saltness and depth, and temperature and colour of the sea; the shade of the sky; the temperature of the air; the tint and shape of the clouds; the height of the tree on the shore, the size of the leaves, the brilliancy of the flowers; each and all may be regarded as the exponent of certain physical combinations, and, therefore, as the expression in which Nature chooses to announce her own meaning; or, if we please, the language in which she writes down the operation of her own laws. To understand that language, and to interpret aright those laws, is the object of the undertaking which those who co-operate with me have in hand. No fact gathered in such a field as this, therefore, can come amiss to those who tread the walks of inductive philosophy; for in the handbook of Nature, every such fact is a syllable; and it is by patiently collecting fact after fact, and by joining together syllable after syllable, that we may finally seek to read aright from the great volume which the mariner at sea and the philosopher on the mountain see spread out before them." So speaks Lieutenant Maury, not as an innovator, but an exponent of that chapter in the history of seamanship which is to be found on the new leaf that society is just now turning over.

Of Mr. Maury's part in such a chapter mention has been once or twice made in this work. A few lines of narrative are all that we need now supply. In November, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, application was made by the English to the American government for certain aid in enabling officers of the Royal Engineers, on American soil, to take meteorological observations upon an uniform plan, and for any co-operation that the scientific men of the United States might be disposed to afford. To Lieutenant Maury, in his capacity of Superintendent of the National Observatory at Washington, this application was in the natural course of business referred. His reply was not merely approval of the idea, but extension of it to a sys-

tematic and uniform plan of observation, not only on the soil of every country, but among sailors over the surface of all seas. This notion coming back to England, our Royal Society reported against the idea of attempting to procure the substitution of any uniform system for the various plans of observation used by various men of science in one country and another, inasmuch as their labours were already very valuable, and (as we understand the report) they would not at all like to be interfered with. The idea of an uniform system of observation, carried out by all countries in their ships, the same society approved, and to this, therefore, the assent of England to the American suggestion was confined. In deference to the Royal Society, Lieutenant Maury limited his proposal to this, when there was established afterwards a conference of practical and learned men of all nations, which met last year at Brussels, in the months of August and September, to discuss the subject. Enough was then said to prove that our Royal Society underrated the liberal dispositions of philosophers in Europe. An uniform system of land observations would have been readily agreed upon; but inasmuch as that question lay beyond the declared purpose of the conference, it was not formally discussed; and, after planning a model form of log for the tabular record of those matters from which it was most important that each sailor should bring information home, the conference was closed. The form of log recommended by the conference was to be applied to use in the navies of the chief European states; and though the employment of it was never to be made binding upon merchant officers, yet the voluntary use of it by them was to be encouraged to the utmost. For the sake, therefore, both of providing such encouragement and qualifying merchant seamen to observe, the American government undertakes that every merchant vessel carrying the Brussels log, and filling up punctually — not necessarily the whole, but at least a certain number of its columns, its barometer and thermometer being compared with standard instruments, shall be officially and gratuitously supplied with all the nautical works which its observations help to make. They go out fitted up with instruments by private enterprise, supplied by the state with all the newest charts; there are a thousand such trading vessels as we have said already in the service of the United States; and so we have already the sea dotted with floating observatories.

For having given the first strong pull in this excellent direction, it is our duty heartily to express our obligations to America. But merchant seamen in this country do not mean to be inactive. Obstinate and ignorant skippers still exist, of course, on

each side of the Atlantic, but the men who make themselves heard abroad and at home are they who are working hard for the development of their profession. A handsome work has been lately issued by an English captain, who has commanded six or seven trading vessels, and commands now one of the Peninsular and Oriental steamers — Captain Methven. It is a book called The Log of a Merchant Officer, describing what a sea life is, and what it ought to be, what a log is, and what it ought to be, presenting at the close a real log in fac-simile, elementary in its teaching, agreeable in its style, pleasantly embellished by the author's pencil, and just costly enough to make it valued by the young gentleman who, having made up his mind to go to sea, shall have received it as a present from some thoughtful uncle. So much we undertake to say of it, though we are not reviewers. Captain Methven's whole purpose seems to us to be the hastening of the day when the profession of the sailor shall be what we have a right to call a learned man. Sir William Reid, who, by his work on Storms, ranks with the first of those whose labours tend to this essential and inevitable end, says of the mercantile marine that "he can imagine few pursuits of a higher kind than this," and, pointing out how "the increasing application of science to practical navigation calls for new acquirements in the sea commander," expresses cordial appreciation of Captain Methven's efforts. And Dr. Lyon Playfair, ushering the Captain's book into the world, adds, still in the same vein, "Certainly there is no profession embracing a higher kind of knowledge than that of the seaman. Even in its most limited range there is a necessity for an empirical if not a rational acquaintance with the fundamental truths of physical geography, astronomy, mathematics, mechanics, magnetism, meteorology, and the laws of health. In advancing competition, scientific knowledge, in every trade and profession, has become the condition for true success, both among individuals and nations."

We therefore warn young men going, or just gone to sea, that the vocation of the unlearned sailor is departing, and that they must qualify themselves, so that they may hold their ground under a new order of things. As hints to them we will not intrude any impertinent ideas of our own, but take advantage of the experience of Captain Methven, and cite three or four of his suggestions.

In the first place we will call attention to the fact that although the ships at the port of Blackwall offer more advantages than perhaps any other to young gentlemen who "go to sea," yet of all the lads of good connexion who have entered on a sea-life at that port during the last fifteen years, not twenty have risen to the command of a ship. Why do the youths fail? For want of right

preliminary training. The men, again, who really have risen to command, have, as a class, not been equal to their duties. The standard set up for captains of the old Indiamen, is rarely reached by men who go out in command of vessels as to size, model, and canvas, far superior to those old Indiamen, and carrying crews that increase by a great deal the weight of responsibility. Ship-building, and ship-commanding have not kept pace with each other, — one has advanced, the other has, in some respects stepped backward. All quick eyes, however, are now well on the alert; other days are coming for the merchant sailor, and they have, in part, already come. A boy gains nothing by going to sea at a too unripe age; let him wait till he is fifteen years old, and take care that by that time he can translate Cæsar, is well versed in arithmetic, and has the best elementary knowledge he can acquire of algebra, geometry, the use of logarithms, trigonometry, and the chief branches of natural philosophy. He cannot be too skilful with the pencil, and should understand shading with Indian ink, and as much as he can acquire of the use of colour. He should have learnt one modern language, and if he stay ashore some months beyond the age of fifteen, he may spend them in reading Riddle's "Navigation."

Let him then enter, we will say, on board a Blackwall ship, and make his first voyage without books, studying with his eyes, ready to do anything, spending his leisure rather among the men in the tops, learning from them how to knot, reefing and furling with them, and becoming familiar with all the ropes and all their mysteries. Let him keep also a neat log journal. In the interval between his first and second voyage, let him work at Riddle with a master, and take lessons in languages, in drawing, painting, or any other subject that may be worked at afterwards, in leisure hours at sea. Let the career be continued in this spirit, and the end of it will be success.

It is not only the merchant officer who is to take a new position. It would be fit that the common seaman should rise with him, Captain Methven speaks truth in the seaman's cause. Merchant officers, he says, generally dislike merchant crews, and want faith in the men. They should be pitied rather than disliked, and they are better, he says, than one might suppose they would be made by their position. The ordinary position of a common sailor on board a trading vessel, has been dwelt upon repeatedly in Household Words. We have nothing to add to what has been already said of the miseries of the forecastle; of the harassing and worse than useless watch and watch system; and of the other causes of that premature old age so often to be found writ-

ten in the faces of young seamen. For ourselves, we have spoken; but we are not sorry to add here Captain Methven's testimony upon two important points. It is the testimony of a merchant officer whom a just devotion to his profession induced, on three several voyages, to lay aside the quarter-deck jacket, and make himself at home with the men in the forecastle. He learned to respect them, and to revolt from their home. "It is important," he writes, yet "to make great amelioration in the accommodation provided for the labouring occupants of a merchant ship; for when it is considered that this is the home-life of men who have to do the brunt of the work, and that the home of the working man should be a rest from his labour, the short periods which the sailor has below should be both a relaxation and an enjoyment to him. The forecastle should, therefore, at least, contain provision for a clean, dry bed, a comfortable well-set-out meal, with space, light, and ventilation; and these, it will be candidly admitted are, in theory, the minimum conditions for comfort. The crowding up of this space, as is generally the case, by filthy bunks, and still more filthy hammocks, occupied by discontented idleness, under the baneful system of watch and watch, makes it a place whence the fair sisters Godliness and Cleanliness have withdrawn, shuddering."

The only other point upon which we shall cite Captain Methven is, again a hint to owners. Though the ship's log is the most important thing on board, it is, in ordinary cases, practically useless; the log-slate is carelessly written up, and as the need of carefulness increases, it becomes less possible to get it, even with the best intentions. Fancy an officer in a storm stooping over the binnacle, with the rain dripping from his hat, taking after dark, what the captain styles flying shots at the barometer with a spot of light from a dark lantern, and then going to look at a sympiezometer in another place, that is fixed where it is subject to another temperature. There should exist, it is urged, on board every merchant vessel, proper convenience for writing up the log slate in all weathers, accurately and with punctuality. Ships' logs cannot continue to be what they have been. There should be a deck-house, however small, lighted up at sundown, containing the log slate and all the ship's instruments, proper convenience for writing, and the chart of the ship's voyage spread out for reference. In large vessels, this deck-house should be a regular chart-room. Everywhere it should be the accepted workshop of the learned sailor.

Of the mysteries of charts and logs themselves, we do not speak. We content ourselves with recording this fact as a memorial of

the departing epoch of unlearned seamanship. It occurs in a note to Captain Methven's work, and is as follows: "One of the very few officers whom I have ever met who took an interest in a log-book, was employed in the Hooghly and in the head of the Bay of Bengal, which is rife with storms. He provided his vessel with a superior class of log-book, arranged so as to meet the circumstances of the weather with which he was brought in contact, and had the volume bound in a plain neat strong cover. His owner, one of the leading shipowners of England, disallowed the bill as being unusual and not needed; cartridge paper, with a pasteboard cover and extemporaneous ruling, being considered more fitting." Yet it is the log-book which professes to define that vital fact, a ship's position. "I have repeatedly," says the same authority, "given corrections of two degrees of longitude (!) generally to foreign, but also on one or two occasions to English ships running between America and Europe." After this, who does not cry, All-hail to the new race of sailors, who will put this ignorance aside, and rise to a true comprehension of their noble calling?

BIBLIOTECA REGIA MONACENSIS

END OF VOL. XXVI.

PRINTED BY BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

April 1890.

Tauchnitz Edition.

Latest Volumes:

Sant' Ilario. By F. Marion Crawford, 2 vols.
A Troublesome Girl, etc. By the Author of "Molly Bawn," 1 v.
A Crooked Path. By Mrs. Alexander, 2 vols.
Miss Shafto. By W. E. Norris, 2 vols.
Young Mistley, 1 vol.
We Two. By Edna Lyall, 2 vols.
The County, 1 vol.
The Master of Ballantrae. By Robert Louis Stevenson, 1 v.
The Day will come. By M. E. Braddon, 2 vols.
Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship. By F. C. Philips, 1 vol.
French and English. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, 2 vols.
For One and the World. By M. Betham-Edwards, 1 vol.
The Bell of St. Paul's. By Walter Besant, 2 vols.
Blind Justice, etc. By Helen Mathers, 1 vol.
Mount Eden. By Florence Marryat, 2 vols.
The Pariah. By F. Anstey, 3 vols.
Blind Love. By Wilkie Collins, 2 vols.
The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh, etc. By Bret Harte, 1 v.
A Life's Remorse. By the Author of "Molly Bawn," 2 v.
Allan's Wife and other Tales. By H. Rider Haggard, 1 v.
The New Prince Fortunatus. By William Black, 2 vols.
A History of the Four Georges. By Justin McCarthy, vol. 2.
A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur. By Mark Twain, 2 v.
Under Salisbury Spire. By Emma Marshall, 1 vol.
A Waif of the Plains. By Bret Harte, 1 vol.
Syrlin. By Ouida, 3 vols.

Joshua. By Georg Ebers. From the German by Clara and Margaret Bell, 2 vols. (*German Authors.*)

A complete Catalogue of the Tauchnitz Edition is attached to this work.

Bernhard Tauchnitz, Leipzig;
And sold by all booksellers.

Inv.2.26.51.

Messerer

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Dickens, Charles,

Household words

Bd.: 26

Leipzig 1854
P.o.angl. 93 nf-26
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10745993-9